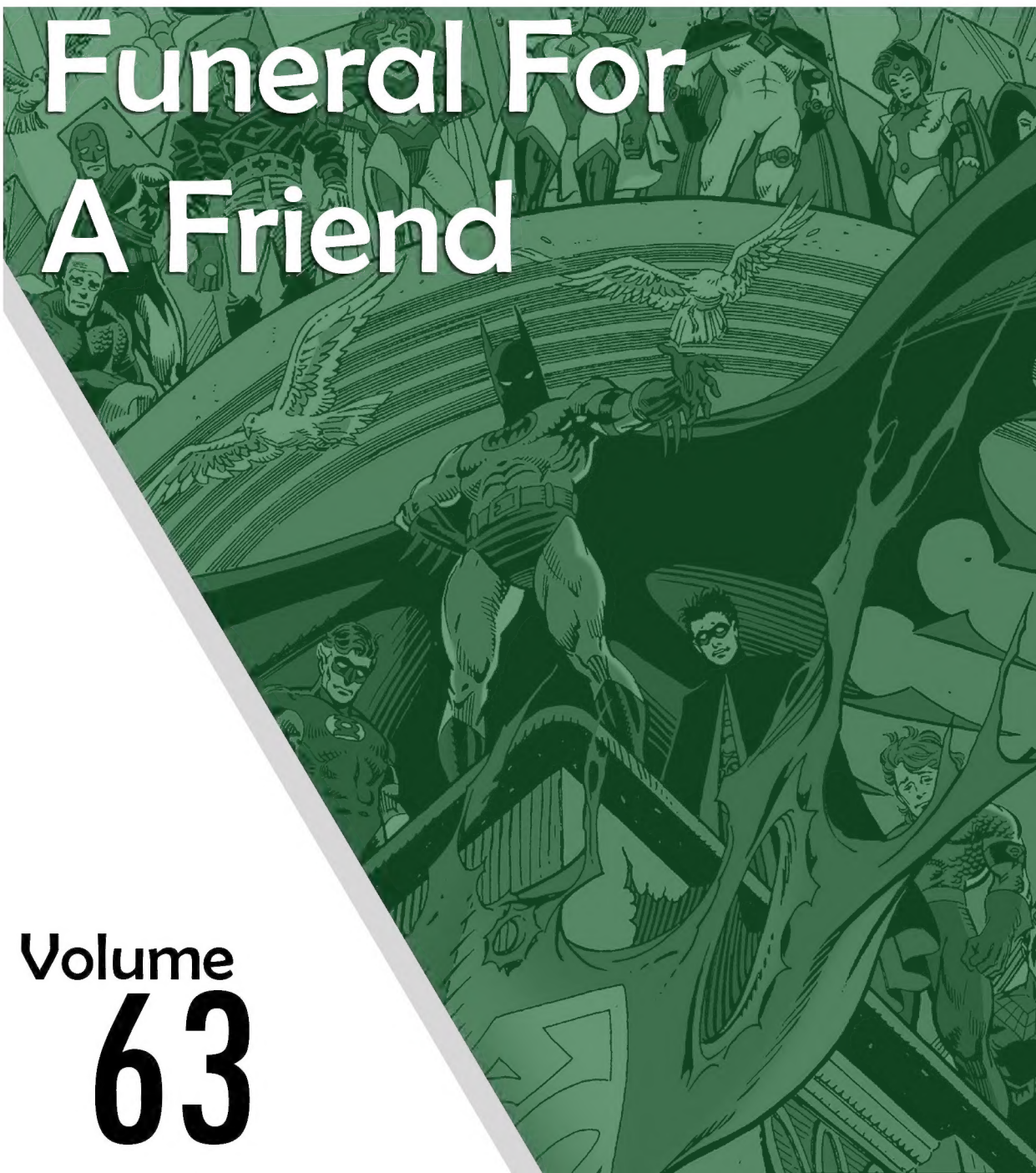
SUPERMAN

Post-CRISIS ON INFINITE EARTHS

Funeral For A Friend



Volume 63

SUPERMAN Post-CRISIS ON INFINITE EARTHS Funeral For A Friend 63

GRIEVING
PEOPLE WHO WERE ALIVE IN 1963 CAN TELL YOU EXACTLY WHERE THEY WERE AND WHAT THEY WERE DOING THE DAY JOHN KENNEDY WAS SHOT.
AND EVEN THOUGH IT WAS MUCH LONGER AGO, THE SAME CAN BE SAID OF THE DAY F.D.R. DIED.
TODAY IS ONE OF THOSE DAYS.
FOR THIS IS THE DAY--

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--THAT A SUPERMAN HAS DIED.

FOR THOSE WHO KNEW HIM, FOUGHT BESIDE HIM, LOVED HIM--

--IT IS THE WORST DAY THEY'VE EVER SEEN.

AT... AT LEAST DOOMSDAY SEEMS LIFELESS AS WELL.

WHAT DIFFERENCE DOES IT MAKE? IT'S NOT WORTH THE PRICE!

NOT... WORTH THE PRICE...

OH, NO. PLEASE, NO...

IF YOU HAVEN'T READ SUPERMAN #75 YET, YOU MUST GO READ THAT MOMENTOUS EPIC NOW!

SUPERMAN IS... WAS... THE PROUDEST, MOST *COURAGEOUS* MAN I'VE EVER MET.

EVEN THOUGH THAT MONSTER PLOWED THROUGH THE *ENTIRE* JUSTICE LEAGUE--

--SUPERMAN MET HIM *HEAD ON* AND DID WHAT HE HAD TO DO.

AND *WHERE* WERE WE?

WHAT *GOOD* WAS THE ALMIGHTY *JUSTICE LEAGUE?*

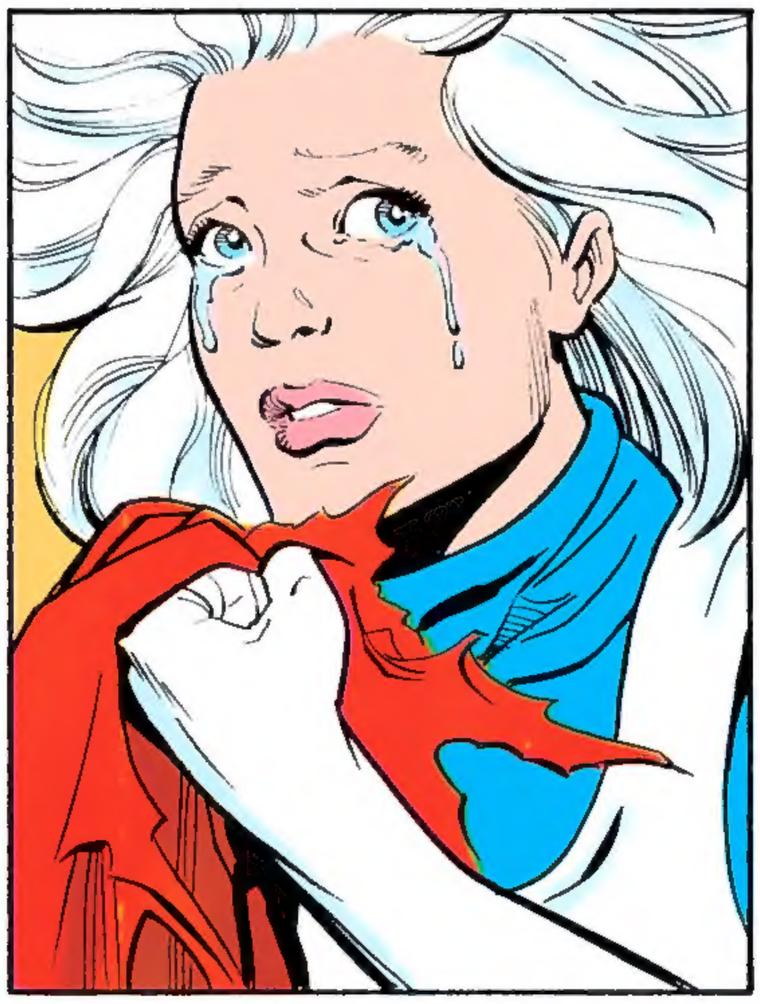
HE'S DONE SO MUCH FOR SO MANY--

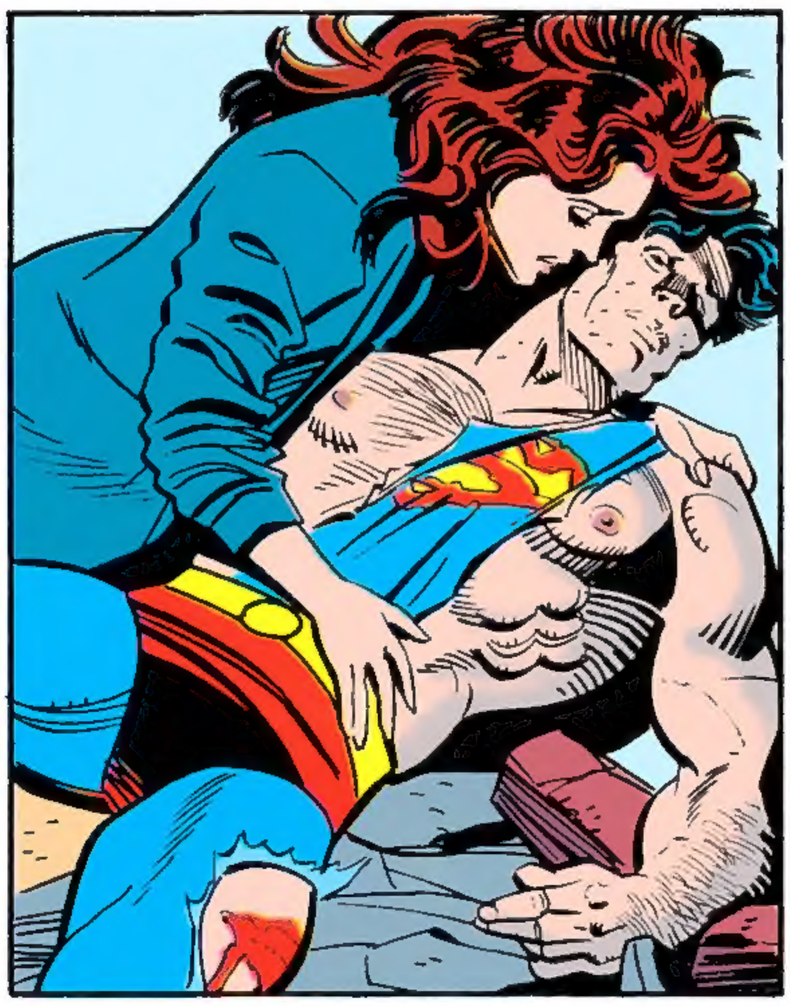
--YET HE STILL WENT UP AGAINST DOOMSDAY *ALONE.*

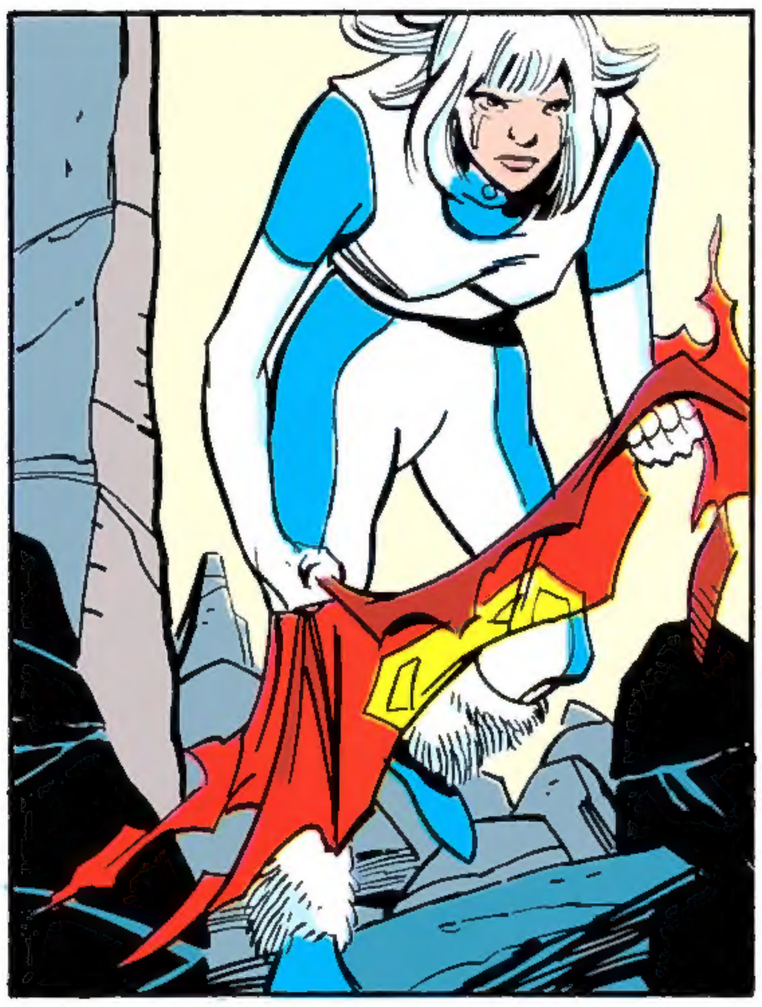
I HAVE USED MY POWERS TO SCAN SUPERMAN.

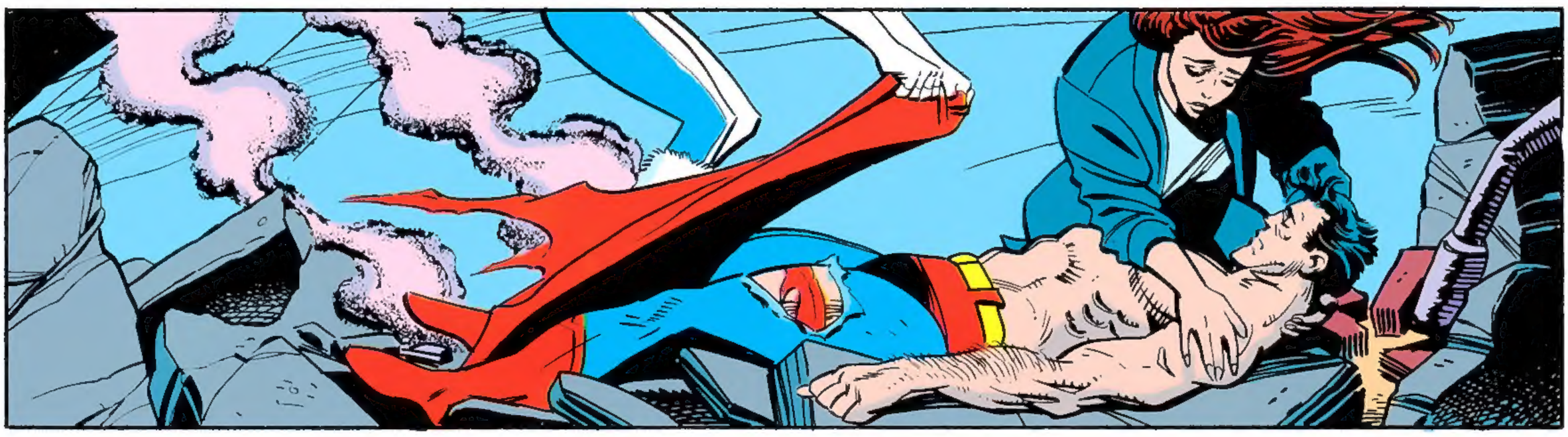
I HEAR *NO* HEARTBEAT... SENSE *NO* BRAIN ACTIVITY.

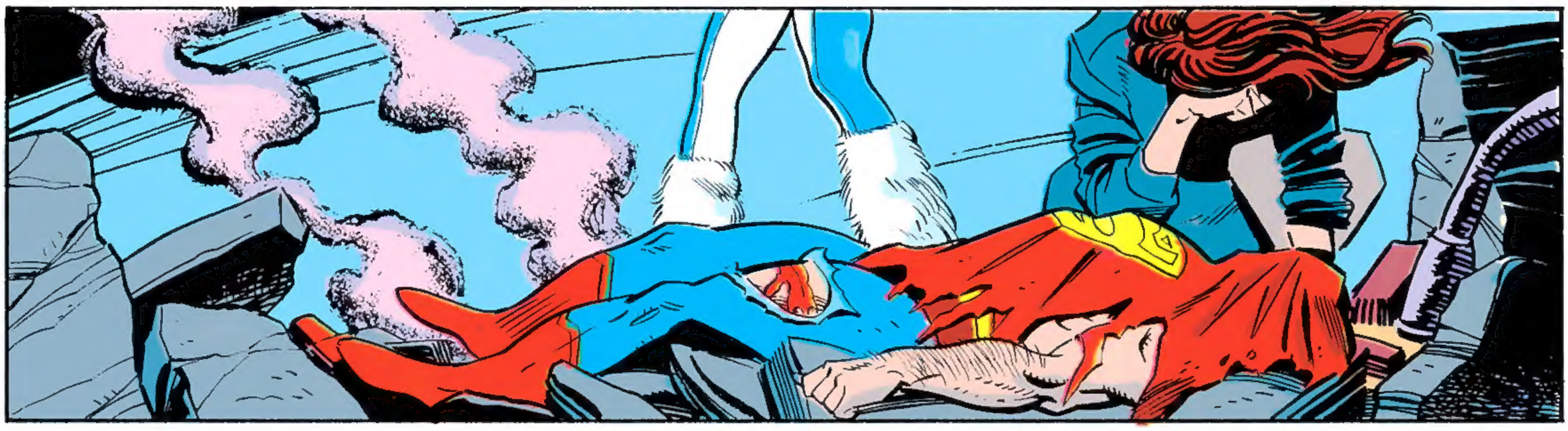
HE IS... *GONE...*

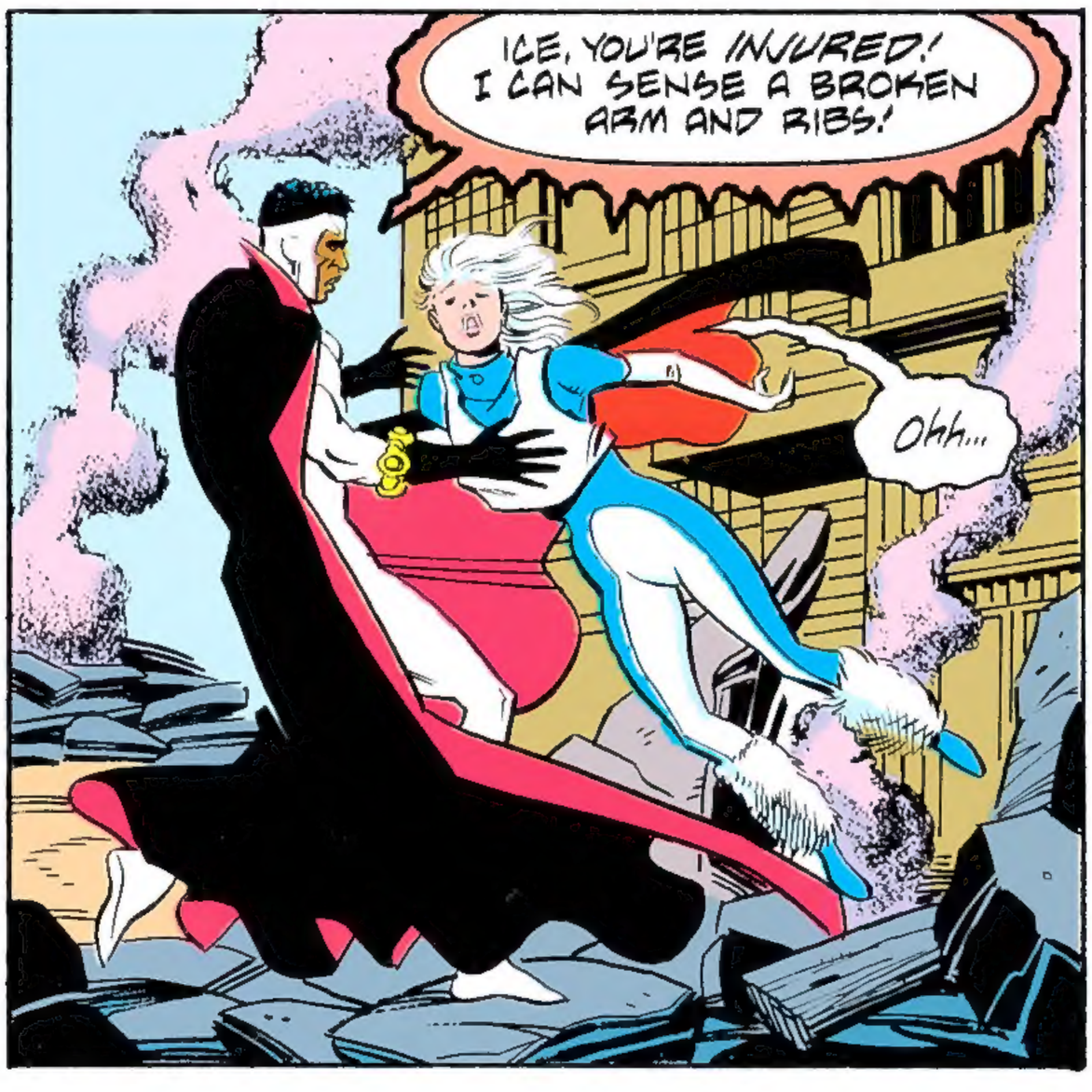











ICE, YOU'RE INJURED! I CAN SENSE A BROKEN ARM AND RIBS!
Ohhh...

WE CAN DO NO MORE HERE. THE MOST SENSIBLE THING I CAN DO NOW--

"--IS GET YOU TO A HOSPITAL!"

MERGENCY

--WHERE A CITY ONCE PROUD OF ITS MOST FAMOUS CITIZEN NOW FINDS ITSELF IN A STATE OF SHOCK AND GRIEF.

THIS IS CAT GRANT WITH A *LIVE* REPORT FROM METROPOLIS--

A WILD, RAMPAGING CREATURE KNOWN ONLY AS DOOMSDAY HAS TAKEN THE LIFE OF EARTH'S GREATEST HERO... *SUPERMAN.*

THE MONSTER RIPPED HIS WAY THROUGH THE FAMED *JUSTICE LEAGUE* BEFORE SUPERMAN, TOO, FELL BEFORE HIM.

OH, MAN, MAXIMA, I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! WHILE WE WERE *STUCK* HERE IN THIS OHIO HOSPITAL TAKING CARE OF BLUE BEETLE--

--SUPERMAN WAS GETTING *KILLED!*

AN HONORABLE WAY FOR A PROUD WARRIOR TO *PERISH,* BOOSTER.

HOW CAN YOU *SAY* THAT?

DON'T YOU HAVE ANY FEELINGS AT *ALL?* CAN YOU REALLY BE THIS *COLD?*

NO.

SUPERMAN WAS THE MOST INCREDIBLE MAN I EVER ENCOUNTERED.

I ONCE WANTED HIM FOR A MATE. NOW...

I GUESS WE'RE SOME BUNCHA JERKS, *huh?* THE ONE TIME WE HAD TO PROVE OUR WORTH AND WE *FOLDED* BIG TIME.

DIDJA HEAR THE BIG NEWS? I WOULDN'T HAVE FIGURED *ANYTHING* COULD *TAKE OUT* OL' BLUE!

I GUESS IT'LL TAKE SOME *TIME*, MAXI, BUT IF YOU START SHOPPIN' FOR A NEW SUPER-BEAU... KEEP ME IN--

GUY GARDNER--

--I HAVE HAD *ENOUGH* OF YOUR BELLIGERENT, CRUDE, SIMPLE-MINDED REMARKS!

I SHOULD *CRUSH* YOUR SKULL LIKE AN EGG SHELL!

5

YOU WANNA *FIGHT*, YOU GOT IT, BABE!

GLADLY. AS ONE WARRIOR'S SOUL ASCENDS TO REST WITH THE GODS--

--LET YOURS REST WITH THE DEVIL.

NO!

BEAT IT, FUTURE BOY!

LOOK, SUPERMAN *DIED* TODAY! THIS IS NO WAY FOR THE JUSTICE LEAGUE TO *MOURN* HIM...

THE AIR AMBULANCE IS READY TO TAKE OFF WITH BEETLE! LET'S GET INSIDE--

"--AND GET BACK TO JLA COMPOUND WHERE WE BELONG!"

AMBULANCE

EVER SEEN ANYBODY IN SUCH *BAD SHAPE* AS THAT BLUE BEETLE?

NO WAY. IF THEY EVER THINK HE'LL BE OKAY AGAIN, THEY'RE *KIDDING* THEMSELVES!

HOW IS HE, DOCTOR?

IN A WORD... *BAD.* THIS MAN IS IN A VERY DEEP COMA AND THE SWELLING IN HIS BRAIN HAS ME VERY CONCERNED.

AS IF THAT WASN'T ENOUGH, ONE OF HIS KIDNEYS HAS *SHUT DOWN* AND HIS LIVER SUSTAINED DAMAGE.

SO WHAT'S THE BOTTOM LINE?

I MEAN, THE BUG GUY IS GONNA BE OKAY IN A COUPLE OF WEEKS. RIGHT?

I WISH I COULD ALLEVIATE YOUR WORRIES. BUT YOUR FRIEND HAS BEEN *SEVERELY* INJURED, I'M AFRAID.

IN ALL GOOD CONSCIENCE I *CAN'T* GIVE YOU FALSE HOPE ABOUT HIS PROSPECTS FOR RECOVERY.

WHAT A MESS. BEETLE COMATOSE, SUPERMAN DEAD, FIRE POWERLESS AND ICE INJURED.

I'M GLAD YOU CAME OUT *UNSCATHED*, BOOSTER.

MAYBE NOT, MAX.

DOOMSDAY *SHREDDED* THIS SUIT! IT MAY BE *BEYOND REPAIR* AND YOU *KNOW* IT'S THE SOURCE OF *ALL* MY POWERS!

THE FIBERWEAVE CIRCUITRY AND POWER CELLS ARE SO ADVANCED I DOUBT 20th-CENTURY SCIENCE CAN UNDERSTAND IT!

DON'T GIVE UP YET, KID! IF THERE'S ANYTHING TO BE LEARNED FROM SUPERMAN'S DEATH IT'S THAT YOU *DO NOT QUIT!*

MAYBE S.T.A.R. LABS OR EVEN *LEX LUTHOR II* CAN HELP!

YEAH, *MAYBE*. ALL I KNOW IS THAT MY SUPER-HERO DAYS ARE *OVER* WITHOUT THIS *SUIT*--

UNLESS I FIND MYSELF A SCIENCE WHIZ WHO CAN GET MY GEAR FIXED UP!

"AND I *WILL*...NO MATTER HOW *MANY* DOORS I HAVE TO KNOCK ON!"

NOK NOK

TORA?

TORA, I KNOW YOU'RE IN HERE.

IF YOU'RE HURTING I'M HERE TO HELP.

TORA?

HE'S GONE, BEA.

HE'S REALLY... GONE.

I REALIZE I WAS ACTING LIKE A SCHOOL GIRL WITH A *CRUSH* ON HER TEACHER--

--BUT I *REALLY* DID CARE FOR HIM. AND NOW...

LET IT OUT, TORA.

LET IT *ALL* OUT.

WOW.

CAN'T REALLY EXPLAIN WHY I'M IN NEW YORK--

--BUT I COULDN'T THINK OF ANY OTHER WAY TO PAY MY LAST RESPECTS!

GEEZ, HOW CAN SUPERMAN BE DEAD? IT DOESN'T SEEM *POSSIBLE!*

I DIDN'T KNOW HIM REALLY WELL--

--BUT THERE'S NO DENYING HE WAS THE *NUMBER ONE HERO* IN THE EYES OF THE WORLD.

I MEAN, LOOK AT ALL THESE FLAGS FLYING AT HALF-MAST. I BET IT'S LIKE THIS ALL OVER THE *WORLD*, TOO!

WOW.

SUPERMAN'S DEATH IS BIG ENOUGH TO AFFECT THE *ENTIRE UNIVERSE.*

WOW.

MIGHT AS WELL SCOOT OVER TO THE JLA COMPOUND TO SCOPE OUT THE SITUATION.

IF THERE'S ANY KIND OF MEMORIAL SERVICE I DEFINITELY WANT TO BE A PART OF IT.

FIRST UNCLE BARRY AND NOW SUPERMAN.

WHAT'S THE WORLD COMING TO?

YO, BOOSTEROO! YOU LOSE A FIGHT WITH A TIGER OR SOMETHING?

A TIGER NAMED *DOOMSDAY*, FLASH.

WHAT'S THIS? YOU ALWAYS CARRY ALONG YOUR OWN *TRASH*?

SORRY. SOMETIMES MY SPEED CREATES SUCH A VORTEX--

--THAT I TEND TO PICK THINGS UP AS I GO.

TELL ME WHAT HAPPENED, MAN. WAS *DOOMSDAY* REALLY THAT TOUGH?

IT WAS... A *WAR*.

STRAIGHT-UP, FLAT-OUT, TAKE-NO-PRISONERS *WAR*.

JEEZ.

NO LIE. AND I'M LEFT FEELING LIKE A TOTAL *WASH-OUT!*

WE'RE THE *JUSTICE LEAGUE*, WALLY! WE'RE SUPPOSED TO *BEAT* THREATS LIKE DOOMSDAY!

IT'S NEVER EASY TO BEAT *DEATH.*

FIRST-HAND EXPERIENCE?

YES.

PERHAPS THE MOST *TRAGIC* LOSS OF ALL TO EXPERIENCE IS THE DEATH OF A *CHILD.*

HOW DO YOU LIVE WITH IT? DOES IT EVER GET ANY *EASIER?*

NO. BUT IF YOU DID YOUR BEST, YOU CAN TAKE SOME SOLACE IN THAT.

WE *DID* AND SUPERMAN *STILL* ENDED UP DYING *ALONE!* WHEN HE NEEDED US *MOST--*

--WE WERE *GONE!*

MY ONLY SON.

I HAVE BLAMED MYSELF EVER SINCE.

SO WAS I AND THAT MAY HAUNT ME FOREVER.

SUPERMAN AND I HAD A RATHER *UNIQUE* RELATION-SHIP.

OF ALL THE MEN I HAVE KNOWN, SUPER OR OTHER-WISE--

--HE WAS THE ONE I RESPECTED MOST.

BATMAN AND ROBIN!

SUPERMAN AND THE WORLD DESERVED A BETTER FATE.

THAT HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH IT! IF WE'D *BEEN* THERE--

WE WOULD PROBABLY BE *DEAD* AS WELL. DOOMSDAY HAD ALREADY VANQUISHED YOU.

SUPERMAN KNEW THE *ODDS* AND KNEW THE GAME MIGHT END THIS WAY.

WHEN SOMEONE CLOSE TO YOU DIES, ALL YOU CAN DO IS USE THAT DEATH--

--AS A FORCE FOR GOOD. SUPERMAN *DESERVES* THAT.

BUT MY EXPERIENCE HAS TAUGHT ME THAT *LADY DEATH* IS THE MOST IMPARTIAL OF JUDGES.

I BET GREEN LANTERN WILL AGREE WITH THAT!

I STILL FEEL NUMBED BY THE NEWS!

IT SEEMS LIKE JUST YESTERDAY SUPERMAN AND I GOT TOGETHER AND DECIDED TO REBUILD THE JUSTICE LEAGUE!

AND I'VE KNOWN HIM FAR LONGER THAN THAT!

TRUE, HE WASN'T A MEMBER IN THE EARLY DAYS BUT HE HELPED US OUT ON SO MANY CASES THAT HE CERTAINLY SEEMED LIKE ONE!

SOMEONE ON THE ROOF? IS IT--

--HAWKMAN? I ADMIT THAT I'M SURPRISED TO SEE YOU HERE!

UNDERSTAND-ABLE. I WAS NEVER A MEMBER OF THE LEAGUE AND I BARELY EVEN KNEW SUPERMAN--

--BUT WHEN A YOUNG MAN DIES ONE WANTS TO COMFORT HIS WIDOW AND CHILDREN.

IF HE HAS FAMILY I'M UNAWARE OF IT.

I FEEL AWKWARD, BUT THIS SEEMS THE ONLY PLACE TO EXPRESS SORROW FOR A FALLEN HERO.

DON'T FEEL AWKWARD.

I'M HERE FOR THE SAME REASON AND SOMETHING TELLS ME *PLENTY* OF OTHERS WILL BE *TOO*.

YOU WERE RIGHT, DICK. A NUMBER OF PEOPLE HAVE STARTED TO GATHER.

SUPERMAN WAS A *GREAT MAN*, KORY. THE WHOLE WORLD IS GRIEVING.

"--WE'RE GOING TO RUN OUT OF *ROOM!*"

I FEEL JUST AWFUL, JAY! WHY DOES SOMEONE AS YOUNG AS SUPERMAN HAVE TO GO--

--WHEN *WE'VE* MANAGED TO SURVIVE ALL THESE YEARS.

THAT'S A QUESTION WITHOUT AN ANSWER, ALAN.

NIGHTWING. STARFIRE. I'M GLAD YOU CAME.

I REMEMBER THE DAY I FIRST MET SUPERMAN LIKE IT WAS YESTERDAY!

HE MADE QUITE AN IMPRESSION ON ME.

GOOD TO SEE YOU TITANS AGAIN! BUT IF THIS PARADE DOESN'T END SOON--

I SHOULD HAVE BEEN FIGHTING AT HIS SIDE! AFTER ALL, HE SAVED *MY* LIFE ONCE!

GREEN ARROW AND BLACK CANARY?

I THOUGHT YOU TURNED YOUR BACK ON THE LEAGUE!

I KNEW THIS WAS A MISTAKE!

STOP THE GRUMPY ACT, OLIVER! YOU KNOW YOUR YEARS IN THE LEAGUE MEAN A LOT TO US BOTH!

WE HAVE TO DO SOMETHING. SUPERMAN DESERVES THE GREATEST OF TRIBUTES!

WEEP NOT FOR THE MAN OF STEEL. HIS MORTAL WOUNDS WILL NEVER HEAL. HIS BODY LIES STONE STIFF AND DEAD, LET'S CHEER FOR DOOMSDAY IN HIS STEAD! HA HA HAA--

MAYBE WHOEVER KNEW HIM BEST SHOULD SPEAK.

UHH, GUYS?

LOOK, I'M NOT MUCH FOR STRINGING WORDS TOGETHER WELL, BUT IT SEEMS LIKE WE SHOULD SHOW OUR RESPECT!

SOMEHOW WE HAVE TO SHOW THE ENTIRE WORLD HOW MUCH WE CARED ABOUT SUPERMAN!

LIKE I SAID, I'M NOT GOOD WITH WORDS--

--SO I'M HOPING THESE WILL DO.

A GESTURE MORE ELOQUENT THAN ANY WORDS COULD EVER BE, OBERON.

LOOKS LIKE YOUR HIGH-FLYING NEW LEAGUE HAS COME *CRASHING* DOWN.

TRUE, WE HAVE SUFFERED A GREAT LOSS THIS DAY.

BUT THE LEAGUE RECOGNIZES ITS *HERITAGE*--

--AND THAT HERITAGE IS ONE OF *CONTINUITY*... DESPITE THE ODDS.

THIS LEAGUE WILL SURVIVE.

I MAY NOT BE ONE OF THEM, BUT I CAN'T HELP BUT PAY TRIBUTE TO THE *SACRIFICE* OF A MAN LIKE SUPERMAN.

STILL, I AM GLAD THAT I'M CONTENT TO LIVE MY LIFE ON THE *SIDELINES*--

--WITHOUT INDULGING IN THEIR FALSE SENSE OF DUTY.

THERE'S ONE MORE THING WE CAN DO.

THE ARM BANDS ARE FINE, BUT I WANT SOMETHING THAT EVERYONE CAN *SEE*.

SOMETHING THAT EVERYONE CAN *LOOK UP TO*.

LIKE THE LIFE OF A MAN WHO LEFT US *FAR* TOO SOON--

--THIS STATUE OF ICE WILL SOON DO THE SAME. BUT SOMEWHERE SUPERMAN IS LOOKING DOWN ON US ALL.

--AND HE NEEDS TO KNOW THAT WE DIDN'T JUST *RESPECT* HIM.

WE ALSO *LOVED* HIM.

CUT ME WITH A *KNIFE*, WHY DON'T YOU, ICE?

Humph. WE SURE HAD OUR TUSSLES, BLUE. YOU WERE THE WORLD'S ULTIMATE BOY SCOUT.

--THE KIND OF GUY WHO EMBODIED FAIRNESS AND JUSTICE.

...BUT THAT DON'T MEAN I CAN'T SEE THE *TRUTH*.

ME, I'M A *ROGUE*...

DOOMSDAY *CAVED* MY HEAD IN, BLUE, BUT YOU, *YOU* TOOK HIM *DOWN*. YOU *WON*.

GUESS I CAN WEAR THIS FOR THE SERVICE--OUTTA RESPECT FOR THAT.

I COULDN'T TAKE IT ANYMORE, TED.

NO MATTER WHAT ...ANYONE SAYS I STILL FEEL LIKE A *FAILURE*. AND NOT JUST BECAUSE OF WHAT HAPPENED TO SUPERMAN--

--BUT BECAUSE OF WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU TOO.

WE SPENT ALL THIS TIME JOKING OUR WAY THROUGH LIFE AND WHEN THE CHIPS WERE DOWN...LOOK WHAT HAPPENED.

WE PAID A REAL *PRICE*. WE'RE WEARING *ARM BANDS* IN SOMEONE'S MEMORY.

WELL, *YOU* BETTER KEEP *FIGHTING*, FRIEND!

IF I HAVE TO PUT ON AN ARM BAND WITH A BEETLE ON IT--

--I--

--I--

--I DON'T KNOW *WHAT* I'LL DO.

NEXT ISSUE: THE BIRTH OF A *NEW* JUSTICE LEAGUE! *BE THERE!*

SUPERMAN

Created by JERRY SIEGEL & JOE SHUSTER

DEATH OF A LEGEND

SADLY, THERE IS LITTLE MORE TO BE DONE, FOR SUPERMAN, BUT MY COMPATRIOT, ICE, MAY STILL LIVE...

... IF I CAN TRANSPORT HER TO A NEARBY HOSPITAL.

L-LOIS?

WE'RE NOT GOING TO TAKE THIS BLOODWYND-GUY'S WORD FOR IT THAT SUPERMAN'S DEAD, ARE WE?

BEFORE YOU TURN THE PAGE, PLEASE READ JUSTICE LEAGUE #70, ON SALE NOW.

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THE KID'S RIGHT, MAGGIE! I NEVER EVEN HEARD OF HIM BEFORE ALL OF THIS!

HE'S ALIVE, TURPIN.

HE'S GOT TO BE.

IT SADDENS ME, BUT I MUST CONCUR WITH BLOODWYND.

I'VE BEEN SCANNING SUPERMAN'S MIND, AND THERE'S NOTHING THERE-- NO BRAINWAVE ACTIVITY-- NOTHING!

OH, MAN. IF SUPERMAN'S REALLY DEAD, WE'D BETTER PRAY TO GOD HE PUT THIS DOOMSDAY-THING DOWN FOR KEEPS!

I'M GONNA POKE IT WITH MY GUN--YOU GUYS COVER ME, OKAY?

SCU

DOESN'T LOOK LIKE IT'S BREATHING, BUT HEY-- MAYBE IT NEVER NEEDED TO!

STAND BACK!

IT-- DID IT-- MOVE?

MAGGIE SAWYER-- ORDER YOUR SPECIAL CRIMES UNIT TO BACK AWAY FROM THE CREATURE DOOMSDAY.

IT MOVED.

PUT A LID ON IT, CHAMPLEY. THIS CROWD DOESN'T NEED ANY MORE EXCITEMENT.

GCU

YOU DON'T REMEMBER ME?

NOW WHAT DO YOU PROPOSE, MR--?

WELL, I AM DUBBILEX, AND AMONG MY PSYCHOKINETIC ABILITIES IS THE POWER TO READ MINDS.

WELL?

BEFORE, IT WAS FILLED WITH RAGE-- ANGER...

"...NOW THERE IS NOTHING.

LET ME GO!

WHY ARE YOU ALL JUST STANDING THERE?!

WE'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING TO BRING SUPERMAN BACK!

LOIS--EVEN DUBBILEX SAYS HE'S DEAD.

SUPERMAN'S AN ALIEN, FOR CRYING OUT LOUD! WE KNOW HIS BODY DIFFERS FROM OURS!

HE ALSO HASN'T EXHIBITED ANY SIGNS OF LIFE SINCE HE COLLAPSED!

AS HARSH AS THIS SOUNDS, WE'VE GOT TO FACE FACTS, LOIS!

CAT'S RIGHT. WE CAN'T DO ANYTHING...

MAYBE S.T.A.R. LABS HAS MEDICAL EQUIPMENT THAT COULD--

DAMN IT! SOMEBODY'S GOT TO DO SOMETHING! WE OWE THE MAN MORE THAN THIS!

SHE'S GOT A POINT! WE'RE ALL STANDING AROUND PLANNING HIS FUNERAL!

CAPTAIN SAWYER-- GET A FEW MEDICS OVER HERE TO HELP!

;UGNHH! HIS LUNGS ARE LIKE STEEL TANKS-- ALL I'VE GOT DOESN'T EVEN GET A RISE OUT OF HIS CHEST!

HERE COME THE EMS GUYS, LOIS.

ANYTHING?

HE'S NOT BREATHING, BUT BEYOND THAT, IT'S HARD TO TELL.

BEING INVULNERABLE IS GOING TO MAKE INJECTION, OR AN IV IMPOSSIBLE!

NO DISCERNIBLE PULSE. READY WITH THE DEFIBRILLATOR?

OKAY, CLEAR!

VUVOOOMFF

AWW, TURPIN, YOU OLD GRUNT. HOW MANY FELLOW COPS HAVE YOU SEEN CUT DOWN IN THE LINE O'DUTY?

IT WAS NEVER S'POSED TO HAPPEN TO HIM, 'THOUGH!

EH? WHAT IN BLAZES? SOMEONE BURNT TO A CRISP!

NAHH-- THIS LOOKS LIKE A MASS O'SCAR TISSUE...

AM I-- NEAR HIM? NEAR... SUPERMAN.

MOTHER O'MERCY! IT'S ALIVE!

WHOOP!

AWW, YA BIG LUMMOX! YER ACTIN' LIKE A BLAMED ROOKIE!

;WHOOF!;

I'LL TAKE CARE OF HER, OFFICER TURPIN!

WELL, I'LL BE! HERE I AM MAKIN' A MONKEY OUT OF MYSELF IN FRONT OF YOUNG LEX LUTHOR HIMSELF!!

YOU WANT ME TO GET A MEDIC?

THEY WOULDN'T KNOW WHERE TO BEGIN WITH MY SUPERGIRL, MATE.

WE'LL MAKE IT ALL BETTER, MY LOVE.

I--CRAWLED HERE--TO TRY TO HELP SUPERMAN-- BUT IT HURT SO MUCH...

SHHH. NO ONE CAN HELP HIM NOW, BUT WE CAN HELP YOU.

"WE'VE SET THE VOLTAGE TO THE HIGHEST LEVEL..."

...AND WE'RE STILL COMING UP WITH ZIP!

IT'S TRUE. I MEAN, IF WE COULD ARRANGE TO HAVE HIM HIT BY LIGHTNING OR SOMETHING, EVEN THAT MAY NOT DO THE TRICK!

SAWYER? ANY LUCK WITH S.T.A.R. LABS?

'FRAID NOT, GUARDIAN--THE CITY OF METROPOLIS HAS BEEN DECLARED A FEDERAL DISASTER AREA...

...COMMUNICATIONS ARE A TOTAL MESS! DOOMSDAY DID A LOT OF DAMAGE BEFORE HE TOOK THAT TEN-COUNT!

WE KEEP THIS DEFIB UP, WE'RE GONNA MELT THE PADDLES!

THEN MELT THE BLASTED PADDLES--BUT KEEP AT IT!

HEY, CHILL OUT--I WAS ONLY JOKING!

WE WON'T STOP 'TIL AN MD TAKES OVER FOR US!

LET'S LET THEM DO THEIR WORK, LOIS.

WHAT THAT MEDIC SAID--ABOUT A DOCTOR?

SUPERMAN NEVER WENT TO A PHYSICIAN...

...THOUGH I THINK KITTY FAULKNER AT S.T.A.R. LABS HAS EXAMINED HIM IN THE PAST.

I'M THINKING OF THE DOC WHO TREATED HIM WHEN BLOODSPORT SHOT HIM WITH THAT KRYPTONITE BULLET, SOME TIME AGO...

...AND THEN AGAIN WHEN THE FOUR-ARMED TERROR STRUCK--DOCTOR SANCHEZ, AT METRO GENERAL!

YES, SOMEBODY SHOULD CONTACT DOCTOR SANCHEZ...

CAN'T YOU CALL UP CLARK AND HAVE HIM GET LOIS AWAY FROM ALL THIS?

GOSH! THAT'S RIGHT.

;SOB; CLARK! I HADN'T THOUGHT THIS THROUGH-- DEAR GOD, WHAT ABOUT HIS FOLKS? DID THEY *SEE* THEIR SON *DIE* ON TV?

I'M SURPRISED MR. KENT--ER, CLARK ISN'T *HERE* ALREADY-- THE WHOLE WORLD MUST'VE WATCHED THIS MESS VIA SATELLITE!

BEEP BEEP

WBGS

MISS GRANT? THE *REMOTE* LINE'S ALL SET, AND GBS WILL CUT INTO PROGRAMMING WHEN YOU'RE READY!

SPEAKING OF TV...

LOIS, LOOK-- THIS IS GOING TO SEEM ROUGH, BUT...

...YOU GOT TO SNAP OUT OF THIS *DAZE* YOU'RE IN!

YOU'RE A *REPORTER*--A DARN *GOOD* ONE. THIS *STORY* NEEDS TO BE TOLD *BY YOU*. NOW WE'VE *ALL* GOT OUR JOBS TO DO!

YOU- YOU'RE RIGHT.

THAT'S THE LOIS LANE I KNOW.

I GUESS THAT WAS DIRECTED AT ME, TOO. I'VE GOT A WHOLE ROLL OF *PICTURES* THAT PERRY'LL WANT TO SEE...

"METROPOLIS IS STILL IN A STATE OF SHOCK OVER THE APPARENT DEATH OF THEIR CHAMPION..."

...WHO, BEFORE COLLAPSING, TRIUMPHANTLY STOPPED THE MONSTER DOOMSDAY...

...ENDING THE RAMPAGE THAT CROSSED SEVERAL STATES, CAUSING MILLIONS OF DOLLARS IN DAMAGES.

PARAMEDICS ON THE SCENE ARE CONTINUING EFFORTS TO RESUSCITATE SUPERMAN...

...DESPITE A REPORT THAT A MEMBER OF THE JUSTICE LEAGUE FAILED TO DETECT ANY BRAIN ACTIVITY IN HIS FALLEN COMRADE.

DEAR LORD IN HEAVEN.

ADAM, YOUR MOM JUST SAID SUPERMAN WAS-- DEAD.

YEAH. BIG DEAL.

MOST OF US KIDS AT SCHOOL THOUGHT HE WAS A BIG WEINIE ANYWAYS!

HEY! I LOVE THIS CARTOON!

DARN IT, ADAM-- WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU?

A MAN MAY BE DEAD, AND ALL YOU CAN THINK ABOUT IS YOUR OWN PLEASURE? SUPERMAN WAS A FRIEND TO US ALL!

I DIDN'T MEAN NOTHING, JOSE-- ÷OWW!÷

÷SOB!÷ YOU BIG JERK!

ADAM-- WAIT. I DIDN'T MEAN TO SNAP, BUT...

YOU'RE NOT MY FATHER-- JUST ONE OF MOM'S BOYFRIENDS!

"ONE OF"?

SLAM

AWW DELGADO, THE KID DIDN'T MEAN CAT'S GOT MORE THAN ONE BOYFRIEND. SHE'S NOT LIKE THAT ANYMORE.

THAT NEWS ABOUT SUPES BLIND-SIDED ME.

LOOK AT IT--GATHERING DUST...

...WHILE SUPES WAS PUTTING HIS BUTT ON THE LINE FOR THIS CITY, I HAD MY BUTT ON A COMFY COUCH...

...BABYSITTING A SELFISH KID WHO CARES ABOUT NO ONE BUT HIMSELF!

...CAT BEGGED ME TO RETIRE-- TO PUT GANGBUSTER TO REST, BUT I--EH?

...SO I GUESS THAT SUPERMAN WASN'T SO SUPER AFTER ALL. THIS HAS BEEN A WMET NEWSBREAK.

WHY, YOU HAPPY-TALKING SON OF A--

AFTER MY LAST OUTING LANDED ME IN THE HOSPITAL...*

*AGAINST METALLO, IN ADVENTURES #491

WE NOW RETURN YOU TO "RAT-TAT-TOOEY" ALREADY IN PROGRE--; SKEEEEE;

KRESHH!

"PLEASE. TURN IT OFF, JONATHAN."

...AGAIN, A SOURCE CLOSE TO THE BATTLE SITE HAS CONFIRMED THAT NO BRAIN ACTIVITY WAS DETECTED IN THE MAN OF STEE--

CLICK

FOOL DOESN'T KNOW WHAT HE'S TALKING ABOUT.

WE KEEP ON PRAYING TO THE GOOD LORD FOR OUR BOY, MA.

WHAT IF THEY'RE RIGHT?

IF--ONLY--I COULD HAVE--HELPED--HIM, LEX.

LOVE, IF I COULD TURN BACK TIME, I WOULD HAVE SENT YOU AND TEAM LUTHOR IN TO HELP!

SUPERMAN WOULD HAVE OWED ME HIS VERY LIFE--AND I NEVER WOULD'VE LET HIM FORGET IT!

NOW SHOW ME SOME SPIRIT, AND USE YOUR SHAPE-CHANGING POWER TO MEND YOURSELF, LOVE.

IT--WILL--BE--PAINFUL--DIFFICULT, LEX...

"...BUT FOR YOU, I WOULD--MOVE MOUNTAINS.

I'M NOT ASKING FOR MOUNTAINS--I MERELY WANT MY SUPERGIRL BACK.

:AAARRRRGH:

AMAZING, SIMPLY AMAZING.

THAT WAS AS DIFFICULT A CHANGE AS I'VE EVER EXPERIENCED--COMING BACK FROM A NEAR-PROTOPLASMIC STATE...

THAT ACCOUNTS FOR THE BRUISES AND SUCH, EH?

I'LL WEAR THEM AS TRIBUTE TO THE SACRIFICE SUPERMAN MADE IN BATTLE, LEX.

"THIS IS TOO HEAVY, MAN."

Y'THINK SO, MURPH?

IMAGINE DOING THIS *WITHOUT* THE ANTIGRAVITY DISCS WE PUT UNDERNEATH DOOMSDAY HERE!

YOU BOYS *LOOK* MILITARY, BUT IF *SOMEONE* DOESN'T LAY SOME *PAPERWORK* ON ME, I'M GOING TO ORDER MY GUYS TO SHOOT!

SPILL YER GUTS, PALLY-- YOU A *SPOOK*?

CIA? NOT QUITE.

LET'S JUST SAY WE'RE ON THE *SAME* SIDE, YOU AND ME.

WE ARE AUTHORIZED TO TAKE BOTH SUPERMAN AND THE BODY OF "DOOMSDAY."

OVER MY DEAD BODY, SLICK! SHOW ME SOME *PAPER* ON IT!

MY AGENCY DOESN'T *DO* PAPER! GUARDIAN--TELL THEM TO RELEASE SUPERMAN INTO *MY* CUSTODY.

PERHAPS WE COULD RESUSCITATE HIM AT CADMUS?

NO, I DON'T *TRUST* HIS *MOTIVES*, DUBBILEX.

GIVE ME USE OF THE *POWER PLATFORMS* TO JOLT SUPERMAN'S HEART, WESTFIELD!

ONLY ON THE CONDITION THAT IF IT FAILS, YOU'LL HELP ME PUT THESE TWO "COWBOYS" IN THEIR PLACE!

WHAT'RE YOU GETTIN' AT, PAL?

MISS SAWYER'S A LADY, BOZO! I OUGHTA--

DAN-- LET ME...

GIVE THE GUARDIAN THOSE POWER PLATFORMS, AND LEAVE EVERYTHING WHERE IT IS!

YOU'VE JUST BOUGHT YOURSELF A LOT OF TROUBLE, LADY--

WE'RE WASTING TIME...

--AND I HESITATE TO CALL A CIGAR-SMOKING "CHICK" A LADY!

GIVE ME YOUR BADGE NUMBER!

THAT TEARS IT.

TURPIN--NO! HE'S HEAD OF CADMUS!

LIKE I CARE!

:WOOF:

AND FORGET THE BADGE NUMBER--JUST REMEMBER DAN TURPIN...

"...T-U-R-P-I-N. THE BOYS CALL ME "TERRIBLE," THOUGH I DON'T KNOW WHY.

WESTFIELD'S *NOT* GOING TO TAKE THAT LYING *DOWN*, TURPIN, BUT *THANKS*.

JERK'S CURLED UP, SUCKING HIS *THUMB* NOW, GUARDIAN. SO GO SAVE OUR PAL, *SUPERMAN*!

DAN'S BOUGHT YOU SOME *TIME*, BUT HOW *MUCH* WILL DEPEND ON HOW OUT-OF-SHAPE YOUR BOSS IS.

YOU! CAN YOU ROUND UP THE OTHER GLIDERS AND CHARGE UP YOUR SHOCK CANNONS?

I'M THE ONLY ONE STILL *FUNCTIONAL*, SIR.

WELL, CHARGE UP! I NEED TO FIGURE OUT THE *NEXT* STEP!

I HAVE REACHED OUT TO A *FRIEND* WHO WILL *KNOW* WHAT TO DO!

PROFESSOR EMIL HAMILTON--AND--*BIBBOWSKI*? WHAT'S THAT YOU'RE DRAGGING?

IT'S AN ENERGY COLLECTING UNIT, TO CHANNEL THE SHOCK CANNON'S BEAM INTO THE DEFIBRILLATOR PADDLES!

YEAH--WHAT *HE* SAID!

I'M READY, SIR!

I'M GONNA DO IT-- HAND ME DEM PADDLES! I OWE IT TO SOOPERMAN-- ONNA COUNTA HE WAS MY FAV'RIT!

THIS BIBBO WEARS ONE OF YOUR FORCE-FIELD DEVICES?

YES. IT WILL PROTECT HIM FROM ELECTROCUTION.

GUARDIAN, I'M READY WHEN YOU ARE!

LET'S BRING THE MAN BACK, FOLKS! FORCE FIELD UP, BIBBOWSKI!

GOTCHA, HARPER. I'M READY FOR DA FIRST ROUND!

DAILY P

ARE YOU CERTAIN YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE GETTING INTO, BIBBO?

NO ONE'S GONNA MISS A PUG LIKE ME IF THINGS GO BAD.

YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, BIBBOWSKI!

ALL RIGHT, GET THOSE PADDLES READY.

NOW, PERFESSOR, NOW?

DO IT! DO IT NOW, YOU SON OF A--

WHOOOOOOMP

SHT

DID YOU CATCH THAT? SUPERMAN'S BODY JUMPED! DO YOU THINK--?

ANYTHING WOULD JUMP WITH THAT MUCH VOLTAGE PUMPED THROUGH IT!

MY EYES MUST BE PLAYING TRICKS ON ME--I THOUGHT HE TWITCHED!

ONE OF YOU TEND TO BIBBO, WHILE I READY THE PADDLES FOR ANOTHER JOLT!

SUPERMAN'S CONDITION IS UNCHANGED...

...THERE IS NO BRAIN ACTIVITY.

I CAN GO ANUDDER ROUND.. LEMME REST UP A BIT...

LET'S TRY IT AGAIN, PROFESSOR HAMILTON-- I'LL STEP IN FOR BIBBOWSKI!

I INVENTED THIS FORCE-FIELD BELT, YOU KNOW. IT'LL PROTECT THE USER AS WELL AS THE PADDLES.

BIBBO LEFT THE FIELD DOWN A HALF-SECOND TOO LONG.

I'LL DO IT. IS YOUR CADMUS FRIEND READY?

YEP.

OKEY-DOKEY-- CLEAR!

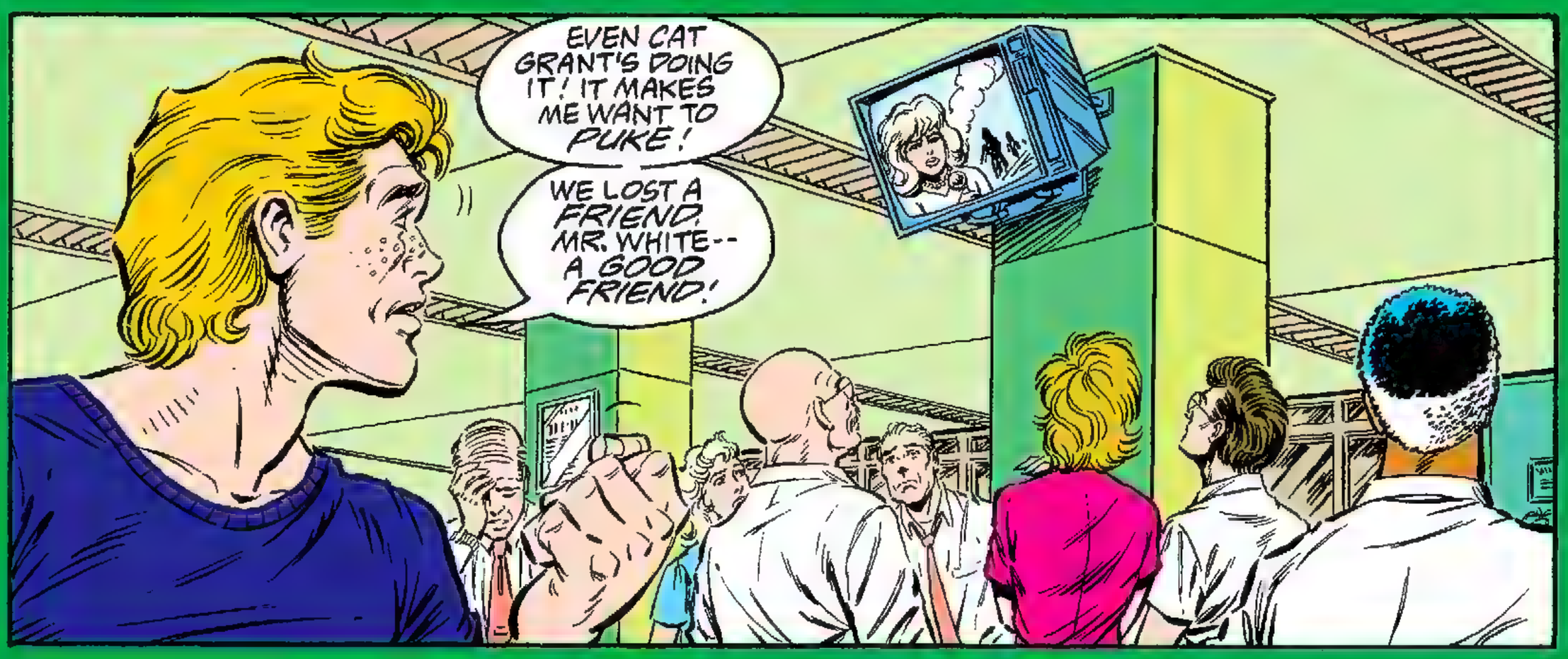
VOOOOMFFF

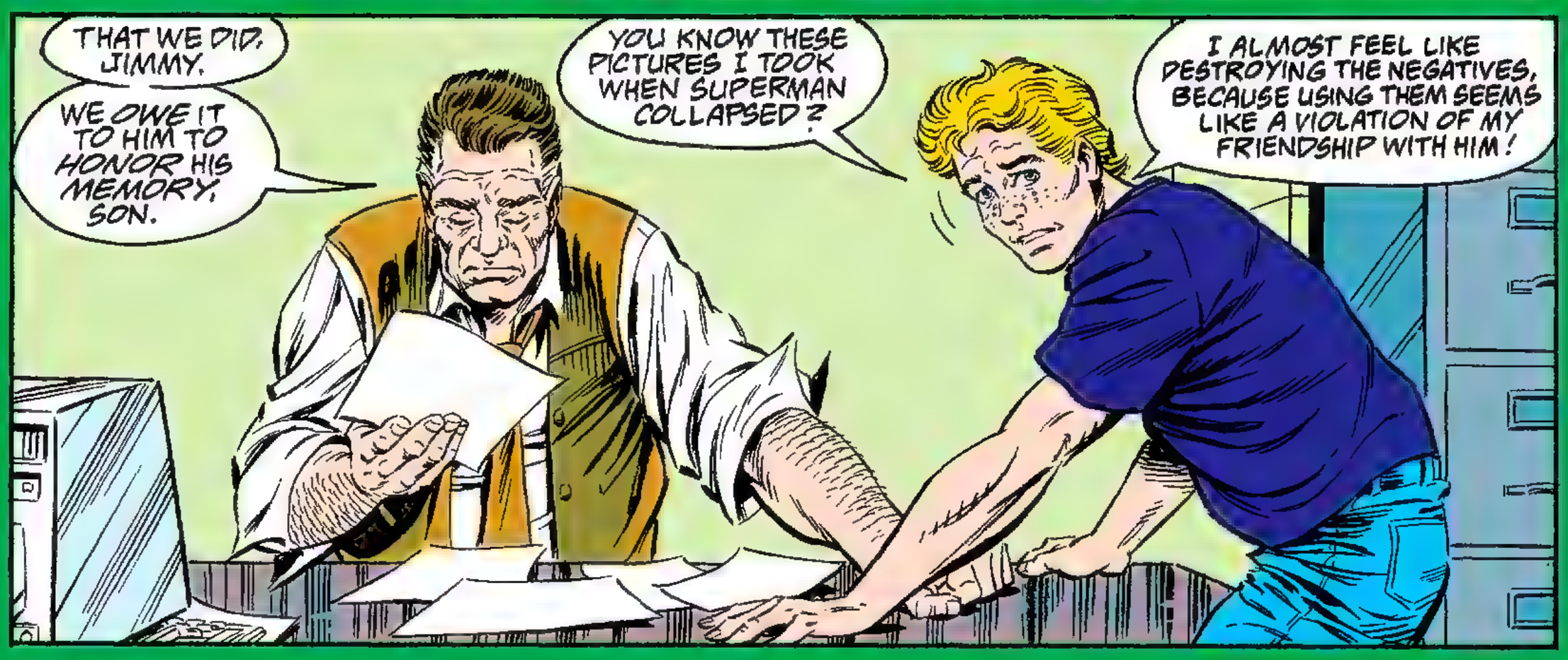
DAMN...

...IT AIN'T WORKIN'!

"IT'S JUST SO-- AWFUL."

DAILY PLANET
I MEAN, THE WAY EVERYONE'S CRAWLING OVER EVERYONE ELSE TO BE THE FIRST TO OFFICIALLY PRONOUNCE SUPERMAN DEAD...
...YOU'D THINK THEY WERE HAPPY HE DIED, TO SAVE THEM ALL FROM A SLOW NEWS DAY!


EVEN CAT GRANT'S DOING IT! IT MAKES ME WANT TO PUKE!
WE LOST A FRIEND, MR. WHITE-- A GOOD FRIEND!


THAT WE DID, JIMMY.
WE OWE IT TO HIM TO HONOR HIS MEMORY, SON.
YOU KNOW THESE PICTURES I TOOK WHEN SUPERMAN COLLAPSED?
I ALMOST FEEL LIKE DESTROYING THE NEGATIVES, BECAUSE USING THEM SEEMS LIKE A VIOLATION OF MY FRIENDSHIP WITH HIM!

OLSEN, ONE OF THESE PHOTOS WILL SERVE TO REMIND THIS CITY-- NO, THE WORLD, OF THE TREMENDOUS SACRIFICE ONE MAN MADE.
HIS PASSING HAS LEFT A GREAT VOID IN ALL OF US, BUT WE'RE STILL JOURNALISTS, AND WE'VE GOT A PAPER TO PUBLISH.
THINK OF WHAT LOIS IS GOING THROUGH.

CLARK KENT IS AMONG THE HUNDREDS *MISSING* IN THE WAKE OF DOOMSDAY'S DESTRUCTION.

GOSH, I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT. SHE WAS PRETTY EMOTIONAL OVER SUPERMAN DYING BUT CLARK'S HER FIANCÉ.

CLIK CLAK CLIK CLAK

-SNIF- EXCUSE ME-- MY STORY'S FINISHED, PERRY.

C'MON, LOIS-- I'LL WALK YOU HOME.

I'LL TAKE JIMMY'S PHOTO DOWN TO COMPOSITING, MR. WHITE.

GREAT, RONALD.

THANKS. I'D LIKE THAT.

I CAN'T SPEAK FOR THE REST OF YOU, BUT I NEVER REALLY THOUGHT HE *COULD* DIE--HE'D CHEATED DEATH *SO MANY* TIMES.

IT'S HARD TO IMAGINE *NEVER* SEEING HIS FACE--OR HEARING HIS VOICE AGAIN--OR TAKING HIS EASY-GOING NATURE FOR GRANTED...

HIS LUCK RAN OUT WHEN SUPERMAN DIED.

LET'S NOT JUMP THE GUN, BUT IF IT IS *SO*, WE'LL MAKE DAMN SURE TO KEEP *BOTH* OF THEIR MEMORIES *ALIVE*.

I *SWEAR* IT.

DON'T WORRY, LOIS--MR. KENT WILL TURN UP--YOU JUST WATCH. YOU KNOW HOW *LUCKY* HE'S ALWAYS BEEN.

In seven days, in ACTION COMICS #685. Metropolis mourns a hero.

This issue dedicated to the memory of JOE SHUSTER.

EXTRA! DAILY PLANET EXTRA!

A GREAT METROPOLITAN NEWSPAPER METROPOLIS TUESDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1992 50 CENTS

SUPERMAN ...DEAD

METROPOLIS MARVEL KILLED IN ACTION

By LOIS LANE

SPECIAL TO THE DAILY PLANET

Superman, our world's greatest hero, was declared dead late this afternoon.

He died of injuries sus-ained in the defense of the d her people. His

■ 'DOOMSDAY' KILLER ALSO SLAIN PAGE A2

■ JUSTICE LEAGUE IN MOURNING PAGE A2

■ MAYOR DECLARES STATE OF EMERGENCY AGE A3

Y

DS

ARED

MATH

JAMES OLSEN/DAILY PLANET

FOR THOSE OF YOU JUST JOINING US... MUCH OF METROPOLIS REMAINS UNDER A DUSK-TO-DAWN CURFEW FOLLOWING THE DEATH OF SUPERMAN.

THE WORLD-RENOWNED HERO LAID DOWN HIS LIFE TO STOP A BERSERKER MONSTER CALLED DOOMSDAY WHO THREATENED TO LEVEL THE CITY--

--FOLLOWING A SEVERAL-STATE RAMPAGE WHICH RESULTED IN OVER 500 DEATHS AND LEFT JUSTICE LEAGUE AMERICA IN DISARRAY. SUPERMAN JOINED THE BATTLE AT MIDDAY, BUT THOUGH HE FOUGHT VALIANTLY--

--HE SEEMED UNABLE TO STOP DOOMSDAY'S ODYSSEY OF DEATH AND DESTRUCTION. IT WAS, TRAGICALLY, A FIGHT TO THE FINISH...

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G-7583

RE:ACTIONS

...WHICH CLAIMED THE LIVES OF BOTH COMBATANTS. AND THOUGH MANY MADE HEROIC EFFORTS, THEY WERE UNABLE TO REVIVE THE MAN OF STEEL. HE WAS FINALLY TAKEN TO METRO GENERAL HOSPITAL WHERE...

IT IS MY SAD DUTY TO INFORM YOU THAT SUPERMAN WAS DECLARED DEAD AT APPROXIMATELY 6:23 PM.

METRO GEN L HOSPI

JORGE SANCHEZ

FOR MORE ON THIS STORY, WE GO NOW LIVE TO SCOTT HARRIS...

WALLACE, SUPERMAN'S BODY WAS BROUGHT HERE TO THE CITY MORGUE JUST MINUTES AGO.

WLI

SCOTT HARRIS WLEX NEWS

AS SUPERMAN HAS NO KNOWN RELATIVES, THERE IS APPARENTLY SOME CONTROVERSY BREWING OVER WHO HAS RIGHTS TO THE ;SQUAWWRK<

SCOTT... CAN YOU HEAR ME?

WELL, WE SEEM TO BE EXPERIENCING--

"--SOME TECHNICAL DIFFICULTIES!"

WESTFIELD, I ADVISE YOU AN' YER PACK O' "GHOULS" TO TURN 'ROUND AN' GOOSESTEP OUTTA HERE!

I'D LISTEN TO INSPECTOR TURPIN, IF I WERE YOU.

YOU AND YOUR SPECIAL CRIMES UNIT DON'T IMPRESS ME, CAPTAIN SAWYER. I DIRECT A FEDERAL PROJECT--

--AND UNDER THE SECTION 12 OF THE EXECUTIVE EMERGENCY ACT, I AM AUTHORIZED TO COLLECT FOR STUDY THE BODIES OF ANY ALIEN DECEDENTS... WHICH INCLUDES SUPERMAN AND THAT MONSTER!

YEAH, SO YOU AND YOUR "BOYS" BETTER STEP ASIDE... OR THINGS COULD GET R-E-A-L MESSY!

YOU CAN'T BE SERIOUS!

SCU

ROGER STERN - WRITER
JACKSON & DENIS GUICE & RODIER - ARTISTS
BILL OAKLEY - LETTERER
GLENN WHITMORE - COLORIST
JENNIFER FRANK - ASSISTANT
MIKE CARLIN - EDITOR

Special thanks to TOM GRUMMETT & DOUG HAZLEWOOD

SUPERMAN created by JERRY SIEGEL & JOE SHUSTER

WHAT DO YOU THINK THIS IS, THE *OLD WEST*?! YOU'RE NOT GOING TO HAVE A SHOOT-OUT WITH LOCAL AUTHORITIES! LOWER YOUR WEAPONS!

IGNORE THAT ORDER!

B-BUT, MR. WESTFIELD, THE *GUARDIAN* IS OUR SECURITY CHIEF--!

AND I'M PROJECT ADMINI-STRATOR!

PULLING RANK, WESTFIELD? I'D SAY YOU'VE ALREADY EXCEEDED YOUR AUTHORITY.

THAT WAS OUT OF LINE, GUARDIAN! YOU OF ALL PEOPLE MUST REALIZE HOW IMPORTANT THIS IS TO US... THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT WE COULD LEARN FROM SUPERMAN'S BODY!

YOU'RE EXPOSING THE PROJECT TO FURTHER PUBLIC SCRUTINY!

NOT AT ALL...

"... MY TROOPS HAVE THE ENTIRE AREA SECURED! THE GOOD PEOPLE OF METROPOLIS WON'T BE LEARNING ANYTHING ABOUT THE PROJECT UNLESS I WANT THEM TO."

WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA OF SHOOTING OUT OUR MICROWAVE DISH?! YOU CAN'T GET AWAY WITH THIS!

ARREST THAT MAN... ARREST THEM ALL!

ALL RIGHT, BUDDY... PUT DOWN THE CAMERA.

OH, MAN...

"... MR. L IS *NOT* GONNA LIKE THIS!"

A NEWS BLACKOUT?! BY WHOSE AUTHORITY?

FEDERAL?! WHAT AGENCY? NO... OF COURSE, THEY WOULDN'T SAY. NEVER MIND, I'LL FIND THAT OUT!

NO, WE ARE *NOT* GOING TO STAND FOR THIS...

... WE ARE MOST DEFINITELY GOING TO *DO* SOMETHING ABOUT IT!

SUPERGIRL!

YES, LEX?

TIME TO CALL OUT THE DOGS, LOVE...

"...THERE'S WORK TO BE DONE!"

HAVE YOU LOST ALL DECENCY?! SHOW SOME RESPECT FOR THE DEAD!

THERE'LL BE TIME FOR THAT LATER! WE HAVE TO ACT FAST BEFORE THE BODY DECOMPOSES.

ARE YOU GOING TO HELP OR--?

NO, WESTFIELD...

"...IF YOU WANT SUPERMAN, YOU'LL HAVE TO GO *THROUGH* ME!"

INFRARED IMAGING 23.0997

LOOKS LIKE WE HAVE A STAND-OFF HERE-- FEDS VERSUS LOCALS. YOUR CALL, #3.

I SAY WE GIVE 'EM ALL A LITTLE--

--SURPRISE!

KROOM

BROKT

WHO--?

HOLY GEEZ! IT'S A COUPLE O' TEAM LUTHOR "ARMOR BOYS"!

DON'T JUST STAND THERE--

--WE'RE UNDER ATTACK! BRING THEM DOWN!

NO WAY, PAL! NOT UNLESS YOU'RE PACKING HEAVIER IRON THAN THAT!

NUTS! THAT'S OUR FIGHT THEY'RE FIGHTIN'!

ALL THINGS CONSIDERED, DAN, I DON'T REALLY MIND!

KEEP YOUR FORCES DOWN, CAPTAIN. TEAM LUTHOR SEEMS MAINLY TO BE DRAWING FIRE. THEY MUST HAVE SOMETHING UP THEIR SLEEVES...

"...AND I THINK I SEE WHAT IT IS!"

UH, SARGE...?

KEEP FIRING, MCINTYRE! DON'T STOP FOR ANYTHING!

ANYTHING? WHAT ABOUT HER?

PUT DOWN YOUR WEAPONS OR I'LL TAKE THEM AWAY FROM YOU!

SUPERGIRL?

YOU'RE MAKING A BIG MISTAKE! WE'RE AN AUTHORIZED FEDERAL AGENCY!

DON'T TRUST 'EM, LI'L LADY! THEY WANT T'TAKE SUPERMAN'S BODY!

THEY WHAT?!

SH

TOOM

WSTFLD?

WESTFIELD, CAN YOU HEAR ME?

UUNNGH?

WILL HE BE ALL RIGHT?

I THINK SO... HE'LL BE SORE FOR A FEW DAYS, THOUGH.

PAUL? DO YOU FEEL LIKE SITTING UP?

WHAT... DID SHE DO?

IT'S CALLED A PSYCHO-KINETIC BLAST--AND YOU'RE LUCKY THAT ALL SHE DID WAS SWEEP YOU AND YOUR TOY SOLDIERS OUT THE DOOR!

YOU CAN'T TALK THAT WAY TO ME, SAWYER!

PAUL, DON'T PRESS YOUR LUCK.

HEY, STACK 'EM NEAT, NOW!

YOU... YOU...

I'D LIGHT A CANDLE IF I WERE YOU, WESTFIELD. YOU COULD'VE GOTTEN YOUR BOYS KILLED.

HOW SOON TILL WE CAN GO BACK ON?

THE GUYS SAY FIVE MINUTES TOPS!

YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS, SAWYER! I'M HOLDING ALL OF YOU RESPONSIBLE! WHEN WASHINGTON HEARS ABOUT THIS--!

WASHINGTON ALREADY *HAS*, MISTER... WESTFIELD, IS IT?...

...AND THEY'RE NONE TOO HAPPY WITH YOU FOR ORDERING THE DESTRUCTION OF EQUIPMENT BELONGING TO MY TELEVISION STATION--

--NOT TO MENTION YOUR INTERFERENCE WITH THE LOCAL CONSTABULARY! RIGHT, MAYOR BERKOWITZ?

YOU CAN TAKE THAT TO THE BANK, LUTHOR!

I HAVE A LITTLE SOMETHING FOR YOU, *MISTER* WESTFIELD ...FAXES FROM THE *WHITE HOUSE*--

-- RESCINDING YOUR AUTHORITY IN THIS MATTER! SUPERMAN'S HERITAGE MAY BE ALIEN, BUT AS FAR AS WE'RE CONCERNED -- AND THE PRESIDENT AGREES -- HE'S AN *AMERICAN!*

I... I...

AND, BY GOD, WE INTEND TO SEE THAT HE'S GIVEN A DECENT BURIAL... IN *METROPOLIS!*

I'D SAY YOU PUT YOUR FOOT IN IT, MATE. OH, AND DON'T TRY TO GO CLAIMING THAT DOOMSDAY BEASTIE. S.T.A.R. LABS'LL DISPOSE OF 'IM!

NOW, AS A PATRIOTIC CITIZEN, I'M WILLING TO OVERLOOK THE DAMAGE TO MY PROPERTY--

--AND TO KEEP MENTION O' YOUR LITTLE PROJECT OUT OF THE NEWS... IF YOU GET IN YOUR TRUCKS AND RETURN TO YOUR BASE... *NOW!*

"TEAM LUTHOR WILL HELP THE GUARDIAN '*ESCORT*' YOU TO THE COUNTY LINE!"

I KNOW THAT WESTFIELD HAD IT IN FOR SUPERMAN,* BUT I NEVER THOUGHT HE'D STOOP SO LOW AS TO PICK A FIGHT OVER THE MAN'S BODY!

THAT'S THE SORT OF LUNATIC STUNT I'D HAVE EXPECTED FROM *DABNEY DONOVAN!*

THERE'D BETTER BE SOME *CHANGES* MADE AT THE CADMUS PROJECT AFTER THIS!

I'M TOLD THAT OUR REMOTE CREW HAS CORRECTED THEIR TECHNICAL PROBLEMS. SCOTT, ARE YOU THERE?

*SINCE SUPERMAN #58.

YES, WALLACE. EVERYTHING IS... UNDER CONTROL NOW.

LEXCORP C.E.O. LEX LUTHOR THE SECOND HAS ARRIVED... WITH SUPERGIRL! I BELIEVE HE'S ABOUT TO MAKE A STATEMENT...

WLEX NEWS

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN... THE... DEATH OF SUPERMAN ... HAS AFFECTED US ALL... DEEPLY. A *LEGEND* HAS BEEN TAKEN FROM US.

IT IS FITTING AND PROPER THAT WE MOURN HIS PASSING... ESPECIALLY THOSE OF US IN METROPOLIS... WHO KNEW HIM SO WELL...

...TO THAT END, MAYOR BERKOWITZ HAS INFORMED ME--

--THAT A SECTION OF CENTENNIAL PARK WILL BE SET ASIDE AS A FINAL RESTING PLACE FOR OUR FALLEN CHAMPION. AND I PLEDGE TO YOU NOW...

...THAT THE FULL RESOURCES OF LEXCORP INTERNATIONAL SHALL BE PUT TO WORK AT THAT SITE...

...TO ERECT A MONUMENT WORTHY OF A SUPERMAN!

HE'S SETTING HIMSELF UP AS CHIEF MOURNER! OPPORTUNISTIC YOUNG *#@!!

LOIS HAS HARDLY SAID A WORD SINCE SHE TURNED IN HER STORY. GUESS I SHOULDN'T BE SURPRISED... SHE'S HAD TWO AWFUL SHOCKS, WHAT WITH MR. KENT BEING MISSING AND SUPERMAN DYING IN HER ARMS...

...SHE WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR GIVING SUPERMAN HIS *NAME*, FOR GOSH SAKES!* I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE WHAT'S HAPPENED.

I WISH SUPERMAN WERE STILL ALIVE. I WISH MR. KENT WOULD SHOW UP. AND I WISH LOIS WOULD *SAY* SOMETHING... ANYTHING!

PERRY WHITE EDITOR

JUST LIKE HIS OLD MAN!

*IN ISSUE #1 OF THE MAN OF STEEL MINISERIES.

IT'S BEEN A LONG, HARD DAY... WHY DON'T YOU KIDS GO HOME?

KLIK

HOME. SURE.

MS. LANE? L-LOIS? HAS THERE BEEN ANY WORD FROM MR. KENT?

F-FROM CLARK?! CLARK IS... IS--!

OH, GOD!

WELL, DON'T GIVE UP HOPE! THERE ARE *THOUSANDS* OF FOLKS STILL MISSING -- AND THE PHONES ARE SUCH A *MESS*!

MR. KENT WILL TURN UP-- I JUST *KNOW* HE WILL!

SURE. G'NIGHT, ALLIE.

N-NO, ALLIE. NO WORD.

NEED A LIFT, LOIS?

THANKS, JIMMY... BUT, NO. I'M... WELL, I'M *NOT* ALL RIGHT--

--BUT I CAN FIND MY WAY.

I HOPE ALLIE'S RIGHT.

AMEN TO THAT, OLSEN. BUT... YOU WERE THERE... SCORES OF BUILDINGS WERE TOPPLED DURING DOOMSDAY'S ATTACK.

MOST OF THE PEOPLE STILL MISSING ARE PROBABLY TRAPPED IN THE WRECKAGE.

"EVEN IF CLARK IS ALIVE OUT THERE SOMEWHERE, HE MIGHT *NOT* BE BY THE TIME RESCUERS FIND HIM.

"IF EVER THERE WAS A TIME WHEN WE NEEDED SUPERMAN AND HIS X-RAY VISION--! BUT HE'S GONE... AND I DOUBT WE'LL EVER SEE ANOTHER LIKE HIM!"

"IT'S SO UNFAIR, CHIEF. MS. LANE AND MR. KENT HAD BEEN ENGAGED JUST A FEW MONTHS!"

"I KNOW, JIM. AND SHE'S TAKING IT PRETTY HARD. I'VE KNOWN THAT WOMAN SINCE SHE WAS A GIRL... AND I'VE NEVER SEEN HER SO ABSOLUTELY *SHATTERED!*

"LORD, I DON'T EVEN WANT TO *THINK* ABOUT HOW THIS MUST BE AFFECTING KENT'S *PARENTS!*

"JON AND MARTHA CLARK ARE DAMNED GOOD PEOPLE--SALT OF THE EARTH! AND CLARK WAS --DAMMIT, *IS*-- THEIR ONLY CHILD.

"I SHOULD HAVE CALLED THEM EARLIER, BUT I KEPT WAITING, HOPING THERE'D BE SOME GOOD NEWS TO GIVE THEM.

"BUT WITH THINGS STILL UP IN THE AIR... I TELL YOU, OLSEN, I'D ALMOST RATHER FACE A FIRING SQUAD THAN PLACE THAT CALL!"

RRRING

H-HELLO, JONATHAN... IT'S LANA...

...P-PETE AND I WERE ON THE ROAD... WHEN THE NEWS CAME OVER THE RADIO.

OH, JONATHAN... I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE IT!

PHONE PHONE

HE CAN'T BE GONE... HE JUST CAN'T BE--! IT HAS TO BE SOME HORRIBLE MISTAKE!

SHIK

I WISH IT WERE, LANA, BUT... MARTHA AND I... WE SAW THE WHOLE THING... ON THE TELEVISION.

MARTHA? SHE'S HOLDING UP AS WELL AS COULD BE EXPECTED...

NEITHER OF US... EVER REALLY EXPECTED WE'D HAVE TO MOURN A CHILD. GUESS WE WERE FOOLIN' OUR-SELVES.

THERE'S NOT A ONE OF US WHO ISN'T MORTAL. NOT EVEN SUPERMAN.

"I EXPECT THAT THIS'S MADE JUST ABOUT EVERYBODY STOP AND THINK A LITTLE."

OUR CONTINUING COVERAGE OF THE DEATH OF SUPERMAN WILL RESUME IN ONE HALF-HOUR. THIS IS THE GALAXY BROADCASTING SYSTEM... WE RETURN YOU NOW TO YOUR LOCAL AFFILIATES...

GASPER

BREAKFAST • LUNCH • DIN

GOOD EVENING, THIS IS "NEWS-5 AT 11!" TONIGHT'S TOP STORY... THE CITY OF METROPOLIS BEGINS TO DIG OUT OF THE RUBBLE--

OPEN ALL NIGHT!

--AS THE WORLD MOURNS THE PASSING OF A GREAT MAN!

LORDY, DIDN'T ANYTHING ELSE HAPPEN IN THE WORLD TODAY?

NEWS 5

IF IT DID, CLOVIS, IT DOESN'T MATTER.

YEAH... RECKON YER RIGHT, SHERIFF.

'COURSE HE IS! 'TWEREN'T FOR SUPER-MAN--AN' THAT BAT-MAN FELLA -- THIS TOWN WOULDA BEEN OVERRUN BY VAMPIRES!*

A LOTTA FOLKS'RE BEHOLDEN TO THAT MAN, DAISY...

*IN ACTION COMICS ANNUAL #1.

"... THE WHOLE WORLD OVER!"

A FINER BLOKE NEVER DREW AIR! BACK DURING THE BLOODY ALIEN INVASION, HE SAVED ME MEN FROM GETTING BLOWN SKY HIGH!*

QUEENSLAND

LIFT YUR GLASSES, MATES... FOR SUPERMAN!

*SUPERMAN #27.

IN A RELATED STORY, LEX LUTHOR THE SECOND HASTENED TO REASSURE A WORLD AUDIENCE...

THERE IS NO REASON TO PANIC. SUPERMAN MAY BE GONE, BUT SUPERGIRL AND TEAM LUTHOR ARE STILL ON THE JOB.

<THE TYRO "GIRL OF STEEL" PLEDGED TO CARRY ON WHAT SHE CALLED SUPERMAN'S GREAT CRUSADE FOR JUSTICE.>*

*TRANSLATED FROM THE JAPANESE.

<JUST HOW THIS UNVEILED YOUNG WOMAN CAN BE EXPECTED TO CARRY ON IN SUPERMAN'S STEAD REMAINS UNEXPLAINED. SUPERMAN, IT WILL BE REMEMBERED...>*

*TRANSLATED FROM THE ARABIC.

<... PERSONALLY FLEW TONS OF GRAIN AND MEDICAL SUPPLIES TO REMOTE AREAS DURING LAST YEAR'S DROUGHT. MANY OF OUR PEOPLE ARE ALIVE TODAY, THANKS TO SUPERMAN... >*

*TRANSLATED FROM THE AMHARIC.

<... WHO SAVED THE LIVES OF OVER HALF A MILLION PEOPLE WHEN THE CITY OF VARYKINO IN THE URAL MOUNTAINS WAS THREATENED BY A VOLCANIC ERUPTION.>

<OUR PRESIDENT ANNOUNCED THAT HE WILL JOIN HUNDREDS OF WORLD LEADERS IN ATTENDING SUPERMAN'S FUNERAL...>*

*TRANSLATED FROM THE RUSSIAN.

"<...IN THE CITY OF METROPOLIS.>"

YOU SIGNED THE DEATH NOTICE, DR. SANCHEZ?

YES, MR. LUTHOR. DUE TO THE BODY'S INVULNERABILITY, AN AUTOPSY WAS IMPOSSIBLE. AND AS I HAD EXAMINED SUPERMAN DURING HIS LIFE...

WE GET THE PICTURE, DOC. MAN...

OVER ON THE MAIN EXAMINATION TABLE.

SO... THIS IS THE BEAST THAT KILLED A HERO.

...I NEVER THOUGHT I'D SEE THE "BIG GUY" IN HERE. STILL CAN'T BELIEVE THAT HE'S GONE. THERE'LL NEVER BE ANOTHER LIKE 'IM.

NO.

THE MURDERER... DOOMSDAY... IS HIS BODY--?

IT ISN'T RIGHT.

JUST NOT RIGHT!

KERAK

NOT RIGHT AT ALL!!

MISERABLE, STINKING--!

TAKE IT EASY, LUTHOR! SMASHIN' FURNITURE OVER "MR. UGLY" WON'T DO ANY GOOD. BELIEVE ME, I KNOW HOW YA FEEL, BUT--!

NO, YOU DO NOT KNOW!

SUPERMAN WAS MINE TO KILL! MINE!

I'VE BEEN CHEATED OF MY VENGEANCE...

?!?

WHAT DO YA THINK YER--?

"... A MONSTER HAS ROBBED ME OF THAT WHICH I DESIRED MORE THAN ANYTHING!"

I-I CAN'T BELIEVE I'VE LOST HIM. JUST THIS MORNING, CLARK AND I WERE HAVING BREAKFAST... JUST LAST NIGHT...

MAYBE I SHOULDN'T HAVE COME BACK TO HIS APARTMENT...

CLINTON

... BUT ALL I HAVE OF CLARK'S ... ALL THAT'S LEFT ME ... IS IN HERE.

THE PLACE IS SO TIDY...

... ALWAYS WAS. I REMEMBER THE FIRST TIME I EVER CAME HERE... WE WERE JUST CO-WORKERS THEN...

... I DIDN'T THINK OF CLARK AS MUCH MORE THAN MY BIGGEST COMPETITION FOR THE CHOICE ASSIGNMENTS.

OH, JONATHAN... MARTHA... THEY MUST KNOW... THE WHOLE WORLD KNOWS BY NOW.

BY TOMORROW, FRIENDS WILL BE REASSURING THEM THAT CLARK WILL TURN UP ALL RIGHT!

I-IT JUST ABOUT KILLED ME WHEN ALLIE SAID THAT. I ALMOST SLIPPED... ALMOST TOLD HER...

... THAT CLARK WAS SUPERMAN.

I CAN'T LET THAT GET OUT. HE HAD SO MANY ENEMIES... SOME OF THEM WOULDN'T THINK TWICE ABOUT TAKING THEIR REVENGE ON HIS FAMILY.

I WAS ALMOST PART OF THAT FAMILY.

I-I MUST CALL THEM...

THEY LOVED CLARK SO MUCH...

WE ALL... LOVED HIM... SO VERY, VERY MUCH!

"HE INSPIRED GREAT PASSION IN MANY PEOPLE..."

... BUT HIS GREATEST POWER WAS HIS COMPASSION FOR HIS FELLOW MAN.

YES... HE ALWAYS SHOWED CONCERN FOR THE CHILDREN...

SUPERMAN MAY HAVE THWARTED THE TOYMAN'S REVENGE, BUT I TAKE NO JOY IN HIS PASSING. INDEED--

"--WHO COULD?"

TURN THAT G#*% RADIO OFF!

IF I HEAR ONCE MORE ABOUT THE "TRAGEDY OF SUPERMAN'S DEATH," I'M GONNA PUKE!

I'LL NEVER GET ANOTHER CHANCE TO LEECH OFF HIS POWER -- NOW, THAT'S A TRAGEDY!

SHUT UP, PARASITE!

HEY--

"--YOU SHUT UP! PEOPLE DIE EVERY DAY! I'VE HELPED A LOT OF 'EM ON THEIR WAY! SO SUPERMAN KICKED... SO WHAT? I BET THE BOYS OVER ON STRYKER'S ISLAND WOULD THROW A PARTY IF THEY KNEW!"

IT'S TRUE, I TELL YA!

CAN'T BE!

THEN WHY'D THE WARDEN CUT OFF TV PRIVILEGES?

YEAH! AN' ORDER AN EARLY LOCK-DOWN?

SOMETHIN'S HAPPENED, THAT'S FER SURE!

LOUIE'S GOT A RADIO STASHED! HEY, LOUIE--!

SHH! YEAH... IT'S TRUE... SUPERMAN BOUGHT THE FARM!

ALL RIGHT!

YEE-HAH! SUPER-@#*!! IS DAID!

WATCH YER MOUTH, MAN!

YEAH! SUPERMAN SAVED MY GRAN'MA'S LIFE ONCE!

AW, WHO CARES? GO TO SLEEP.

IF ONLY I COULD BE ON THE OUTSIDE NOW! WITH SUPERMAN GONE...

MAXIMUM SECURITY FACILITY

"...THERE'LL BE EASY PICKINGS ALL OVER METROPOLIS!"

WHAT'RE THEY *DOIN'* IN THERE?! I DON'T CARE IF SUPERMAN *IS* DEAD, THIS IS NO TIME TO DAWDLE. WHY CAN'T I EVER PICK *SMART* GUYS TO WORK WITH?

WHY COULDN'T I HAVE BEEN BORN SMART? THEN MAYBE I COULDA GOTTEN INTO WHITE-COLLAR CRIME... YEAH, THAT'S WHERE THE *REAL* DOUGH IS!

Sal's

OH, MAMA! I BELIEVE WE'VE HIT THE *MOTHERLODE!* DIG IT...

...THERE'S A HUGE WAD OF BILLS BACK UNDER-NEATH THESE GEM CASES... TWENTIES, FIFTIES, *HUNNERDS!*

DANNY, THAT'S *PETTY CASH* COMPARED TO WHAT WE GOT HERE! C'MON-- LET'S GO!

DRINK SODER Cola "IT'S JUST RIGHT"

WHAT'S THIS?!

'S ABOUT TIME! WHAT TOOK YA SO LONG?!

ASK DANNY-BOY!

HEY, I WAS JUST PICKIN' UP A LITTLE TIP, THAT'S ALL!

YOU THERE--THIS IS THE POLICE! GET OUT OF THAT CAR AND PUT YOUR HANDS ON TOP OF YOUR HEADS!

I SAID, OUT OF THE CAR!

I MEAN IT! STOP!! STOP OR I'LL--

--SHEEEOOOT!!

LOOK WHAT YOU DOOFS HAVE GOTTEN ME INTO NOW!

'EY, WATCH THOSE BUMPS, GEORGE! YOU'LL MAKE ME LOSE COUNT! HAH-HA-HA!

"IT'S A SIMPLE, EASY JOB," YOU SAID. GEEZ, I MAY HAVE KILT A COP!

RELAX, GEORGE! EVEN IF YA DID, THEY'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO PIN ANY OF THIS ON US!

NO ALARMS WERE TRIPPED, AND BY THE TIME ANYBODY FINDS THAT COP, WE'LL BE HALFWAY 'CROSS THE STATE!

EASY FOR YOU TO SAY! I'M LOOKIN' AT HARD TIME IF I'M CAUGHT!

WILL YOU LIGHTEN UP?! THE BLUE BOYS ARE TOO BUSY PIGGIN' PEOPLE OUTTA BUILDINGS TO GET IN OUR WAY!

RIGHT! IT WAS JUST A FLUKE THAT COP CAME BY WHEN HE DID! WE GOT NOTHIN' TO WORRY ABOUT!

OMIGOD.

WHAT? WHAT IS IT--?!

HE'S DEAD! YOU SAID HE WAS DEAD!!

WAIT A MINNIT... THAT'S NOT SUPERMAN!

NO, DEFINITELY NOT SUPERMAN!

IT'S... IT'S THAT SUPERGIRL BIMBO!

WHO?

THE FLYIN' CHIPPIE THAT THE LUTHOR KID'S BEEN PROMOTIN'! FROM WHAT I HEARD--

--SHE AIN'T NOWHERES NEAR AS TOUGH AS SUPERMAN! FLOOR IT!

H-HUH? WHAT'S GOIN' ON? WHAT'S SHE DOIN'?!

I DON'T BELIEVE IT! SHE MUSTA TRIPPED AND FALLEN FLAT ON HER FACE! HA!

NO, SHE'S THROWIN' HERSELF IN FRONT OF US! OMIGOD, WE'RE GONNA HIT--!

HAW-HAW-HAW! TOLDJA SHE WASN'T SO TOUGH!

SHUT UP, WILL YA? JUST SHUT UP!

OH, LORDY, TWO IN ONE NIGHT!

BU-WUMP

'S OKAY, GEORGE. IT'S OVER! NO MORE TROUBLE NOW!

KTUNG

WHAT THE--?!

NOW WHAT'D WE HIT?!

"NO MORE TROUBLE," HE SEZ... WELL, WHADDAYA CALL THIS?!

GHYAAAA!

EVERYBODY OUT!!

S-SHE ...SHE'S ALIVE!

THAT AIN'T ALL SHE IS! RUN!!

I HATE RECKLESS DRIVERS!

HOW ABOUT LEAD, HUH? YA LIKE HOT LEAD?!

BDAM-DAM-DAM!

I CAN LIVE WITH IT.

S-SHE STOPPED THE BULLETS IN MIDAIR... AN' SENT 'EM FLYIN' BACK AT US! THIS CAN'T BE HAPPENIN'!

PYANG!

DROP THAT GUN--AND STAY WHERE YOU ARE!

DO IT, YA STUPE!

FLO

TING!

TING!

YEAH..WE GIVE UP!

SOON...

WE CAN'T THANK YOU ENOUGH, SUPERGIRL!

MOST OF MY MEN WERE SHIFTED DOWNTOWN TO HELP OUT IN THE PRECINCTS UNDER CURFEW, AND... WELL... IT HASN'T BEEN A GOOD DAY.

NO, IT HASN'T. HOW'S THE OFFICER WHO WAS HIT?

HE'S PRETTY SORE, BUT HE GOT OFF LUCKY... JUST A FEW CRACKED RIBS AND SOME BRUISES.

GOOD.

IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME...?

SURE THING, SUPERGIRL! HEY, YOU TAKE CARE! WE NEED YOU MORE THAN EVER NOW!

NEVER REALLY WORRIED ABOUT THESE SUPER-TYPES BEFORE...

"...THEY ALWAYS SEEMED IMMORTAL."

HUH?! IT'S--!

NAH... IT'S THAT SUPERGIRL.

IT AIN'T MY FAV'RIT... IT'LL NEVER BE HIM...

...NEVER AGAIN.

HE'S GONE.

WHEN HE NEEDED HELP MOST... THERE WAS NOTHIN' I COULD DO.

WHY'D I THINK I COULD DO ANY GOOD ANYWAYS?

BIBBO'S

BIBBO'S ACE OF CLUBS

PERFESSER HAM, HE'S THE SMART ONE, AN' EVEN *HE* COULDN'T DO ANY GOOD... I WAS JUST DUMB MUSCLE, GETTIN' IN THE WAY.

HEY, BIBBO-- WHERE YA BEEN, MAN?

WALKIN', WALKIN' AN' THINKIN'.

GUESS IT'S NOT EASY GETTIN' AROUND TONIGHT, HUH? HALF OF METROPOLIS MUST BE UNDER CURFEW.

IZZIT? I DIN'T NOTICE. 'COURSE... IT WUZN'T LIKE I HAD ANYPLACE TO GO... OR ANYTHIN' IMPORTANT TO DO...

WURLITZER

LAMARR AN' ME SEEN YA ON TV, BIB... SEEN YA TRYIN' TO HELP REVIVE SOOPERMAN. THAT WUZ A REAL GOOD THING YA TRIED TO DO.

YEAH, WE'RE PROUD O' YA, MAN. HOWZABOUT WE BUY *YOU* A DRINK FOR A CHANGE?

DON'T WANNA DRINK. YOU GUYS GO ON HOME... BAR'S CLOSED FOR THIS EVENIN'.

YOU DON'T WANT A--? YOU SURE, MAN?

THIS IS MY BAR! WHEN I SAY IT CLOSES, IT CLOSES!

GO HOME!

CLUBS

WHATEVER YOU SAY, BIBBO. YOU'RE THE BOSS.

CHEE, I AIN'T NEVER KNOWN BIBBO TO TURN DOWN A DRINK...

"... NEVER SEEN HIM LIKE THIS BEFORE!"

GOD? 'S ME... BIBBO... BEEN AWHILE SINCE WE TALKED. I KNOW MY PAL SUPER-MAN IS WITH YA NOW...

...SO I GUESS HE DON'T REALLY NEED MY PRAYERS... BUT THE REST O' US SURE DO.

HAIL MARY, FULLA GRACE, THE LORD IS WITH YOU...

...BLESSED ART THOU AMONGST WOMEN AN' BLESSED IS THE FRUIT O' THY WOMB... JESUS.

HOLY MARY, MOTHER O' GOD, PRAY FER US SINNERS NOW AN' AT THE HOUR OF OUR DEATH. AMEN.

TAKE GOOD CARE O' SUPERMAN... OKAY, GOD? I MISS 'IM... I 'SPECT JUST ABOUT EVER' BODY MISSES 'IM.

GOD? I GOTTA ASK YA... WHY?

WHY SHOULD SUPERMAN DIE... WHEN A WASHED-UP OL' ROUGHNECK LIKE ME GOES ON LIVIN'?

IT AIN'T RIGHT, GOD...

...IT JUST AIN'T RIGHT.

END

THAT DOOMSDAY CREEP REALLY TRASHED METROPOLIS!

SEEMS LIKE SOMEBODY'S ALWAYS TRASHIN' OUR CITY!

YEAH. AN' SUPERMAN ALWAYS STOPPED THE BAD GUYS.

EISINGER WASTE MANAGEMENT

EVERY TIME. EVEN THIS TIME!

ONLY THIS TIME THE BAD GUY STOPPED HIM, TOO! FUNNY, I... DIDN'T THINK HE COULD DIE.

AIN'T GONNA SEEM RIGHT, US NOT HAVIN' HIM TA CLEAN UP AFTER ANY MORE!

SUPER-DEAD

METROPOLIS MARVEL KILLED IN ACTION

WELL, AT LEAST WIT' LEX LUTHOR IN CHARGE, YOU KNOW HE'S GONNA HAVE ONE BANG-UP FUNERAL.

'MEMBER THE TIME THOSE CERBERUS TERRORISTS STARTED BLOWIN' THINGS UP?

I UNDERSTAND SUPERMAN WILL BE BURIED IN THE STRUCTURE YOU'VE DONATED IN CENTENNIAL PARK, MR. LUTHOR.

GAINES BUILDERS CAN CUSTOMIZE IT--

THAT WAS NUTHIN'. WHAT ABOUT THE MESS THAT MAXIMA BABE MADE?

DOESN'T COUNT. SHE'S REFORMED NOW.

BUT BRAINIAC'S SKULL-SHIP-- THAT BLEW THINGS UP GOOD!

--TIME CAPSULE COFFINS ARE THE BEST!

WM. GAINES CRYPT BUILD

THE TIME CAPSULE

HEAVENLY RE

LOOK, WE HAVE ROOM FOR NATIONAL AND INTERNATIONAL LEADERS ONLY. OKAY, INCLUDE PERRY WHITE--

BUT NO ONE ELSE! CONTACT THE JLA -- WE'LL NEED PALL BEARERS!

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THEY'RE HAVING TROUBLE GETTING THE MEMORIAL STATUE YOU COMMISSIONED TO THE CRYPT, MR. LUTHOR.

TIME CAPSULE ENTOMBMENTS INC.

RUBBLE'S BLOCKING THE BRIDGE--

BRING IT IN BY CHOPPER, HASTINGS! DO I HAVE TO THINK OF EVERYTHING--?

LET ME BRING IT, LEX!

YOU, LOVE?

I-I WANT TO. IT'S THE LAST THING I'LL EVER BE ABLE TO DO FOR SUPERMAN.

I CAN SEE IT'S IMPORTANT TO YOU, DARLIN'. GO AHEAD. I UNDERSTAND.

TRY AS I MIGHT, I COULDN'T KILL SUPERMAN, BUT SURE AS HELL--

KENT RFD 1 BOX 72

"--I'M GOING TO BURY HIM."

--THE FUNERAL CORTEGE WILL ROLL PAST THE SPOT WHERE SUPERMAN FELL DEFENDING THE CITY HE LOVED--

--THEN CONTINUE TO CENTENNIAL PARK WHERE WORLD LEADERS WILL WITNESS HIS BURIAL--

TH-THEY'RE GONNA PUT OUR BOY IN THE GROUND. WE'LL NEVER SEE HIM AGAIN, JONATHAN.

WE SHOULD BE THERE! IN METROPOLIS--

--NOT HERE IN... S-SMALLVILLE!

WE COULDN'T GET ANYWHERE NEAR HIM, MARTHA.

WE LOST A SON... BUT THE WORLD LOST A HERO... AND THEY'RE GONNA BURY THAT HERO WITH FULL HONORS.

YOU HEARD THE TV. ONLY THE BIG SHOTS'LL BE ALLOWED AT THE FUNERAL.

MARTHA, YOU'RE STARING AT THAT DAMN THING LIKE IT'S GONNA BRING HIM BACK--

I JUST... CAN'T STAND IT.

CLICK

GREAT PHOTO YOU TOOK, JIMBO!

REALLY CAPTURED THE SPIRIT OF SUPERMAN'S DEATH.

LIGHTEN UP, GUY. IT'S GONNA MAKE YOU FAMOUS.

AFTER THIS, YOU CAN WRITE YOUR OWN TICKET.

DOOMSDAY MASSACRE

THERE'S THE PHONE... CROUCHED THERE... SNEERING AT ME LIKE SOME LOATHSOME GARGOYLE.

DARING ME... "CALL THEM! JUST PICK UP THE PHONE AND--"

MARTHA AND JONATHAN ARE CLARK'S FOLKS. THEY LOVED HIM, TOO.

SO WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH ME? WHY CAN'T I CALL THEM?

YOU KNOW, LOIS, I'VE ALWAYS THOUGHT OF YOU AS ONE OF SUPERMAN'S REAL FRIENDS.

YOU'RE THE ONE WHO SHOULD BE MARCHING IN THE FUNERAL PROCESSION.

AND THE ONE TO BE PRESENT AT HIS BURIAL.

WANT TO GO IN MY STEAD?

THANKS, PERRY, BUT... NO... I... DON'T THINK I COULD BEAR IT.

GO AHEAD. I'LL BE FINE.

WHAT'S LANE'S PROBLEM?

IT'S NOT JUST SUPER-MAN SHE'S UPSET ABOUT, DAN.

SHE'S ENGAGED TO CLARK KENT... AND HE'S STILL MISSING. SHE... SEEMS TO BE TAKING IT PRETTY HARD.

YEAH, BUT SHE DOESN'T HAVE TO ACT LIKE HE WAS THE LAST MAN IN THE UNIVERSE.

YOU ONLY HAD TO SEE THEM TOGETHER TO THINK THAT--

"--MAYBE FOR HER, HE WAS!"

CLARK! OH, CLARK! WHERE ARE YOU? HOW CAN YOU LEAVE ME? DON'T YOU KNOW HOW MUCH I LOVE YOU?

WHAT AM I DOING HERE? WAITING. LIKE I THINK HE'LL APPEAR...

...LAND HERE LIKE HE'S DONE SO MANY TIMES. TELL ME IT WAS ALL A MISTAKE. SOME COSMIC JOKE.

HE'S BEEN MISSING BEFORE. HE ALWAYS CAME BACK.

HE'S NEVER BEEN DEAD.

DRUMS FROM THE FUNERAL CORTEGE DOWN BELOW.

BROOM BROOOOOM

BOO

WAIT FOR ME, CLARK. I'M COMING--

"--WAIT FOR ME!"

DAILY PLANET BUILDING

CROWD'S LINING THE SIDEWALK TEN DEEP. GONNA HAVE TO FIGHT MY WAY THROUGH. I'M COMING!

WAIT-- OOPH?!

IN MEMOR

SUPER

KILLED ON THU

WHILE DEFENDING

THE PLAQUE ...MARKING THE SPOT WHERE HE FELL!

SO MANY FLOWERS. LIKE EVERYBODY IN THE CITY PILED FLOWERS HERE.

THEY LOVED HIM, TOO. BUT FLOWERS CAN'T BRING HIM BACK. NOTHING CAN--

LOIS? SOME OF THE GUYS SAVED US A PLACE IN THE FRONT.

I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU! C'MON, HE'S ALMOST HERE! WE HAVE TO HURRY!

FUNERAL DAY

POLICE LINE

BUREAU DE CHANGE

POLICE LINE

MFD

GF

COME ON!

LOUISE SIMONSON ~ STORY
JON BOGDANOVE ~ PENCILLER
DENNIS JANKE ~ INKER
BILL OAKLEY ~ LETTERER
GLENN WHITMORE ~ COLORIST
JENNIFER FRANK ~ ASS'T EDITOR
MIKE CARLIN ~ EDITOR

SUPERMAN created by
JERRY SIEGEL & JOE SHUSTER

THEY SAY SUPERMAN WAS AN *ALIEN*. FUNNY, ISN'T IT... SINCE HE WAS *ALSO* EARTH'S GREATEST *HERO*.

DUDE PULLED ME OUTTA THAT *WRECK*! IF *HE* HADN'T BEEN THERE, *I* WOULDN'T BE HERE *NOW*!

REMEMBER WHEN HE STOPPED THE *THUG* WHO ROBBED OUR *DELI*, MARA?

I REMEMBER, BASHIR. IT WAS PLAIN HE CARED FOR *EVERY-ONE*.

BUT, MOMMY, *SUPERMAN* SAVED US FROM THAT *FIRE*!

HE WAS *AWESOME*! IT AIN'T RIGHT... A GUY LIKE THAT SHOULDN'T *OUGHTA* BE *DEAD*!

HE'S *PAST* NOW. IT'S *OVER*, LOIS. COME ON, LET'S GO *INSIDE*.

IT'S *NOT* OVER! LOOK, JIMMY, THE WHOLE CROWD IS *FOLLOWING*!

LOIS, WAIT, I'M NOT SURE IT'S A *GOOD IDEA*!

I *WANT* TO! I... I *NEED* TO BE WITH HIM... AT THE *END*...

...LIKE HE WAS ALWAYS *THERE*... FOR... FOR *ALL* OF US.

SUPERMAN'S DEAD?! WHO SAYS HE'S DEAD?!!

THE HORNY SOW
GALACTIC TAVERN AND PACKAGE STORE
"HAVE A NICE BEVERAGE"

POW!

TH-THE CABBIE! KRAMDYN!

Y-YEAH, LOBO! HE HEARD THE NEWS FROM EARTH! HE SAID--

SAID WHAT?!?

KRAMDYN, WHADDAYAMEAN SUPERMAN'S DEAD?!?

I DIDN'T GET A PIECE O' HIM!

:HIP!:

PAK!

SAY IT AIN'T SO!!

IT AIN'T SO
IT AIN'T SO
IT AIN'T SO
IT AIN'T SO
IT AIN'T SO
IT AIN'T SO...

homina homina homina

"THEY MUSTA PAID A FRAGGIN' LOAD TO THE GUY WHO ICED 'IM!"

CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETY
COATES CHILDRENS CENTER

SUPERMAN SAVED TIGER FROM THE TREE AN' HE SAVED ME FROM CERBERUS.

HE WAS ALWAYS DOIN' DANGEROUS THINGS TO HELP PEOPLE.

BUT HE DIDN'T CARE IF THEY WAS DANGEROUS...

... HE DID 'EM 'CAUSE THEY WAS RIGHT!

STOP WHIMPERIN', TEDDY-BEAR!

IT'S SUPERMAN'S FAULT OUR DADDY AIN'T WITH US NO MORE!

SERVES HIM RIGHT HE'S DEAD!

SUPERMAN ALWAYS TREATED ME LIKE I WAS HIS FRIEND...

SUPERMAN MADE DADDY STOP HITTIN' MOMMY...

...AN' I'M GLAD!

SHUT UP, CRYBABY!

THERE'S TEDDY! AN' HIS JERKY BROTHER BEATIN' UP ON HIM AGAIN!

SUPERMAN WOULDN'T LIKE THAT! HE WOULDN'T THINK IT WAS FAIR...

...PICKIN' ON SOMEBODY, JUST 'CAUSE YOU'RE BIGGER!

COME OVER AN' STAND WITH ME, TEDDY! I WON'T LET ANYBODY HURT YOU!

I BET YOU'RE SAD 'CAUSE SUPERMAN'S DEAD, HUH? THAT'S OKAY... SEE, I'M CRYIN', TOO!

HERE, WHY DON'T YOU HOLD TIGER?

IT WON'T BRING SUPERMAN BACK, BUT MAYBE IT'LL MAKE YOU FEEL BETTER.

KANAD'S PRESIDENT STRUTS IN THIS FUNERAL PARADE AS IF HE HAD EVERY RIGHT!

AS IF HIS PEOPLE DID NOT LABOR UNDER THE YOKE OF ETHNIC OPPRES-SION!

NOW THE KANAD LIBERATION FORCE STRIKES--

YEIII!

BATMAN!

EXPLAIN THE BOMB IN YOUR COAT POCKET!

B-BOMB? WHAT BOMB? I DON'T--

I-I'M A PATRIOT! FIGHT-ING OPPRESSION! I--

INNOCENT PEOPLE WOULD BE HURT IN A BOMBING!

NONE ARE INNOCENT WHO HARBOR THE MONSTER WHO--

NO! DON'T DROP ME!

I'LL TURN MYSELF IN! ANYTHING! JUST... DON'T DROP ME!

DON'T TEMPT ME. BUT METROPOLIS IS SUPERMAN'S TOWN...

...AND FOR TODAY, I'LL PLAY IT HIS WAY.

HELP! ARREST ME!

PLEASE ARREST ME!

HURRY-- PLEASE!

BATMAN -- MIGHT BE BACK!

LOOK AT THAT CROWD, MILDRED! IT MUST ENCOMPASS EVERYONE IN METROPOLIS!

THEY'RE FOLLOWING SUPERMAN'S COFFIN TO CENTENNIAL PARK.

THEY DON'T WANT TO LET HIM GO.

HE HELPED THEM... HELPED ALL OF US, SO MANY TIMES.

OH, EMIL! WE TRIED SO HARD!

YOUR LASER MACHINE WAS SO BRILLIANT!

WHY COULDN'T WE SAVE HIM?

COME ON, EMIL. LET'S GO TO THE PARK WITH THE OTHERS.

I DON'T THINK IT WOULD BE WISE, MILDRED. A CROWD THAT LARGE OCCASIONALLY BECOMES A MOB...

I DON'T CARE! PLEASE, I-I WANT TO BE WITH HIM, TOO... AT THE END.

SAD.

MISS 'IM.

YEAH, MAN. ALL'A US DOWN HERE MIGHT NOT BE EXACTLY HUMAN, BUT SUPERMAN DIDN'T CARE.

HE WAS AL'AYS OUR FRIEND, CHARLIE.

NOW, FOR BETTER OR FOR WORSE, UNDERWORLD'S ON ITS OWN.

ACE O' CLU

GETCHA TEE-SHIRTS!

GETCHA BAGGED DAILY PLANET DEATH ISSUE WITH COMMEMORATIVE ARMBAND!

DAILY PLANET EXTRA!

SUPERMAN DEAD

METROPOLIS MARVEL KILLED IN ACTION

HEY-- YOU!

WHADDAYA MEAN TRYIN' TA CASH IN ON SOOPERMAN'S DEATH?!

AIN'TCHA GOTS NO RESPECK?

L-LOOK, MAN-- SUPERMAN SAVED MY FAMILY FROM A BURNING BUILDING...

...BUT NOW WE'RE ON THE STREETS...

...AN' I'M OUTTA WORK, MAN! MY FAMILY'S GOT TO EAT SOME-HOW!

SOOPERMAN WAS MY FAV'RIT 'CAUSE HE WAS TOUGH! BUT HE ALWAYS TRIED TO HELP THE LI'L GUY.

MUCH AS I'D LIKE TA SMASH DIS TWERP, SOOPERMAN WOULDN'T LIKE IT...

...'SPECIALLY AFTER HE WENT TA ALL THE TROUBLE A' SAVIN' HIM!

I'LL TAKE 'EM ALL! EVERY TEE SHIRT! EVERY PAPER!

ALL?! BUT THIS MUST BE THREE HUNDRED! I CAN'T TAKE--

YOU SOLE YER STUFF. NOW SHUDDUP AN' LISSEN!

YOU WANT HONEST WORK, COME SEE ME TOMORROW-- NAME'S BIBBO. I OWN DA ACE O' CLUBS.

PAT PAT THUD PAT

LET'S GO, BOYS! EV'RY-BODY'S HEADIN' TA CENTENNIAL PARK. I WANNA BE THERE WHEN THEY BURIES 'IM.

WHAT'S GOING ON?

WHY'S EVERYBODY PUSHING?

WE'VE REACHED CENTENNIAL PARK!

CENTENNIAL PARK

THERE IT IS! THERE'S HIS CRYPT!

THERE'RE TOO MANY PEOPLE! I CAN'T SEE!

COME ON, THEN! LET'S TRY AN' MAKE IT TO THE FRONT!

HEY, BACK OFF!

QUIT PUSHIN'!

THE CROWD'S STARTING TO SHOVE FORWARD! IT'S LIKE A LIVING TIDAL WAVE!

LOIS-- GRAB MY HAND --QUICK! HOLD ON TIGHT!

JIMMY, I CAN'T! WE'RE BEING PUSHED APART! I CAN'T REACH--

JIMMY!
QUIT SHOVIN'!
WATCH IT, LADY!
LOIS?!
DAMN! THIS HAS TURNED INTO A MOB SCENE!
HEY, KID! OLSEN!
I GOT A PROP-OSITION YOU CAN'T REFUSE!
YOU SIGN OVER THE INTER-NATIONAL LICENSING RIGHTS TO THAT DEATH PHOTO OF SUPERMAN...
...AN' I'LL GIVE YOU... SAY... FIVE PERCENT OF MY NET.
THAT PHOTO'LL BE EVERYWHERE! ON MUGS AN' BUTTONS AN' LUNCH BOXES!
I'M GONNA MAKE YOU A RICH--
GET YOUR HANDS OFF ME, LEECH!
SUPERMAN WAS MY FRIEND! THAT PHOTO'S NOT FOR SALE!
ZOF
NOT TO ANY-ONE!
BUT ESPECIALLY NOT TO YOU!
YOU JUST LOST A PERCENTAGE POINT, OLSEN!
ANY MORE LIP, YOU'RE GONNA LOSE A KNEECAP!
CALL OFF YOUR MUSCLE, SLEAZEBALL! NOW!
OR I FINISH THE JOB OLSEN STARTED ON YOU!

THANKS, MAN!

YOU'D HAVE DONE THE SAME FOR ME!

ROBIN--MORE TROUBLE!

HEY, DUDE--QUIT WAVIN' THAT GUN AROUND! SHOW SOME RESPECT!

GET BACK!

QUIT SHOVIN'!

KRAK

FEELINGS ARE RUNNING HIGH AND THE PARK'S OVER-CROWDED!

THIS COULD GET DANGEROUS!

I THINK ALL OF US WERE WORRIED THAT SOMETHING LIKE THIS MIGHT HAPPEN!

"THERE HAVE BEEN A FEW ISOLATED INCIDENTS OF VIOLENCE IN THE PARK!"

MARTHA, YOU HAVEN'T GOT THAT TV ON AGAIN?

PLEASE REMAIN CALM!

LEX LUTHOR THE SECOND, USING THE GIANT TV SCREENS SET UP ON THE CRYPT--

--IS BEGGING THE CROWD TO RESTORE ORDER--

THEY'RE MAKING A CIRCUS OF THAT FUNERAL, JONATHAN. WHERE'S THE DIGNITY?

THINGS HAVE JUST... GOTTEN A LITTLE OUT OF HAND. BUT THEY LOVED HIM, MARTHA.

EVERYBODY LOVED HIM.

I ASK YOU...

GBS LIVE

--BUT, RIGHT NOW, ORDER AND DIGNITY--

OR MAYBE IT'S LIKE HE ONCE SAID, JONATHAN... THEY JUST WANT A PIECE OF HIM.

...PLEASE REMAIN CALM!

GBS LIVE

--APPEAR TO BE IN SHORT SUPPLY!

JONATHAN... HE'S OUR SON! I CAN'T JUST STAND BY AND WATCH WHAT THEY'RE DOING TO HIS FUNERAL!

THEN, MARTHA, HONEY, TURN THE THING OFF!

WE'LL SAY GOOD-BYE TO OUR SON IN OUR WAY--

"--AND LET THE WORLD SAY GOOD-BYE TO SUPERMAN IN THEIRS."

SUPERMAN HIMSELF WOULD PROBABLY --REMIND US TO CARE FOR THE MANY VICTIMS OF DOOMSDAY'S ATTACK.

AND SO WE DO.

BUT HOW COULD WE NOT ESPECIALLY HONOR THE MAN WHO DIED TO SAVE SO MANY MORE?

HIS POWERS AND ABILITIES WERE AMAZING...

...BUT HOW MUCH MORE AMAZING WAS THE WAY HE CHOSE TO USE THOSE POWERS!

IF THERE IS A LESSON IN THIS, IT IS THAT THE GREATEST POWER OF ALL...

...IS OUR OWN ABILITY TO CARE ABOUT AND HELP EACH OTHER!

AS TO THE FAMILIES OF DOOMSDAY'S OTHER VICTIMS...

...WE ALSO SEND OUR THOUGHTS AND PRAYERS TO SUPERMAN'S LOVED ONES...

...WHOEVER THEY MAY BE.

CLARK'S PARENTS! THEY LOVE THEM! HE CAN'T HELP THEM ANY MORE!

PHONE

BUT I CAN. IF THEY'LL LET ME.

WHATEVER THEY MAY THINK OF ME, HOWEVER MUCH THEY MAY BLAME ME, I HAVE TO TRY.

WHEN THEY PUT CLARK IN THE GROUND, I HAVE TO BE THERE WITH THEM...

MTT

YES, OPERATOR, THAT'S JONATHAN AND MARTHA KENT IN SMALLVILLE.

I'M SORRY, THERE'S NO ANSWER. PLEASE TRY AGAIN LATER.

I SHOULD HAVE CALLED BEFORE! WHY WAS I SUCH A COWARD? I HOPE THEY'RE ALL RIGHT!

"WHERE CAN THEY BE?"

HERE'S WHERE THE ROCKET THAT BROUGHT YOU TO EARTH CRASHED, CLARK.

I'LL NEVER FORGET HOW AMAZED I WAS WHEN WE LOOKED INTO THIS IMPACT CRATER!

HOW COULD ANY CREATURE HAVE LIVED THROUGH THAT? BUT THERE YOU WERE!

I REACHED IN ... AND LIFTED YOU INTO MY ARMS.

WE DIDN'T KNOW WHERE YOU CAME FROM ... BUT WE DIDN'T CARE.

YOU WERE OURS...

"... THE SWEETEST LITTLE BABY IN THE UNIVERSE...

"... OUR GIFT FROM HEAVEN...

"... AND, RIGHT FROM THE START, WE LOVED YOU WITH ALL OUR HEARTS."

HEAVEN GAVE YOU TO US...

...AND NOW HEAVEN HAS TAKEN YOU.

SCRAPBOOK

THE THINGS YOU LOVED... THE THINGS THAT MATTERED TO YOU MOST OVER THE YEARS...

...BURIED. GONE. LIKE YOU ARE.

WE TRIED IT YOUR WAY, JONATHAN, AND--

AND IT'S NOT ENOUGH! IT FEELS EMPTY AS HELL-- UNNGH!

JONATHAN, WHAT IS IT?

NOTHING. JUST MY STOMACH ACTIN' UP AGAIN.

I FEEL LIKE NOTHING CAN PLUG THE HOLE IN MY HEART.

LIKE... NOBODY NEEDS US NOW.

ALMOST LIKE... THERE'S NO REASON TO GO ON LIVING.

THERE IT IS, KEITH, BABY. ON THAT BIG SCREEN UP THERE.

SAY GOOD-BYE TO HIM ... AND REMEMBER HIM ALWAYS.

'BYE, SUPER-MAN.

"ASHES TO ASHES...

G'BYE.

"... DUST TO DUST."

COME ON, MARTHA... JONATHAN.

ANSWER THE PHONE, PLEASE--

"--ANSWER THE PHONE!"

RING! BRING!

MARTHA, THANK HEAVEN... I WAS SO WORRIED. I-I'M SORRY I HAVEN'T CALLED BEFORE.

I JUST... COULDN'T. COULDN'T BELIEVE IT WAS TRUE... THAT HE'S REALLY DEAD.

JONATHAN... IT'S LOIS... THAT POOR CHILD. I-I THINK SHE NEEDS US.

HOW CAN YOU FORGIVE ME?

I WAS THERE... ALL THE TIME CLARK FOUGHT DOOMSDAY...

...AND ALL I COULD DO WAS REPORT ON THE FIGHT... AND WATCH HIM DIE.

I COULDN'T DO ANYTHING... BUT WATCH HIM DIE.

THEY... THEY JUST BURIED HIM. IT... TOOK A WHILE TO GET THE CROWD SETTLED DOWN, AND...

...AND... I ASKED MYSELF... WHAT COULD I SAY TO YOU?

LISTEN TO ME, LOIS. IT'S NOT YOUR FAULT. YOU DID ALL YOU COULD.

EVERY-ONE DID EVERYTHING THEY COULD.

WE'RE COMING, SWEETIE. HOLD ON A LITTLE WHILE...

...WE'LL BE RIGHT THERE.

THREE DEAD HEROES-- THE PERFECT CAPTIVE AUDIENCE!
NOW THAT I HAVE PRESENTED YOUR SOULS TO NERON, IT IS TIME TO COLLECT MY REWARD.
WHEN NEXT YOU SEE ME, MY SPIRIT WILL INHABIT THE BODY OF SUPERMAN!

DEADLOCK!

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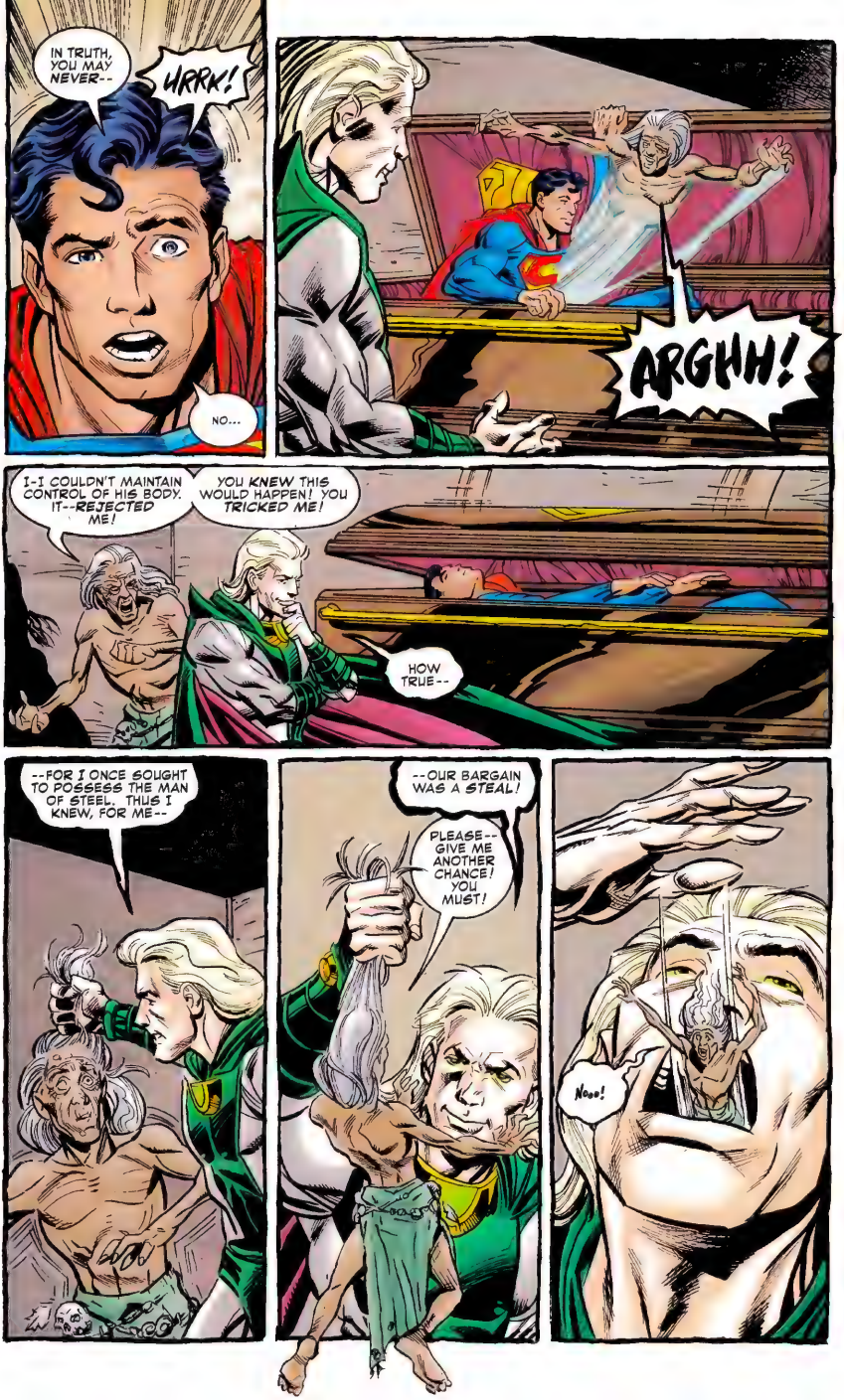
SUPERMAN?!
YOU'RE GONNA GIVE THIS PUNK THAT KIND OF POWER--JUST SO HE CAN WORK FOR YOU?!
HA HA! YOUR OUTRAGE IS TO ME LIKE SWEET PERFUME. COME, CALDERA--
--TO SUPERMAN'S TOMB!
THIS MAY SOUND STRANGE COMING FROM ME, BUT...THINGS ARE MOVING TOO FAST FOR ME.
SAME HERE. I DON'T TRUST A WORD THOSE CREEPS SAY, BUT THAT TOMB...IS IT FOR REAL?
IS SUPERMAN... DEAD?
'FRAID SO. I SAW IT HAPPEN.
--THOUGH I WISH TO GOD I HADN'T! FIRST FLASH, THEN ROBIN, AND NOW HIM! I'VE WATCHED 'EM ALL DIE--AND FOR WHAT?!
SUPERMAN'S... GONE?
HE WAS SUCH AN INSPIRATION TO ME--TO EVERYONE. HE GAVE US HOPE.
WHAT WILL WE DO WITHOUT HIM?
I--I DIDN'T THINK SUPERMAN COULD DIE. WHAT HAPPENED?
A MONSTER CALLED DOOMSDAY.
HE BEAT UP ON THE JLA, THEN STARTED IN ON METROPOLIS. SUPES STOPPED HIM--

"--BUT IT TOOK EVERYTHING HE HAD."
TO GET YOUR WISH, YOU HAVE BUT TO ASK IT--
--THE BODY YOU SEEK LIES WITHIN THIS CASKET.
YES... YES! I CLAIM IT, AS WE AGREED!
NEVER AGAIN WILL I BE SCORNED BECAUSE OF MY TWISTED FORM.
WITH SUPERMAN'S POWERS ADDED TO MY OWN, I WILL BE RESPECTED--AND FEARED!
FOR ONCE YOU HAVE GOTTEN THE WORST OF A BARGAIN, NERON!
I NOW OWE YOU MY SOUL--BUT SINCE MY NEW BODY IS NEARLY IMMORTAL, YOU'LL HAVE TO WAIT A VERY LONG TIME TO COLLECT!


IN TRUTH, YOU MAY NEVER--
URRK!
NO...
ARGHH!
I-I COULDN'T MAINTAIN CONTROL OF HIS BODY. IT--REJECTED ME!
YOU KNEW THIS WOULD HAPPEN! YOU TRICKED ME!
HOW TRUE--
--FOR I ONCE SOUGHT TO POSSESS THE MAN OF STEEL. THUS I KNEW, FOR ME--
--OUR BARGAIN WAS A STEAL!
PLEASE-- GIVE ME ANOTHER CHANCE! YOU MUST!
Nooo!

TWO MORE SPIRITS AND MY TASK IS DONE--MY RIGHTFUL PLACE IN HELL REWON. CALDERA'S CAGES WILL GIVE ME CONTROL. MY NEXT PREY WILL BE--
--HAL JORDAN'S SOUL!
NERON'S VOICE--FROM OUTTA NOWHERE! HE'S ALREADY LINING UP HIS NEXT VICTIM!
NOT HAL, TOO! WE'VE GOT TO STOP HIM!
I'M WITH YOU--BUT HOW?
GOTTA GET OUT OF HERE...AND MAYBE THESE ANNOYING LITTLE CREEPS ARE MY TICKET!
IF I CAN INHABIT THAT ONE JUST LONG ENOUGH...
UGGH! LIKE DIVING INTO A POOL OF MOLTEN SLIME --!
--BUT IT WORKED!
NERON MAY BE BACK ANY SECOND! YOU'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE! SAVE SUPERMAN--AND HAL!
DAMN--HE'S RIGHT!
I'LL BE BACK--I SWEAR!
NOW I KNOW HOW SUPERMAN FELT LEAVING ME BEHIND.

CHRISTMAS EVE. FOR MOST IT'S A TIME OF HAPPINESS, CHEER AND GOOD WILL.

FOR THESE PEOPLE, SADDENED AT THE LOSS OF A MAN THEY CALLED FRIEND--

--IT IS A TIME OF GRIEF.

HOLEY MOLEY! LOOKS LIKE EVERY-BODY IS HERE!

METROPOLIS MAILBAG II

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ISN'T THIS RAIN AWFUL? I'D MUCH RATHER SEE IT SNOW ON CHRISTMAS!

IF YOU ASK ME IT'S KIND OF REFRESHING, CAPTAIN MARVEL.

FOR YOU AND DUCKS, MAYBE.

I THINK IT FITS THE OCCASION. WHO WANTS TO THINK OF CHRISTMAS AT A TIME LIKE THIS?

THE LANTERN IS RIGHT. WE DID JUST BURY *SUPERMAN* LAST WEEK.

I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE HE'S GONE. I'VE KNOWN HIM SINCE I WAS A *KID!*

I LIKED HIM TOO, BUT I'M AFRAID THAT IF I SAY ANYTHING IN FRONT OF THESE GUYS I'LL SOUND LIKE AN IDIOT.

DEATH IS A PART OF LIFE. SOME OF US HAVE SEEN *MORE* THAN OTHERS--

--BUT ALL WE CAN DO IS LIVE WITH IT--

--AND USE IT TO MAKE US BETTER.

YOU ALL KNOW WHY WE'RE HERE. LET'S GET DOWN TO BUSINESS.

IT'S OUR LAST CHANCE TO HONOR A GREAT MAN.

HOP ON AND LET'S GET GOING. AT THIS POINT--

--WE MIGHT AS WELL *TRY* TO STAY DRY.

FACE IT, MITCH.

LIFE SUCKS.

BAD ENOUGH MY MA IS GONNA KILL ME FOR SNEAKING ON A BUS AND COMIN' TO METROPOLIS.

BUT THEN I GET HERE AND THE SKIES OPEN. MIGHT AS WELL BE A *TYPHOON.*

BUT I *HADDA* COME. *SUPERMAN* IS DEAD--

--AND IT'S ALL *MY FAULT!*

PAPER SAID THAT THERE WAS GOING TO BE SOME BIG ANNOUNCE-MENT FROM SOMEBODY CLOSE TO SUPES TODAY!

ALL I WANNA DO IS TELL THIS PERSON I'M *SORRY!*

THAT MUST BE HER!

--WANT TO THANK YOU ALL FOR COMING TO HEAR MY ANNOUNCEMENT.

THOUGH WE KEPT IT SECRET ALL THESE YEARS, THE TRUTH CAN NOW BE TOLD.

I AM MRS. SUPERMAN!

FOR YEARS, SUPERMAN AND I HAVE LIVED SECRETLY IN A PARK AVENUE PENTHOUSE IN NEW YORK.

HE KEPT OUR RELATIONSHIP SECRET FROM THE WORLD TO PROTECT ME FROM HIS ENEMIES!

BUT OURS WAS A LIFE OF VACATIONS IN VEGAS AND PARIS AND--

OH, PUL-EEEZE!

LOIS! WHY DON'T YOU LET THE WOMAN FINISH?

JIMMY OLSEN! DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE *BUYING* THIS LINE OF BALONEY!

THAT *CHARLATAN* IS NO MORE MRS. SUPERMAN THAN I AM!

YEAH, ANYBODY CAN SEE SHE'S LYING, BUT I SAY WE COVER THE STORY AND PIN HER TO THE WALL!

NO. PEOPLE ARE ALREADY FLOCKING TO THIS CITY TO VISIT SUPERMAN'S GRAVE! SOME ARE EARNEST, GOOD SOULS--

--BUT OTHERS ARE MORBID LEECHES LIKE HER! LET'S NOT ENCOURAGE MORE TO CRAWL OUT OF THE WOODWORK!

GEEZ!

I'LL SEE YOU LATER, JIM. I HAVE SOME FRIENDS TO MEET.

SURE WASN'T LIKE LOIS TO BE SO SNAPPY. I GUESS SUPERMAN'S DEATH HAS REALLY HIT HER HARD.

'COURSE, THE FACT THAT CLARK HAS BEEN MISSING ALL THIS TIME HAS US BOTH FREAKIN' TOO!

WHAT A CRUMMY HOLIDAY SEASON *THIS* HAS TURNED OUT TO BE. HEY! THAT KID...

SOMETHING ABOUT HIM... KINDA REMINDS ME OF MYSELF A FEW MONTHS BACK!

HE LOOKS PRETTY MISERABLE. MAYBE I'LL SCOPE OUT THE SITUATION AND SEE WHAT'S UP.

HI. THE NAME'S JIMMY OLSEN. ARE YOU WAITING FOR SOMEONE?

THAT WOMAN WHO JUST WALKED OFF SAID THAT LADY UP THERE WASN'T REALLY MRS. SUPERMAN. IS THAT TRUE?

YEAH. SHE'S JUST ANOTHER IN A LONG LINE OF FRAUDS. ONE GUY CLAIMED TO BE SUPERMAN'S BUSINESS MANAGER--

--AND ANOTHER EVEN CLAIMED TO BE HIS *TAILOR!*

WHY? DO YOU KNOW THE LADY?

NO. I WAS JUST HOPIN' TO MAYBE... *TALK* TO SOMEONE WHO KNEW SUPERMAN IS ALL.

OPOLIS

THEN YOU'VE FOUND YOUR MAN! YOU LOOK HUNGRY. HAD ANY-THING TO EAT?

NO, I'M KINDA BROKE.

THEN THE CHOW IS ON ME! AS LONG AS YOU CAN HANDLE LUNCH WITH MY PAL BIBBO.

I DON'T WANT TO GO TO CLARK'S... BUT I HAVE TO..

EACH STEP TAKES MORE AND MORE EFFORT.

THE DOORMAN. TRY NOT TO CRY

THE WORLD MUSTN'T KNOW.

DADDY ALWAYS SAID, "DON'T CRY."

CLARK'S APARTMENT.

FUMBLING FOR THE KEYS HE GAVE ME...

...TRYING SO HARD NOT TO CRY...

...IN AN ELEVATOR RIDE THAT LASTS FOREVER--

--YET ENDS TOO SOON.

DON'T CRY, LOIS.

OH, GOD.

HE'S YOURS NOW.

AND HE'S NEVER COMING BACK.

LAST TIME I WAS HERE...

DON'T CRY!

CLARK AND I...

I'M ALONE.

SO TERRIBLY LONELY...

LOIS?

WE'RE HERE.

OH, THANK GOD... FINALLY I CAN *TALK* TO SOMEONE ABOUT ALL THIS!

THERE THERE... LET IT ALL OUT, DEAR. WE'RE HERE FOR YOU.

FOR ME? HOW CAN I DUMP THIS ON TWO PEOPLE WHO COULDN'T EVEN ATTEND THEIR SON'S FUNERAL?

DON'T YOU WORRY ABOUT JONATHAN AND ME! WE'RE HERE TO HELP YOU OUT--

-- AND TO GET CLARK'S THINGS... IN ORDER.

I HOPE YOU'LL LET ME HELP.

LANA?! WE DIDN'T EXPECT YOU, BUT--

--I CAN'T THANK YOU ENOUGH FOR COMING TO HELP.

AS YOU KNOW, SUPERMAN HAS MADE A POINT OF COMING HERE EVERY CHRISTMAS EVE.

THIS WILL BE THE FIRST TIME HE'S EVER MISSED--

--READING ALL HIS MAIL, SENT FROM AROUND THE WORLD, TO SUPERMAN, GENERAL DELIVERY, METROPOLIS.

INCREDIBLE! WHEN YOU CONTACTED THE *JLA* I EXPECTED TO SEE A LOT OF LETTERS--

--BUT NOWHERE *NEAR* THIS MANY!

U.S. MAIL

HAH! WHAT A BUNCHA *DWEEBS*! BET EV'RY ONE OF 'EM *ASKS* FOR SOMETHIN'!

'COURSE MY FANS *KNOW* I GOT MORE IMPORTANT THINGS TO DO THAN COME HELP THEM CHANGE A LIGHT BULB!

GUY GARDNER--

--THERE ARE A NUMBER OF TRULY UNFORTUNATE SOULS IN THIS WORLD.

I HAVE NOTHING BUT ADMIRATION FOR A MAN WHO WAS WILLING TO GIVE OF HIMSELF TO HELP THOSE WHO OFTEN GO UNHEARD.

NO KIDDING. LISTEN TO THIS.

THIS LETTER IS FROM A KID WHO WANTS SUPERMAN TO BRING HIM SOME ARTIFACT FROM ANOTHER PLANET THE NEXT TIME HE LEAVES EARTH!

I DOUBT ANY OTHER MAN GETS MAIL LIKE THIS.

HERE'S A REQUEST FROM A MAN WHO WANTS SUPERMAN TO HELP HIM SEARCH FOR A LOST CITY OF GOLD--

--FOR AN EQUAL SHARE OF THE PROFITS.

THIS OLD GAL IS TERMINAL AND ABOUT TO KICK OFF. SEEMS SHE WANTED BIG BLUE TO HELP HER FIND HER SON--

--WHO SPLIT OVER THIRTY YEARS AGO.

YOU KNOW WHY WE'RE HERE, GUY. NOT JUST TO READ THE MAIL BUT TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT AS WELL.

AWRIGHT, AWRIGHT, ALREADY. I'LL DO THE HALLMARK CARD BIT AND FIND THE CHUMP.

AND IF I'M LUCKY I MIGHT EVEN BE ABLE TO BUST SOME HEADS ALONG THE WAY--

--JUST SO THE DAY AIN'T A TOTAL WASTE!

WOW. THIS FARMER HAS SUFFERED THROUGH SO MANY DROUGHTS THAT HE'S ABOUT TO LOSE HIS FARM.

HE'S *BEGGING* SUPERMAN TO MAKE IT RAIN!

IT MUST HAVE BEEN EXTREMELY DIFFICULT FOR KAL-EL TO READ THESE STORIES AND KNOW THAT HE COULDN'T POSSIBLY HELP EVERYONE!

a card

LISTEN TO THIS THANK-YOU NOTE WRITTEN BY A WOMAN HE HELPED!

THOUGH HER HOUSE WAS DESTROYED BY A SAVAGE MONSTER SHE THANKS SUPERMAN FOR SAVING HER FAMILY'S LIVES!

I have no house to
not be rebuilt because
insurance lapsed, and my husband
divorcing me, but I still consider
myself lucky because you
saved our lives. Thank you so
much for your kindness and
heroism.

EVEN IN THE FACE OF BEING HOMELESS AND IN FINANCIAL RUIN THIS POOR WOMAN THANKED SUPERMAN.

RECENTLY, TOO. LOOKS LIKE THAT WAS MAILED THE DAY HE DIED!

FLASH, GREEN LANTERN, I BELIEVE THIS IS OUR OPPORTUNITY TO REPAY SUPERMAN--

"--AND HELP THIS WOMAN'S ENTIRE FAMILY!"

HOBB'S BAY GRILLE

YOU KNOW, MITCH, I STILL SAY I'VE SEEN YOU BEFORE!

WERE YOU IN THE NEWS RECENTLY?

SORTA. SEE, THAT DOOMSDAY THING TRASHED OUR PLACE IN OHIO AND--

OF COURSE! I HAVE SEEN YOUR PICTURE IN THE PLANET!

YEAH, THE PRESS WAS ALL OVER US. IT WAS A PRETTY BIG DEAL, I GUESS.

SEE, DOOMSDAY WAS TEARING UP OUR HOUSE AND SUPERMAN AND THE LEAGUE SHOWED UP TO SAVE OUR SKINS. *

THAT'S SOOPERMAN FER YA! NO WONDER HE'S MY FAVRIT!

*Superman #74

YEAH, BUT SUPERMAN FOUND DOOMSDAY AT OUR HOUSE!

SUPERMAN WAS ABOUT TO *CATCH* HIM WHEN I CALLED HIM *BACK* TO SAVE US!

AND DOOMSDAY GOT AWAY SO SUPERMAN HAD TO FIGHT HIM WITHOUT THE *JLA'S* HELP IN METROPOLIS!

THAT'S WHY IT'S ALL *MY FAULT!*

IF IT WASN'T FOR ME--

--SUPERMAN WOULD STILL BE *ALIVE!*

HEY, DON'T GO SAYIN' DAT, LI'L BUDDY!

WUZN'T NUTHIN' YOU COULDA DONE TO SAVE SOOPERMAN!

COULD *TOO*. SEE, I USED TO THINK SUPERMAN WAS A REAL *DORK*!

I WAS EVEN JOKING WITH MY FRIENDS ABOUT IT EARLIER THAT DAY!

I MEAN, I *JINXED* HIM!

THAT'S WHY I SNUCK OFF TO METROPOLIS! WHEN I HEARD SUPERMAN'S WIDOW WAS GOING TO BE HERE--

--I WANTED TO *APOLOGIZE*!

MY PAL WAS A *BACHELOR*! NO WAY HE'D WEAR A BALL AND CHAIN!

HOBBY DAY GRILLE

THAT'S WHAT'S SO WEIRD! MY OWN OLD MAN DITCHED US *MONTHS* AGO LIKE HE DIDN'T CARE NO MORE!

HE ALWAYS SAID HE NEVER SHOULD HAVE BEEN *MARRIED* SO *WE* GOT *DUMPED*!

INS

AND THEN A COMPLETE STRANGER COMES ALONG AND STANDS UP FOR US!

SUPERMAN *DIED* FIGHTING FOR US WHILE *MY* OWN FATHER WAS NOWHERE TO BE SEEN!

I'M SURE IT'S MORE COMPLICATED THAN THAT, MITCH.

LOOK, SUPERMAN DIDN'T HAVE ANY FAMILY THAT WE KNOW OF, BUT THERE IS *ONE* PLACE I CAN TAKE YOU.

I KNOW WHAT YER THINKIN' ABOUT, RED, AND IT'S A GOOD IDEAR!

OH

IT

UNS

12

3

YOUR MAW MUST BE WORRIED ABOUT YOU, KID. YOU BETTER BE GETTIN' HOME!

GEE, I CAN'T TAKE BUS FARE FROM YOU, MR. BIBBO!

THERE'S ENOUGH THERE FER *AIR FARE*, KID! HECK, IF MY PAL SOOPERMAN WUZ STILL AROUND--

"--HE'D FLY YA HOME IN THIS NASTY WEATHER HISSELF!"

WE HAVE A BIG DECISION BEFORE US, DON'T WE?

SOONER OR LATER, WE HAVE TO DECIDE WHETHER OR NOT WE TELL THE WORLD THAT CLARK AND SUPERMAN WERE ONE AND THE SAME! AND IF SO... HOW?

WHY, LANA?

FIRST OFF, CLARK'S BODY WILL NEVER BE FOUND. BUT ALSO BECAUSE RESEARCHERS WILL BE DIGGING INTO SUPERMAN'S LIFE FOR YEARS!

I'VE ALREADY SEEN THREE NEW BOOKS ABOUT HIM COME OUT THIS WEEK!

DO YOU REALLY THINK THAT SOMEONE WILL DISCOVER THE *TRUTH* SOMEDAY?

THAT WOULD BE JUST, PLAIN AWFUL! I COULDN'T STAND A BUNCH OF MEDIA VULTURES SWARMING OVER US LOOKING FOR STORIES!

NO OFFENSE, LOIS.

NONE TAKEN, PA. BUT LANA DOES HAVE A POINT, EVEN THOUGH WE CAN ALL TRUST EACH OTHER TO BE SILENT--

--SOMEONE WILL UNCOVER THE SECRET.

AND MAYBE A SLEW OF OTHERS AS WELL! BUT SO BE IT!

OUR CLARK WANTED HIS PRIVACY--WANTED TO LIVE A NORMAL LIFE AND WE HAVE TO *RESPECT* THAT!

MAYBE THE WORLD THINKS IT DESERVES TO KNOW ABOUT SUPERMAN'S LIFE--

--BUT IT'S UP TO US TO KEEP IT QUIET!

'FAR AS I'M CONCERNED, YOU TWO ARE DAUGHTERS TO US! I HOPE YOU AGREE.

ONE HUNDRED PERCENT!

NOK NOK

ROGER ANDERSEN?

YES, I'M YOUR MAN. WHAT CAN I...I...I...

AYE-YI-YII!

IF YOU HAVE TIME I WOULD LIKE TO DISCUSS A VERY SERIOUS MATTER REGARDING YOUR WIFE AND CHILDREN.

YOU *CAN'T* REALLY BE... THIS *MUST* BE A *GAG!* A SINGING TELEGRAM PERHAPS?

I ASSURE YOU I AM *QUITE* AUTHENTIC. NOW, ABOUT YOUR FAMILY...

LISTEN, MY PRIVATE LIFE IS *NONE* OF YOUR BUSINESS!

MR. ANDERSEN, ARE YOU AWARE THAT YOUR WIFE'S HOME WAS DESTROYED BY *DOOMSDAY?*

NO! CLAIRE AND I HAVEN'T TALKED FOR WEEKS! WHAT *HAPPENED?*

MAY I COME INSIDE TO TALK? IF YOU'LL BEAR WITH ME--

"--I THINK YOU'LL UNDERSTAND WE'RE TRYING TO DO SOME GOOD.

"I'M SURE YOU'RE AWARE THAT TODAY IS CHRISTMAS EVE, MR. ANDERSEN.

"SOME OF US ARE TRYING TO MAKE SURE THAT TALK OF FELLOWSHIP AND GOODWILL BECOMES MORE THAN JUST TALK.

Homeless

"IT IS OUR WAY OF LIVING UP TO THE LEGACY SUPERMAN HAS LEFT BEHIND.

"THOUGH SOME OF THESE MATTERS ARE UNUSUAL, PERHAPS EVEN PRIVATE, WE WANT TO BE THERE.

"WE WANT TO HELP.

"FOR ONCE, RATHER THAN COMBAT THREATS, WE WANT TO HELP BRIDGE THE GAPS THAT SEPARATE US ALL.

"THAT, MR. ANDERSEN, IS WHY I'M BEING SO INTRUSIVE AS TO COME TO TALK TO YOU--

"--ABOUT YOUR FAMILY. WE WANT TO AT LEAST OFFER HELP."

YOU WERE RIGHT, OLSEN. THIS IS... AWESOME.

YOU REALLY THINK YOU CAN BUILD THIS IN A DAY?

WE HAVE THE MEANS IF YOU CAN PROVIDE THE EXPERTISE!

SUPERMAN DESERVES THIS AND A WHOLE LOT MORE, MITCH.

I THINK THEY SHOULD PUT HIM ON MOUNT RUSHMORE! OR NAME A CITY AFTER HIM!

GL IS RIGHT! JUST TELL US WHAT TO DO AND WE'LL GET IT DONE!

PEOPLE ARE COMING HERE FROM ALL OVER TO LEAVE TRIBUTES TO SUPERMAN. THIS HAS BECOME A VERY SOLEMN PLACE.

JUST LIKE THE VIETNAM MEMORIAL.

BA BA?

I'M NOT SURE I UNDERSTAND IT EITHER, SWEETY! BUT CONSIDERING THE FACT THAT YOUR BROTHER IS GONE--

--MAYBE WE DESERVE A CHRISTMAS MIRACLE!

HI, SUPERMAN. I FEEL KINDA STUPID TALKING TO A STATUE, BUT WHO KNOWS?

MY GRANDMA SAYS MY DEAD GRANDPA CAN HEAR US SO MAYBE YOU CAN TOO!

THOUGHT I HEARD SOMETHING. LIKE A MUFFLED DRILL...

SEE, I USED TO FIGURE YOU FOR A REAL LOSER!

SHOWS WHAT A ZERO I WAS!

GUNS

HOPE YOU LIKE IT, CLAIRE! HAPPY HOLIDAYS!

BUT HOW DID YOU *KNOW*?

AND AREN'T YOU TOO BUSY TO SPEND TIME ON *ME*?

I KNOW BETTER NOW. YOU LAID IT ON THE LINE FOR US, MAN!

MY OLD MAN HAD CUT OUT, BUT *NOT* YOU!

WHEN WE SAW YOUR THANK-YOU NOTE TO SUPERMAN WE REALIZED YOU COULD USE SOME HELP.

CONTRARY TO POPULAR OPINION WE *CAN* DO MORE THAN BASH BAD GUYS!

A LOT MORE!

THIS IS MY FAMILY. MY MOTHER, CLAIRE, AND MY SISTER BECKY ARE OKAY THANKS TO YOU.

ROGER! WHAT IN THE WORLD...

WONDER WOMAN TOLD ME WHAT HAPPENED, CLAIRE! WHY DIDN'T YOU CALL ME?

THANKS, SUPERMAN.

IF YOU IGNORED US YOU MIGHT STILL BE ALIVE TODAY. THAT TOOK GUTS.

WHEN YOU LEFT US I SWORE I'D GET BY ON MY OWN. YOU SAID YOU DIDN'T LOVE US ANYMORE SO--

THAT'S NOT TRUE, CLAIRE. WHEN I REALIZED THAT IF NOT FOR SUPERMAN I WOULD HAVE LOST YOU ALL...

I WANT THINGS TO *WORK*, CLAIRE.

WHEN I GET HOME I'LL TRY TO GET ALONG BETTER WITH MA.

IT'S THE LEAST I CAN DO TO PAY YOU BACK, AND WITH DAD GONE SHE REALLY NEEDS HELP.

I WANT US TO BE A *FAMILY* AGAIN!

THE WORLD FEELS A WHOLE LOT MORE EMPTY NOW, DOESN'T IT?

HARD TELLING WHAT WILL HAPPEN, BUT WE JUST HAVE TO HAVE *HOPE*.

EASY ENOUGH FOR US. I JUST WONDER IF SUPERMAN REALLY DID HAVE A FAMILY SOMEWHERE. IF SO--

"--I SURE HOPE THEY'RE HOLDING UP OKAY!"

REPORT, SNATCHER.

IT WAS TOUCH AND GO WITH SO MANY PEOPLE UP THERE. WE WERE AFRAID THE MOURNERS WOULD HEAR THE TUNNEL DRILLS.

I TAKE IT THEY DIDN'T.

IF THEY HEARD IT THEY DIDN'T DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT. THE MISSION IS COMPLETED.

THE BODY IS OURS--

--DIRECTOR WESTFIELD!

GOOD. THEN BRING IT TO CADMUS PRONTO!

AND BE THERE NEXT WEEK... FOR **ADVENTURES OF SUPERMAN #499.**

EEE-BEEP-EE-BEEP-EE-BEEP-EE-BEEP

WHUZZAT? BLOODY--

--HELL!

INFRARED SENSORS REGISTERING MOVEMENT IN OUT-SECTOR TEN.

IDENTIFY THE PROBLEM.

SHOW ME.

SURVEILLANCE CAMERA DISABLED, MR. LUTHOR.

WHAT IS IT, LEX?

PROJECTING OUT-SECTOR TEN. HEAT SOURCE NOW MOVING AWAY FROM POINT ZERO.

WHERE IS OUT-SECTOR TEN, LEX?

SUPERMAN'S TOMB, LOVE.

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OR, TO BE MORE *PRECISE*, TEN UNDERNEATH THE *TOMB*.

HEAT-SOURCE NOW TEN METERS FROM POINT ZERO, MOVING NORTH-NORTHEAST.

COULD HE--I MEAN, IS IT *POSSIBLE* HE'S *ALIVE*?

IT GIVES ME A SHUDDER EVERY TIME YOU TRANSFORM LIKE THAT!

NO, MY DEAR SUPERGIRL--IT DOESN'T NECESSARILY MEAN HE'S *ALIVE*, BUT THE *BODY* HAS DEFINITELY BEEN *MOVED*...

...AND I *WOULD* LIKE YOU TO *INVESTIGATE* IT.

LET'S *NOT* CAUSE A *PANIC*, HERE, THOUGH.

USE THE SECRET ACCESS *TUNNEL* MY WORKERS INSTALLED AFTER THE FUNERAL...

GODSPEED, MY LOVE.

COULD HE STILL BE *ALIVE*?

GRAVE OBSESSION

LEX SEEMED QUICK TO DISCOUNT SUPERMAN BEING ALIVE--I GUESS HE DOESN'T WANT ME TO GET MY HOPES UP.

I SUPPOSE WITH THE *FIGHT* IT TOOK TO BURY HIM IN METROPOLIS, LEX IS *RIGHT* TO *WORRY* ABOUT GRAVEROBBERS, THOUGH.

TOM GRUMMETT - PENCILS
DOUG HAZLEWOOD - INKS
JERRY ORDWAY - SCRIPTS
ALBERT DE GUZMAN - LETTERS
GLENN WHITMORE - COLORS
JENNIFER FRANK - ASSISTS
MIKE CARLIN - EDITS

SUPERMAN Created by
JERRY SIEGEL & JOE SHUSTER

THE OUTSIDE OF THE TOMB HASN'T BEEN TAMPERED WITH, AND THE WEATHER SEEMS TO HAVE DRIVEN MOURNERS AWAY.

HERE'S THE SUBWAY VENTILATOR SHAFT LEX RAN HIS TUNNEL FROM. I GUESS I COULD'VE JUST TURNED INVISIBLE...

...BUT MOVING AT HIGH SPEED LIKE THIS, ANY ONLOOKERS WON'T SEE MUCH MORE THAN A BLUR!

WELL, I'LL BE A SON OF A--THAT AIRSHAFT WASN'T OPEN A SECOND AGO! IF THAT ISN'T SUSPICIOUS...

THIS IS RUSTY--SORRY TO INTERRUPT YOUR HOLIDAY SUPPER, BUT I THINK I MAY HAVE SEEN A GHOST.

"YEAH--SOMETHING STRONG EITHER JUST WENT IN, OR CAME OUT OF THAT VENTILATION SHAFT AT THE EAST WALL."

THERE IT IS-- THE ENTRYWAY INTO THE TOMB!

SO, WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR, GIRL? AFRAID OF WHAT WE'LL FIND?

SUPERGIRL? ARE YOU IN YET?

THERE'S LEX. I SUPPOSE IT'S NOW OR NEVER :UGHN:

LEX, I'VE OPENED THE HATCHWAY, AND I'M ABOUT TO STEP INSIDE.

I KNOW YOU THINK I'M FOOLISH, BUT I THINK HE'S ALIVE!

WELL? DON'T LEAVE ME HANGING, GIRL!

THERE'S A HOLE IN THE WALL TO MY LEFT, AND THE COFFIN'S NOWHERE TO BE SEEN!

SUPERGIRL-- LISTEN TO ME-- IF HE'S ALIVE, WHY WOULD HE TAKE THE COFFIN WITH HIM?

... BUT MAYBE HE ARRANGED IT BEFOREHAND, TO BE TAKEN SOMEWHERE TO BE REVIVED?

:SIGH:' OKAY, SEE WHERE THE HOLE LEADS...

LOOK, SEXY-- I'LL ADMIT THAT IT DOESN'T LOOK LIKE HE GOT UP AND WALKED OUT OF HERE...

"... BUT KEEP ME POSTED. OVER AND OUT."

WAS IT EASIER FOR YOU?

YOU WERE BORN SUPERMAN-- AND PROBABLY DIDN'T HAVE TO GO THROUGH THIS "ALTER EGO" STUFF.

MY GIRLFRIEND-- ADD "EX" TO THAT-- SHE DIDN'T WANT ME OUT FIGHTING BAD GUYS...

...SO I WAS SITTING ON MY BUTT WHILE THAT DOOMSDAY CREEP WAS SENDING YOU TO AN EARLY GRAVE!

I KNOW CAT WAS WORRIED ABOUT ME, BUT NOW THAT YOU'RE GONE, I'VE GOT TO BECOME GANGBUSTER AGAIN!

WELL, SUPERMAN-- HOW'D YOU DO IT?

THE HERD THING, I MEAN.

I JUST CAN'T ACCEPT THE FACT THAT HE'S REALLY DEAD, EITHER.

LOUSY NIGHT, ISN'T IT?

YOUR BACK MUST REALLY GIVE YOU HELL, DELGADO, WHAT WITH ALL THIS DAMPNESS.

WHAT'S THAT CRACK SUPPOSED TO MEAN, LOUDMOUTH?

YOU KNOW MY NAME--YOU KNOW MY MEDICAL HISTORY...

HANDS UP, BUB-- I'M A COP!

THAT'S OKAY, SON...

...SO AM I.

INSPECTOR HENDERSON--I'M SO SORRY.

KINDA TIGHTLY WOUND, JOSE?

STUNT LIKE THAT COULD LAND YOU IN JAIL, DELGADO!

SHOULDN'T SNEAK UP ON A GUY WHO USED TO BE A GOLDEN GLOVES CHAMP, HENDERSON! ESPECIALLY NOW.

BACK TO A COLD PARK BENCH FOR ME.

HAVEN'T SEEN MUCH OF *GANGBUSTER* LATELY--IS THAT WHAT THIS PILGRIMAGE IS ALL ABOUT?

COULD BE. THEN AGAIN...

"...MAYBE I JUST COULDN'T SLEEP."

I CAN HEAR HER OUT THERE, MARTHA.

JONATHAN, HOW IN THE WORLD CAN WE GO BACK TO SMALLVILLE TOMORROW? WHAT ABOUT POOR LOIS?

SHE LOOKS AT US AND SEES CLARK, MA--AND OUR BOY IS--DEAD.

NO, IT'S BEST WE LEAVE ON SCHEDULE. 'SIDES, SHE'S GOT HER *OWN* FAMILY TO CARE FOR HER.

I'VE GOT TO GET SOME WATER TO TAKE MY PILL.

HERS AND CLARK'S BEST DAYS WERE AHEAD OF THEM--MARRIAGE--MAYBE A COUPLE OF GRANDCHILDREN...

IT'S ALL SO--*UNFAIR*--TO US ALL.

OH, ELROY--IT'S BEEN SO DEPRESSING--AND I'VE BEEN *NO* COMFORT TO CLARK'S FOLKS.

GOD, HOW THEY MUST FEEL.

:AHH-CHOO:

:SNIF: I'M SORRY, LOIS. DIDN'T MEAN TO STARTLE YOU, BUT MA AND I ARE WORRIED ABOUT LEAVING YOU.

YOU'RE WORRIED ABOUT ME?

I'VE BEEN WORRIED OVER YOU TWO--WHAT WITH THE MEDIA CIRCUS SUPERMAN--ER, CLARK'S DEATH HAS TURNED INTO.

YOU TWO SHOULD GET AWAY FROM THIS...

...THIS TRASH MAKES ME ASHAMED TO BE A JOURNALIST.

SUPERMAN'S WIFE?

"YOU'RE TOO HARD ON YOURSELF."

I MEAN, WHY DON'T YOU RELAX WITH THIS CABERNET SAUVIGNON, AND LET LORI RELAX THOSE TENSE NECK MUSCLES FOR YOU, MR L.

GO AWAY.

YOU ARE DRINKING ALONE, RIGHT? I MEAN, LIKE, SHE'S NOT HERE, IS SHE?

I SAID...

KLUSSSSHH

EEEEE!

I'M SORRY, MR. L--I ONLY WANTED TO...

...GO AWAY!

STAY OUT.

BLASTED COW-- SHOULDN'T HAVE LET HER GET UNDER MY SKIN LIKE THAT--IT'S JUST THAT...

HI, LEX. DID YOU MISS ME?

BY THE WAY, YOU WERE RIGHT-- THE HOLE WAS MADE FROM THE OUTSIDE COMING IN, BUT AS FOR THE TUNNEL ITSELF...

YES? WHAT DID YOU FIND?

HERE'S THE SCOOP-- THE TUNNEL'S JUST CARVED THROUGH DIRT, ROCK, WHATEVER...

...BUT THE WALLS LOOK LIKE THEY'VE BEEN HEAT-FUSED OR SOMETHING TO OFFER STRUCTURAL SUPPORT, I SUPPOSE.

WANT ME TO KEEP LOOKING? I MAY LOSE RADIO CONTACT.

FIND THE BODY.

HE TOOK HIS TIME!

WHO?

SORRY, RUSTY--THE ROADS' RE PRETTY ICED-UP!

LEMME SHOW YOU WHERE I SAW OUR "GHOST."

DAN? DAN TURPIN?

SHHH.

LOOK, HENDERSON-- THE LAST THING WE NEED IS FOR THE *TABLOIDS* TO WRITE STORIES ABOUT COPS CHASING SHADOWS.

I HEAR YOU.

C'MON, I'M FREEZING MY BADGE OFF!

PRETTY CRAFTY.

I TRIED SLIDING THE GRILLE *BACK* IN PLACE, BUT I COULDN'T *BUDGE* IT.

DELGADO DIDN'T LOOK TOO GOOD-- HE WAS *HURTING* EMOTIONALLY.

I DON'T LIKE TO SEE A COP ON THE STREET IN *THAT* CONDITION, LET ALONE A COSTUMED VIGILANTE!

WHATCHA DOIN', TURPIN?

WARM AIR IN HERE!

LEX LUTHOR BUILT THE *TOMB*-- THINK HE BUILT A SECRET ENTRANCE?

THAT'S WHAT I'M GONNA FIND OUT!

YOU WANT *BACK-UP*?

NAH-- I AIN'T AFRAID O' *GHOSTS*, KID.

HAVE MAGGIE GET HER SKINNY BUTT HERE, THOUGH, OKAY?

IF I'M NOT BACK IN AN HOUR, SEND IN THE *MARINES*...

"...AND TELL MY DAUGHTER MAISIE, I LOVE HER!"

NUTS! DIS IS A WORSE CHRISTMAS THAN ANY I SPENT IN DA HOOSEGOW!"

LOOK, JUST GIMME THE MERCHANDISE, WILLYA?

DO I LOOK LIKE SANTA CLAUS? PONY UP THE GREEN!

SHEE-OOT! WE'RE BUSTED!

HEY, YOU MONKEYS--!

RUN FOR IT-- THAT "RUMMY" CAN'T CATCH US!

WHY, YOU SNOT-NOSED PUNK...

-OOOFF-

"...NO DRUGS ALLOWED ON BIBBO'S TURF!

NOW, GO-- RUN FER YER MAMA TA CHANGE YER DIAPER!

HUH?

WHATEVER HAPPENED TA THE GOOD OLD DAYS, WHEN YOU PUNKS CARRIED BOARDS WITH NAILS IN 'EM, FER PROTECTION?

YO, HAMMER-- CAN'T TAKE AN OLD MAN?

ICE HIM, MICK-- HURRY!

HEY, GUYS-- DON'T LOOK UP!

METROPO

I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU NOT TO LOOK UP?

I DON'T THINK THERE'LL BE ANY PRESENTS UNDER YOUR TREE THIS YEAR...

...THOUGH, WHAT DO YOU GET FOR A GANG THAT'S GOT EVERYTHING?

HOW 'BOUT HONEST WORK-- MAKING LICENSE PLATES AT STRYKER'S ISLAND?

THWACK

WHAT I'M GONNA NEED IN A SECOND IS MORE AMMO, SMART GUY!

NAH.

WHO IS THAT GEEK?

DAT-- IS GANG-BUSTERS!

RRRANK

MY RIDE!

I AIN'T GONNA LET NO SUPER-STIFF TAKE ME DOWN!

WHOAHHH!

VROOM

YOU MORON! YOU'RE FISHTAILING ALL OVER THE PLACE ON THIS--

--ICE! --OOOFFF--

I'M A MORON = I'M GETTING AWAY!

NOT UNLESS YOU ASK THAT LOADING DOCK TO MOVE-- MISTER MORON!

KAA-WHOOM

HELP ME HELP ME HELP ME

GEE, I HOPE THE JUDGE AT LEAST SUSPENDS YOUR DRIVER'S LICENSE FOR THIS!

I SAW WHAT YOU DID, GANGBUSTER--WE'RE GONNA SUE YOU FOR USING EXCESSIVE FORCE ON US!

GARSH! I'D HATE TA BE LEFT OUTTA THAT LAWSUIT!

CRASH

"THIS IS A SURPRISE!"

I MEAN, IT NEVER OCCURRED TO ME THAT THERE WOULD BE CAVERNS UNDERNEATH METROPOLIS!

ARE YOU STILL READING ME, LEX?

DARN. I COULD USE YOUR ADVICE, NOW. THERE'S A FORK IN THE ROAD.

DO I GO LEFT, OR DO I--

IIIELLKKSJJJ!

VOICES. I'D BETTER KEEP QUIET.

SEVERAL PEOPLE-- SOUNDS LIKE AN ARGUMENT!

LET'S SEE WHAT I'M UP AGAINST HERE.

YOU'RE NOT GOING TO LIKE THIS IN THE LEAST, LEX!

I CAN'T HEAR YOU, BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN YOU CAN'T HEAR ME, SO I'LL CONTINUE MY NARRATIVE, OKAY?

HUMF! I RAN THE LAST QUARTER MILE--THOUGHT I COULD CATCH UP TO WHOEVER WAS AHEAD O'ME...

...BUT FROM ALL THAT *SQUAWKING*, I'D BET SOMEONE CAUGHT UP TA THEM *FIRST*!

WELL, IT'S TIME TA LIVE UP TA MY *NICKNAME* AGAIN!

HOLY *COW*--IZZAT--?

NAHH, IT'S MY EYES PLAYIN' TRICKS ON ME. RUSTY SAW *SUPERGIRL* ENTER THE TUNNEL, NOT SUPERMAN!

YOU SEEK TO *DISTURB* UNDERWORLD?

TIME FOR UNDERWORLD TO *FIGHT BACK*, AFTER SO MANY HURT BY DOOMSDAY!

LOOK, I DON'T WANT TO FIGHT YOU UGLIES--JUST TELL ME WHAT YOU DID WITH SUPERMAN!

:OOOF:

I GOTTA SNAP OUTTA THIS!

I CAN'T BE MOPIN' JUST 'CAUSE SHE AIN'T SUPES COME BACK TA LIFE!

HEY! WHUT IN SAM HILL--?

HEY, WE GOT US A NOSY ONE!

HE ISN'T HERE TO JOIN UNDERWORLD, SO I SAY WE KILL HIM!

GET BACK-- ALLA YOUSE!

I PUT IN TOO MANY YEARS WITH THE FORCE TA LET A BUNCH OF MISFITS PUNCH MY TICKET!

BLAM

BLAM

LET ME KILL HIM!

STUPID GIRL!

WELL? WHO'S GOING TO COME FORWARD?

I AM CLAWSTER-- INVULNERABLE *INSIDE* AND *OUT*!

WHY YOU THINK *UNDERWORLD* TAKE SUPERMAN?

WE HEAR HE AM *DEAD*, STUPID GIRL!

WHY'D YOU TAKE HIS *BODY* OUT OF HIS TOMB?

OH, AND THE NAME IS *SUPERGIRL*, NOT STUPID GIRL...

...THOUGH WHERE A *ROCK-HEAD* LIKE YOU GETS OFF CALLING *ANYONE* STUPID, I DON'T KNOW!

POW!

"IT'S MY TURN!"

LET ME AT HIM!

I'LL TEAR HIM IN TWO!

C'MON, C'MON-- BRING ON YER BEST!

I FOUGHT TOUGHER MONKEYS THAN YOU IN MY SWADDLIN' CLOTHES!

LET BOG BE THE ONE TO KILL THIS SURFACE DWELLER!

I TIRE OF HIS BOASTS!

THEN LET'S US TANGO, FANG-FACE!

ENOUGH! FEEL THE FURY OF BOG UNLEASHED!

:WUF:

NICE :UHH: ROCK YOU GOT THERE!

PREPARE TO DIE...

...AS I CRUSH YOUR SKULL LIKE AN EGG!

WHU--? HOW'D I MISS?

:GAACK:

NOW, WHO'S NEXT? HEY! WHAT'RE YOU DOIN' WIT DAT GRENADE, SHEEP-FACE?

A LITTLE MANEUVER WE CALL SEQUENCE NUMBER SEVEN!

DUNNO, MAYBE YA NEED A BIGGER TARGET!

I'M GONNA RIP YOUR THROAT OUT FOR THAT...

...AS SOON AS I DITCH THIS BELT!

RELAX, TURPIN. WE'RE OUT OF HERE!

HEY--MY TROUSERS!

WHAT'RE YOU BUMS LEAVIN' FOR? THE FLOOR SHOW'S ABOUT TA START--SOON AS I FIND THAT GRENADE!

WELL THEN, HERE'S NUMBERS EIGHT AND NINE!

FOR CRYIN' OUT LOUD, LADY--I'M IN MY SKIVVIES!

SORRY, OFFICER, BUT WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE EXPEDIENCY OVER MODESTY THIS ONE TIME!

'SIDES, I THINK BOXER SHORTS ARE VERY SEXY.

KRAK OK

YOU OKAY, MR. TURPIN? THAT WAS QUITE A PELTING WE TOOK FROM THAT DEBRIS!

I'M JUST SWELL, SUPERGIRL--AS LONG AS THERE AIN'T A NOSY PHOTOGRAPHER WAITING OUTSIDE THE TUNNEL!

WE'D BETTER GET OUTTA HERE, IN CASE THAT EXPLOSION WEAKENED THE REST OF THIS "GOPHER HOLE!"

"THAT BLAST SHOOK THE ICE OFF THE TREES OUT HERE! WE'D BETTER SEND HELP IN FOR TURPIN!"

THAT'S ENOUGH, RAMIREZ--I'M JUST HAPPY TO SEE THE BIG LUG IN ONE PIECE!

LOOK, CAP-TAIN SAWYER-- IT'S OLD "TERRIBLE"-- AND HE'S NOT WEARING ANY--

WELL? DID YOU TWO FIND ANYTHING?

MAGGIE, FOR GOD'S SAKE--GIMME A BLANKET! I'M FREEZING!

SUPERMAN'S BODY IS DEFINITELY MISSING, MS. SAWYER, BUT WE CAME UP EMPTY ON THE SEARCH!

I'VE GOT TO REPORT BACK TO LEX LUTHOR. MY COMMUNICATOR WAS DAMAGED IN OUR SCUFFLE WITH UNDERWORLD.

OH, AND WHAT SIZE PANTS DO YOU WEAR?

YOUR BOSS BETTER BE AVAILABLE TO EXPLAIN WHY HE BUILT THAT ACCESS TUNNEL, LADY!

AND I TAKE A FIFTY, MEDIUM--IN PINSTRIPE!

GOOD KID--TOUGH SCRAPPER!

;AHEM;

"OH, SORRY, MAGGIE. LOOK, WE KNOW SOMEONE GOT TO SUPERMAN, AND WE BOTH KNOW WHO WANTED HIM.

"I SAY WE GO BACK DOWN THERE, AND FOLLOW THAT OTHER BRANCH 'TIL WE HIT PAYDIRT."

"ORCADMUS."

TO BE CONTINUED, IN ACTION COMICS #686, IN ONE WEEK!

WHO'S BURIED IN SUPERMAN'S TOMB?

METROPOLIS.

THE SQUEAL OF TIRES AND THE GROWL OF A V-8 ENGINE ARE SUDDENLY DROWNED OUT BY THE AMPLIFIED TONES OF A COMMANDING VOICE...

YOU IN THE VAN! PULL OVER!!

WHUZZAT? SOME COP?!

WHO CARES? WASTE 'IM!!

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BILL OAKLEY LETTERER • GLENN WHITMORE COLORIST • JENNIFER FRANK ASSISTANT EDITOR • MIKE CARLIN EDITOR

SUPERMAN created by JERRY SIEGEL & JOE SHUSTER
THE GUARDIAN created by JOE SIMON & JACK KIRBY

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THAT'S NO COP! THAT'S... THAT'S THE GUARDIAN!

DROP YOUR WEAPONS!

I SAID DROP 'EM!!

THE GUARDIAN?! NAW, CAN'T BE--! MY GRAN'PA HAD A RUN-IN WIT' HIM ONCE--AN' GRAMPS WAS YOUNGER'N ME BACK THEN! THE GUARDIAN'D BE OLDER'N DIRT BY NOW!

TING

TING

TING

PYANG

SHOOT! SHOOT!!

HE AIN'T BULLETPROOF, IS HE?

TELL ME HE AIN'T BULLET-PROOF!!

GEYUUUPH!!

AS LOUSY SHOTS AS YOU ARE, I DON'T NEED TO BE BULLETPROOF!

YOU SAD SACKS PICKED THE WRONG TIME TO STEAL A VAN! THE WRONG TIME--

--AND THE WRONG CITY!

NYUHH!

METROPOLIS HAS VERY STRICT GUN ORDINANCES!

NOW--ONCE MORE--PULL THIS VAN OVER!

SHOVE IT, MAN! I'M OUTTA HERE!

HUH?!

HIS 'CYCLE-- IT'S STILL UP AN' RUNNIN'?!

WHUUNGH!

FOOMP

HELLLP!!

SOUNDS AS IF MY BIKE'S AUTO-DRIVE SYSTEM CAUGHT HIM BY SURPRISE!

BUT WHAT'S KEEPING US GOING?!

ACCELERATOR'S JAMMED!

I HOPE THIS BABY HAS GOOD BRAKES!

YES.

SCREEEEE

EEYAAH!!

WHN!

WUMP

WHOA... GOTTA... GET UP...

SLOWLY!

AND KEEP BOTH HANDS WHERE I CAN SEE THEM!

YOU... YER CRAZY! YOU AN' THA' CRAZY 'CYCLE O' YERS LIKED TO KILL ME!

NOT LIKELY. THAT "CRAZY 'CYCLE" IS A GOOD DEAL SMARTER THAN YOU ARE!

IF YOU HAVE A COMPLAINT--

"--SAVE IT FOR THE POLICE!"

CHARLIE'S RIGHT... THE GUY WAS A MANIAC!

YEAH, YEAH!

...THAT'S THE STORY, OFFICER. I DON'T KNOW WHY THEY WENT TO THE TROUBLE OF STEALING A DELIVERY VAN... MAYBE YOU CAN GET THEM TO TELL YOU.

EVEN IF WE CAN'T, WE HAVE PLENTY TO HOLD 'EM ON. IN ADDITION TO GRAND THEFT AUTO AND THE WEAPONS CHARGES, THERE'RE WARRANTS OUT ON THE WHOLE LOT!

STILL AND ALL, WE MAY HAVE A PROBLEM -- AT LEAST *YOU* MAY, GUARDIAN. THESE CREEPS ARE MAKING A LOT OF WILD ACCUSATIONS. IF THEY CAN MAKE THEIR STORIES JIBE...

MESKIN AUTO

Amash DELIVERY

061664

...THEY COULD FILE ASSAULT CHARGES AGAINST YOU.

LET THEM TRY. MY BIKE RECORDED EVERYTHING.

YOUR BIKE--?

THAT'S RIGHT.

CODE 27-SLASH-A.

¦PING!¦ DISC RELEASED.

THERE ARE SEVERAL VIDEO CAMERAS CONCEALED ON MY BIKE. THE ENTIRE CHASE AND CAPTURE IS RECORDED ON THIS *LASER DISC.*

ALL RIGHT! THE D.A.'S OFFICE IS GONNA LOVE YOU FOR THIS!

MY PLEASURE. TELL THEM I'LL BE IN TOUCH!

IT'S BEEN A WHILE SINCE I PATROLLED THE STREETS, BUT THAT DIDN'T GO TOO BADLY.

I'M GLAD I WAS ABLE TO GET LEAVE FROM THE PROJECT TO COME BACK TO THE CITY... METROPOLIS HAS BEEN HURTING SINCE SUPERMAN DIED.

GUARDIAN!

DUBBILEX? WHAT'S UP?

TROUBLE. WE NEED YOU AT THE PROJECT...

...HURRY! I MUST GATHER THE OTHERS...

IT MUST BE SERIOUS FOR DUBBILEX TO SEND A TELEPATHIC MESSAGE ALL THE WAY FROM THE PROJECT. I KNOW IT'S A DRAIN FOR HIM TO CAST HIS MIND ACROSS SO MANY MILES.

BETTER TAKE THE BOULEVARD... IT'LL GET ME THERE FASTEST!

REALLY, MISTER L... THERE'S PROBABLY NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT!

NOTHING, HAPPERSEN? SUPERMAN'S BODY IS MISSING FROM ITS TOMB!

GRAVE ROBBERS -- SOME NUT CASES HAVE STOLEN THE BODY -- THAT'S THE ANSWER -- PURE AND SIMPLE! THE MAN HAD A LOT OF ENEMIES, AFTER ALL... YOU WEREN'T THE ONLY ONE WHO WANTED HIM DEAD, SIR!

YOU SAW THE NEWS FOOTAGE OF HIS BATTLE WITH THAT DOOMSDAY CREATURE... SUPERMAN COULDN'T POSSIBLY HAVE FAKED HIS DEATH!

NO, HAPPERSEN? I FAKED MINE!

COULD HE HAVE FOUND THAT OUT?

COULD HE HAVE SET ALL THIS UP TO CATCH ME OFF GUARD?

AFTER ALL, WE STILL DON'T KNOW WHERE DOOMSDAY CAME FROM. IT SEEMS UNBELIEVABLE, AND YET...

"...KELLEY'S DIAGNOSIS SEEMED UNBELIEVABLE!"

I'M SORRY, LEX... YOU HAVE NO MORE THAN A YEAR TO LIVE.

"LEX LUTHOR... THE WORLD'S MOST POWERFUL BUSINESSMAN... DYING OF RADIATION POISONING. I NEEDED A MIRACLE, HAPPERSEN--!"

"AND YOU MADE ONE, SIR! WE LET EVERYONE THINK THAT YOU DIED IN THAT PLANE CRASH!

"WE LET THE CORPORATION FOUNDER... INSURING THAT THE WORLD WOULD MOURN THE PASSING OF THE OLD LEX LUTHOR...

"... WHILE WE WORKED TO SAVE YOUR BRAIN!"

"THAT'S MY POINT, HAPPERSEN! EXPERIMENTAL GENETICS GAVE ME A NEW LIFE..."

...GREW ME THIS FINE, NEW BODY. I'VE ACCOMPLISHED --QUITE LITERALLY-- WHAT OTHER MEN ONLY DREAM OF... TO LIVE ON THROUGH THEIR SONS!

WHAT IF SUPERMAN PLANNED A MIRACLE OF HIS OWN?

MR. L, THAT'S HIGHLY UNLIKELY--!

BUT NOT IMPOSSIBLE, HAPPERSEN. AND I MUST KNOW FOR CERTAIN...

"... I MUST!"

THE GOOD OLD RED HORSE GARAGE! IT SEEMS LIKE ONLY YESTERDAY THAT THE BOYS WERE HANGING OUT HERE...

RED H OR

...TUNING UP OLD JALOPIES AND GETTING INTO MISCHIEF.

IN A WAY THEY'RE STILL CAUSING MISCHIEF BEHIND THESE DOORS!

KA-CHUNK

WHRRR

FAR BEHIND...

...AND BELOW!

THE KIDS GROWING UP NOWADAYS IN SUICIDE SLUM WOULD BE AMAZED AT ALL THE AUTOMATED SYSTEMS BURIED BENEATH THE STREETS OF THEIR NEIGHBORHOOD.

I MUST REMEMBER TO COMMEND THE MAINTENANCE DIVISION... I KNOW THIS HYDRAULIC LIFT HASN'T BEEN USED IN MONTHS, BUT IT STILL RUNS AS SMOOTHLY AS THE DAY IT WAS INSTALLED.

♪DING!♪ WARNING... YOU ARE IN A HIGH-SECURITY ZONE... STATE YOUR CLEARANCE CODE

PRIORITY CODE SEVEN-A... THIS IS AGENT HARPER! REPEAT... THIS IS AGENT HARPER!

VOICE-PRINT CHECK CONFIRMED... AGENT HARPER... CLEARED FOR RAILCAR ACCESS...♪DING!♪

I COULD FEEL THE ANXIETY IN DUBBILEX'S THOUGHT-CAST. IT USUALLY TAKES A PRETTY HEAVY CRISIS TO GET HIM DISTURBED...

...I WONDER WHAT COULD BE GOING ON? NOT MORE TROUBLE WITH PAUL WESTFIELD, I HOPE!

THE POLICY CZARS IN WASHINGTON TORE A STRIP OFF HIM FOR THAT STUNT HE PULLED LAST WEEK... AND NO ONE DESERVED IT MORE!

I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE THAT HE NEARLY GOT THE PROJECT INTO A SHOOTING MATCH WITH LOCAL POLICE OVER CUSTODY OF SUPERMAN'S BODY!*

AND TO THINK THAT THE GOVERNMENT NAMED WESTFIELD AS PROJECT ADMINISTRATOR TO ENSURE HIGHER ETHICAL STANDARDS!

♪DING!♪ RAILCAR ENGAGED... ARRIVAL AT PROJECT IN FIVE MINUTES, THREE SECONDS.

*LAST ISSUE.

"THIS IS FAR ENOUGH..."

...IT MAY BE THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT, BUT I DON'T WANT TO TAKE ANY CHANCES OF THIS CAR BEING SPOTTED TOO CLOSE TO THE TOMB.

LEX, THERE YOU ARE! I'VE BEEN LOOKING ALL OVER FOR YOU!

MY HEADSET WAS BROKEN... HOW MUCH OF MY REPORT GOT BACK TO YOU?

LEX 10

WE LOST YOUR SIGNAL ONCE YOU LEFT THE TOMB, LOVE. WHAT DID YOU FIND?

A SERIES OF CAVES AND, BELIEVE IT OR NOT, A SMALL UNDERGROUND COLONY OF... CREATURES.

INSPECTOR TURPIN AND I HAD QUITE A RUN-IN WITH THEM--!*

TURPIN? THEN, THE POLICE KNOW OF SUPERMAN'S... DISAPPEARANCE?

YES...

*IN ADVENTURES OF SUPERMAN #499, STILL ON SALE!

"...THEY'RE ON THE SCENE NOW."

CAPTAIN SAWYER ... INSPECTOR TURPIN. BEASTLY NIGHT FOR SUCH A THING.

IS THERE EVER A GOOD TIME TO INVESTIGATE A GRAVE ROBBERY?

HULLO AGAIN, LI'L LADY.

INSPECTOR! YOU'RE LOOKING MORE... TOGETHER.

YEAH, YA DON'T HAVETA FIND ME ANY NEW TROU* NOW -- THE CAP'N SCARED UP THESE DUDS FOR ME!

*TURPIN'S WARDROBE TOOK A BEATING IN ADV. #499.

MISTER LUTHOR, IN ALL MY MANY YEARS IN POLICE WORK, I'D NEVER BEFORE SEEN A TOMB WITH ACCESS VENTS AND SECRET TUNNELS. I'D LIKE TO HEAR YOUR EXPLANATION FOR THIS SETUP!

GIVE 'IM HELL, MAGGIE! I GOT ME A FEELING THIS "SLIPPERY CUSS" HAS BEEN PLAYIN' FAST AN' LOOSE 'WAY TOO LONG.

S.C.U.

I ASSURE YOU, CAPTAIN SAWYER, I NEVER MEANT FOR ANYTHING TO DISTURB THE INTEGRITY OF SUPERMAN'S FINAL RESTING PLACE.

BUT LET'S DISCUSS THIS INSIDE THE TUNNEL... OUT OF THE WEATHER!

YOU SEE, THIS SECTION OF CENTENNIAL PARK WAS RECENTLY REFURBISHED UNDER A LEXCORP GRANT. ORIGINALLY, A TIME CAPSULE WAS TO BE BURIED HERE, HENCE, THIS "SETUP," AS YOU CALLED IT.

AFTER SUPERMAN'S UNTIMELY DEATH, THE FOUNDATIONS PROVED IDEAL STRUCTURAL SUPPORT FOR HIS TOMB.

TRUE, THESE TUNNELS WEREN'T PUBLIC KNOWLEDGE, BUT THERE WAS ABSOLUTELY NO INTENTION OF SUBTERFUGE!

LEX, THERE'S SOMEONE IN THE TOMB!

THAT WOULD BE INSPECTOR HENDERSON...

"...HE'S CHECKING THE BREACH IN THE TOMB WALL."

YOU WERE RIGHT, SUPERGIRL! FROM THE SCORING AND THE RUBBLE, IT'S OBVIOUS THAT THE TOMB WAS BROKEN *INTO*, NOT OUT OF!

GIVEN THE AMOUNT OF ROCK THEY HAD TO GO THROUGH, WHOEVER DID THIS HAD ACCESS TO SOME PRETTY HIGH-TECH GEAR.

THAT DOESN'T SOUND LIKE THE "WEIRDIES" THAT SUPERGIRL AN' ME RAN UP AGAINST!

NO, IT DOESN'T. NOW THAT I THINK ABOUT IT...

...THOSE *UNDER-WORLDERS* DID SEEM CONFUSED WHEN I ACCOSTED THEM. BUT IF THEY DIDN'T STEAL SUPERMAN'S BODY, WHO DID? AND *WHY?*

THERE WERE *TWO* BRANCHES TO THE CAVES DOWN BELOW... I'VE BEEN THINKIN' THAT OUR ANSWER MAY LIE DOWN THE OTHER ONE.

HIGH-TECH GEAR, UNDERGROUND CAVES, AND SUPER-MAN'S BODY... THE CRAZIER THIS GETS, THE MORE I'M CONVINCED THAT THE ANSWER LIES...

"... AT THE CADMUS PROJECT!"

DUBBILEX! GABBY... SCRAPPER... WALT... WHAT IN BLAZES IS GOING ON?

IT'S WESTFIELD... HE'S LOCKED UP IN LAB *SEVEN* WITH AN ADVANCED STUDY TEAM IN VIOLATION OF ALL KNOWN PROTOCOLS!

HE'S UP TO SOMETHING, JIM! HE SET UP PSIONIC BUFFERS AROUND THE LAB, SO DUBBILEX COULDN'T PROBE IT!

TOMMY AND 'WORDS ARE TRYING TO OVER-RIDE THE SECURE LOCKS NOW!

DID IT... THE DOOR'S CYCLING OPEN!

NO. IT IS EVERY BIT AS BAD AS I FEARED!

SUPERMAN?!? I DON'T BELIEVE THIS!

WESTFIELD, YOU... BLASTED... GHOUL! NO WONDER MY LEAVE WAS GRANTED SO EAGERLY--

--YOU WANTED ME AWAY FROM THE PROJECT, DIDN'T YOU? YOU WANTED ME OUT OF HERE, TO INSURE THAT I WOULDN'T CATCH ON TO YOUR INFERNAL SCHEME!

THE RESEARCH UNDER WAY HERE IS NOT YOUR CONCERN, GUARDIAN. I SUGGEST THAT YOU REFRAIN FROM ANY THOUGHTS OF INTERFERENCE.

I NEVER SHOULD'VE LET WESTFIELD TALK ME INTO THIS! I SHOULD'VE KNOWN THAT ANYTHING SO TOUCHY WOULD BE SUBJECT TO OFFICE POLITICS!

NOT MY CONCERN?! YOU STEAL THE BODY OF EARTH'S GREATEST HERO--

--YOU COMMANDEER PROJECT FACILITIES AND ENLIST PROJECT PERSONNEL FOR... FOR GOD ONLY KNOWS WHAT YOU PLAN TO DO! AND YOU HAVE THE UNMITIGATED GALL TO TELL ME IT'S NOT MY CONCERN?!?

SPARE ME THE HISTRIONICS, GUARDIAN! THIS IS A SENSITIVE SCIENTIFIC OPERATION OF THE HIGHEST POSSIBLE PRIORITY...

...AND I HAVE NO DESIRE TO STAND HERE AND LISTEN TO A LOT OF INSUBORDINATE *MORALIZING!*

YOU DON'T WANT TO LISTEN--? FINE--

GYAWWK!

--I'LL MAKE MY POINT *ANOTHER WAY!*

GUARDIAN... JIM, TAKE IT EASY! THIS ISN'T THE WAY--!

NOT THE BEST WAY, MAYBE... BUT OUR ESTEEMED ADMINISTRATOR HERE JUST MADE IT THE *ONLY WAY!*

YOU CALLED *ME* INSUBORDINATE? THE PRESIDENT *HIMSELF* ORDERED YOU TO CEASE ALL ATTEMPTS TO CLAIM SUPERMAN'S BODY--!

N-N-NO ...NOT EXACTLY.

MY ORDERS SAID... TO ALLOW METROPOLIS... TO HOLD THEIR *FUNERAL*. I-- I INTERPRETED THAT... TO MEAN ...ONCE THE SERVICES WERE OVER...

...MY ORIGINAL AUTHORIZATION... TO COLLECT AND STUDY... ALIEN DECEDENTS... W-WOULD RESUME.

SO YOU JUST TOOK IT UPON YOURSELF TO DO A LITTLE *GRAVE ROBBING?* YOU ARE REALLY SOME PIECE OF WORK, WESTFIELD!

JUST WHAT *DID* YOU HAVE IN MIND FOR SUPERMAN? WERE YOU AFRAID YOU'D MISS YOUR CHANCE TO PRESIDE OVER THE DISSECTION OF THE *LAST KRYPTONIAN?*

NO...YOU FOOL! THINK... WE COULD *RECREATE* SUPERMAN!

BRING HIM BACK TO *LIFE*... AS *YOU* WERE BROUGHT BACK!

CLONE A NEW SUPERMAN?! YOU CAN'T BE SERIOUS!

HOLD IT, SCRAPPER! MAYBE HE'S ONTO SOMETHING!

YOU'RE AS *NUTTY* AS HE IS, TOMPKINS! THE PROCEDURES WE USED TO SAVE GUARDIAN WERE *EXPERIMENTAL*... AND WE HAD A *LIVING TEMPLATE* TO WORK FROM! SUPERMAN'S *DEAD!* WHO KNOWS WHAT WE'D WIND UP WITH?!

STILL... IF THERE'S A CHANCE--!

I CAN'T BELIEVE I'M HEARING THIS! 'WORDS--ETHICS ASIDE--YOU'VE TOLD ME HOW TOUCH-AND-GO MY REBIRTH WAS!

MY BODY MIGHT JUST AS EASILY HAVE WOUND UP AS TWISTED AND MISSHAPEN AS... AS THOSE POOR UNDERWORLDERS DABNEY DONOVAN CREATED!

SCRAPPER'S RIGHT! EVEN IF YOU SUCCEEDED IN CLONING SUPERMAN, HE WOULDN'T *BE* SUPERMAN--YOU DON'T HAVE HIS *MIND* TO PLUG INTO A NEW BODY!

VALID OBJECTIONS, TO BE SURE. THE ODDS AGAINST SUCCESS WOULD BE MONUMENTAL... BUT *NOT* NECESSARILY INSURMOUNTABLE!

A FACSIMILE OF SUPERMAN'S PSYCHE COULD CONCEIVABLY BE SIMULATED BY RECORDING THE MENTAL IMPRESSIONS THAT DUBBILEX ABSORBED FROM HIM IN PREVIOUS ENCOUNTERS.*

HE HAS A POINT, JIM. I'M A WALKING EXAMPLE OF PROJECT SCIENCE GONE AWRY, BUT I CONSIDER MY LIFE A MOST PRECIOUS GIFT. AND THERE *IS* A POSSIBILITY OF SUCCESS HERE... HOWEVER SLIM.

*IN SUPERMAN #58 AND ADVENTURES #485.

ALL RIGHT. I STILL THINK YOU ALL OUGHT TO HAVE YOUR HEADS EXAMINED... BUT I GUESS WE OWE IT TO SUPERMAN--TO THE *WORLD*--TO TRY.

;ghaugh; YOU'LL SEE... I HAVE... THE GREATEST CONFIDENCE--!

I WANT THIS RUN STRICTLY BY THE BOOK FROM HERE ON--UNDER THE DIRECT SUPERVISION OF TOMMY, WALT, AND 'WORDS... AH, THAT IS, DOCTORS TOMPKINS, JOHNSON, AND RODRIGUES!

VERY WELL... IF THAT'S THE WAY IT MUST BE. WELL, YOU HEARD THE MAN, DOCTOR PACKARD. IT'S IN THEIR HANDS NOW!

I WISH YOU *LUCK*, GENTLEMEN. YOU'LL NEED PLENTY OF IT JUST TO OBTAIN THE REQUIRED *TISSUE SAMPLES* FROM SUPERMAN!

IT APPEARS THAT--EVEN NOW--HIS BODY IS STILL QUITE THOROUGHLY *INVULNERABLE!*

?

"ARE YOU SURE THIS IS THE RIGHT WAY?"

NOT SO FAST, WESTFIELD! IF THERE'S TO BE AN "OPERATION: SUPERMAN"--*YOU* ARE *NOT* GOING TO BE IN CHARGE OF IT!

WELL, IT'S THE ONLY BRANCH WE HADN'T EXPLORED, LEX. I HAVE TO ADMIT, I DIDN'T EXPECT THIS MUCH RUBBLE... BUT IT APPEARS TO BE NEWLY FALLEN!

I AGREE, MR. L. MY EQUIPMENT'S DETECTING MINUTE AIRBORNE TRACES OF EXPLOSIVE RESIDUE. SOMEONE WAS TRYING TO COVER THE TRAIL.

SUPERGIRL --JUST A MOMENT, PLEASE.

HMMM... ACCORDING TO MY READINGS, WE'RE ACTUALLY BELOW THE HOBB'S RIVER NOW! WE MUST PROCEED CAREFULLY--!

OH, DON'T BE SUCH A WORRYWART, DR. HAPPERSEN! I'LL BE CAREFUL!

JUST THE SAME, LOVE, A LITTLE CAUTION IS... EH?

HAPPERSEN! THERE'S SOME MANNER OF UNEXPLODED CHARGE HERE!

WHAT?! MR. L, GET BACK!

KRABOOM!

"LORD, WHAT A MESS..."

...HEY, GIVE US A HAND OVER HERE!

I FOUND TWO MORE PEOPLE DOWN BELOW-- STILL ALIVE!

WE NEED JACKS ...AN' ANOTHER CRANE!

FIVE MORE PEOPLE WERE RESCUED OVERNIGHT--

--AND TWENTY-SEVEN BODIES RECOVERED, AS RESCUE WORKERS SIFTED THROUGH RUBBLE LEFT IN THE WAKE OF DOOMSDAY'S ATTACK ON METROPOLIS...

7

RESCUE UPDATE

JORGE LOPEZ

...BRINGING THE NUMBER OF SURVIVORS TO THIRTY-SIX AND THE DEATH TOLL TO ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-NINE. NEARLY NINE HUNDRED PEOPLE REMAIN MISSING--

--IN THE AFTERMATH OF THE BATTLE WHICH CLAIMED THE LIFE OF SUPERMAN. AMONG THOSE STILL MISSING ARE BASEBALL HALL-OF-FAMER HANK "THE HAMMER" HALLORAN...

...COMEDIAN MORTY BECKMAN, AND DAILY PLANET REPORTER CLARK KENT.

YES, BUT CLARK WAS SUPERMAN. THERE'S AT LEAST A CHANCE THAT BECKMAN AND THE HAMMER WILL BE FOUND.

CLARK WILL NEVER BE FOUND... WE'LL NEVER BE MARRIED... NEVER...

LOIS? DID YOU SAY SOMETHING?

JUST TALKING BACK TO THE TV, LANA. HOW ARE YOU ALL DOING?

WE'RE ALL PACKED, DEAR, BUT ...ARE YOU SURE THERE ISN'T ANY-THING MORE WE CAN DO HERE?

LISTEN TO HER... SHE'S LOST HER ONLY SON, AND IT'S ME SHE'S WORRIED ABOUT. A LOT OF HER IS IN CLARK... WAS IN CLARK...

LOIS--?

SORRY, MARTHA... JUST WOOLGATHERING. NO, I'LL BE FINE. C'MON, WE'D BETTER GET YOU FOLKS TO THE AIRPORT...

"... I'M SORRY YOU HAD TO GET UP AT THE CRACK OF DAWN, BUT CROSSTOWN TRAFFIC REALLY BEGINS TO PILE UP EARLY--!"

KLAK

KRIK-A-TAK

SHTOOM

SORRY THAT TOOK SO LONG.

IS EVERYONE ALL RIGHT?

I EXTENDED MY ENERGY SHIELD AS QUICKLY AS I COULD, BUT I'VE NEVER TRIED TO PROTECT SO MANY PEOPLE BEFORE--!

YOU DID JUST FINE, LOVE. HAPPER-SEN--?

H-HERE, SIR. JUST A LITTLE SHAKEN.

LEMME GIVE YA A HAND, MAGGIE.

THANKS, DAN, I...

...DO YOU HEAR SOMETHING?

OMIGOD...

FWOOSH

"...THE RIVER--!"

NO!

LEX!!

THANK HEAVENS! THERE YOU ARE!

AND CAPTAIN SAWYER! JUST RELAX ... NOW THAT I HAVE MY WITS TOGETHER, I CAN HOLD BACK THE WATERS UNTIL WE GET ABOVE THE FLOOD LEVEL.

:KAWFF! TURPIN... WHERE'S DAN--?

RIGHT HERE, MAGGIE!

LET ME GIVE YOU A HAND, INSPECTOR.

IT'S DOC HAPPERSEN HERE WHO NEEDS THE ASSIST! I'M OKAY... JUST A LITTLE SOGGY!

YOU DO GOOD WORK, LI'L LADY, AND THAT'S A FACT! IF I EVER HEAR THAT THIS "YOUNG PUP" LUTHOR AIN'T TREATIN' YOU RIGHT, I'LL PERSONALLY KICK HIS BEHIND TILL HIS NOSE BLEEDS!

SHORTLY, BACK IN THE TOMB...

GUESS WE'RE BACK TO "SQUARE ONE."

YES, IT'S ALL SO FRUSTRATING!

BUCK UP, LOVE. WE'LL UNTANGLE THIS MYSTERY YET. SUPERMAN'S BODY WILL BE RECOVERED... I PROMISE YOU THAT!

I WISH I HAD YOUR CONFIDENCE, LEX. WE STILL DON'T KNOW WHO ROBBED THE TOMB...

...AND THAT FLOOD PROBABLY WASHED AWAY ANY CLUES!

I'M AFRAID SHE'S RIGHT. I'M NOT LOOKING FORWARD TO BREAKING THIS NEWS TO THE PUBLIC.

WHAT?! CAPTAIN, SURELY ANY DISCLOSURE MUST WAIT UNTIL WE KNOW MORE!

CAN YOU IMAGINE THE OUTCRY IF WE REVEALED THAT SUPERMAN'S BODY HAD DISAPPEARED?!

I GOTTA ADMIT, HE'S GOT A POINT, MAGGIE! IF THIS GOT OUT, IT COULD START A RIOT!

INDEED. SUPERMAN'S DEATH LEFT SO MANY PEOPLE BEREFT...

...IF WORD SHOULD LEAK THAT HIS TOMB WAS EMPTY ...WELL, OUR DISTRAUGHT CITIZENS MIGHT JUMP TO ALL MANNER OF CONCLUSIONS!

SOME OF THEM HAVE ALREADY, CAP'N, IF WE CAN BELIEVE THE REPORTS I'M GETTING--

"--FROM THE GUYS OUT BY THE GRAVESITE!"

EARLY-RISING BUNCH! WHERE'D THEY COME FROM?

WELL, FROM WHAT ONE OF 'EM SAID, THEIR CULT* STARTED OUT IN CALIFORNIA! THEY ACTUALLY WORSHIP SUPERMAN... AND I DON'T MEAN HERO-WORSHIP!

SCU

*LAST SEEN IN ACTION COMICS WEEKLY#638.

...AND I SAY TO YOU, SISTERS AND BROTHERS, DO NOT DESPAIR! BE NOT AFRAID! IN OUR HOUR OF GREATEST NEED, SUPERMAN SHALL RETURN TO US FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE!

YES! HE WILL RETURN AND SAVE US ALL! SAY THE NAME! SAY THE NAME AND BE FREE!

SU-PER-MAN! SU-PER-MAN! SU-PER-MAN!

"OF ALL THE TIMES FOR THIS TO HAPPEN! IT LOOKS LIKE WE HAVE NO CHOICE NOW--"

--BUT TO KEEP A LID ON THIS.

WE'LL EXPECT YOUR FULL COOPERATION IN OUR INVESTIGATIONS, LUTHOR.

BUT OF COURSE, INSPECTOR HENDERSON. FOR NOW, THOUGH, I SUGGEST THAT WE SEAL THIS ACCESS...

"...AND SLIP AWAY AS QUIETLY AS POSSIBLE!"

I DIDN'T WANT TO SAY ANYTHING IN FRONT OF LUTHOR, BUT I'D BET A YEAR'S PAY THAT PAUL WESTFIELD AND THE CADMUS PROJECT ARE BEHIND THIS!

YEAH? WHAT MAKES YA THINK SO, MAGGIE?

I'VE HAD... DEALINGS WITH THEM BEFORE.* I KNOW THEY HAVE TUNNELS UNDER THE CITY.

*IN THE CLASSIC SUPERMAN #34.

I THINK I'LL CALL BEN FRIENDLY AT THE FBI, AND SEE IF HE CAN ADD SOME FEDERAL MUSCLE TO OUR INVESTIGATION.

WE'LL NEED IT IF WESTFIELD IS INVOLVED... THAT "WEASEL" WOULDN'T COME CLEAN IF YOU RAN HIM THROUGH A CAR WASH! SPEAKIN' OF WEASELS--

--YOU THINK WE'LL GET ANY REAL HELP FROM LUTHOR?

NO, DAN, I DON'T. LUTHOR DIDN'T ROB SUPERMAN'S GRAVE--

"--BUT HE DOES HAVE SOME PERSONAL AGENDA IN THIS MESS! I CAN ALMOST SMELL IT!"

I TELL YOU, HAPPERSEN, I SAW A CADMUS IMPRINT ON THAT CHARGE BEFORE IT EXPLODED!

SIR, DO YOU SERIOUSLY THINK THAT WESTFIELD WOULD DEFY A DIRECT PRESIDENTIAL ORDER?

DON'T BE AN IDIOT, SYDNEY! WESTFIELD WOULD CIRCUMVENT AN ORDER FROM GOD ALMIGHTY, IF IT SUITED HIS PURPOSES! SO WOULD I.

I COULD ALMOST ADMIRE THE MAN'S TENACITY. IF ONLY I KNEW WHAT HE WAS UP TO--!

IT'S A PITY YOU HAD TO TERMINATE DR. TENG AFTER YOUR RESURRECTION WAS COMPLETED. HE'D MADE A NUMBER OF USEFUL DISCOVERIES DURING HIS INFILTRATION OF CADMUS.*

NO MATTER, HAPPERSEN! IF WE PLANTED ONE MOLE IN THE PROJECT, WE CAN PLANT ANOTHER! WE MUST!

I MUST KNOW WHAT WESTFIELD IS TRYING TO ENGINEER!

*AS REVEALED IN ACTION #678.

YOUR ATTENTION, PLEASE! LEXAIR FLIGHT 2710, NONSTOP SERVICE TO KANSAS CITY, IS NOW BOARDING AT GATE FIVE...

WELL, THAT'S US. GOOD-BYE, LOIS...

...YOU TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF NOW!

I WILL, JONATHAN. OH, MARTHA...

LEXAIR

ED! STOP STARING!

BUT THAT'S LOIS LANE--YOU KNOW, FROM THE DAILY PLANET!

I READ THAT AFTER HIS BIG FIGHT WITH DOOMSDAY, SUPERMAN DIED RIGHT SMACK IN HER ARMS! LET'S GO GET HER AUTOGRAPH!

EDDIE, YOU'RE MY LITTLE BROTHER--AND I LOVE YOU--BUT SO HELP ME, IF YOU TAKE ONE STEP TOWARD THAT POOR WOMAN, I'LL STUFF YOU IN MY CARRY-ON BAG!

I PROMISE THAT I'LL KEEP IN TOUCH! SAFE TRAVELING!

GIVE MY BEST TO PETER, LANA... LET ME KNOW WHEN YOU RESCHEDULE...

"...YOUR WEDDING..."

ALL THOSE YEARS THAT CLARK WAS AWAY FROM SMALLVILLE... AND I THOUGHT THAT I'D LOST HIM... THAT HE DIDN'T LOVE ME THE WAY I LOVED HIM--!

MY LOSS CAN'T BEGIN TO COMPARE TO HERS!

LOIS!

OH, LOIS... IF IT WOULD BRING HIM BACK, I'D GLADLY GIVE UP 20 YEARS OF MY OWN LIFE!

SO WOULD I, LANA. S-SO WOULD I. I-I KNOW HOW MUCH YOU LOVED HIM.

PLEASE... KEEP AN EYE ON THE KENTS... THEY'RE GOING TO NEED YOU.

I WILL. AND YOU TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF. I KNOW HOW HARD IT WILL BE... IF YOU EVER NEED A SHOULDER--!

S-SURE.

I PROMISE... WHENEVER YOU NEED ME...

...I'LL BE THERE FOR YOU. ALWAYS.

End

YOU GETTING THIS FRAN? GOOD. OKAY, NEW PARAGRAPH.

"THE WHIRLPOOL CLAWED AT THE MAN OF STEEL, DRAGGING HIM UNDER.

"BUT SUPERMAN STRUGGLED AGAINST THE RISING TIDE.

"FOR THE SECOND TIME, HE RAISED HIS HEAD ABOVE THE WAVES AND CALLED--"

LOIS! HELP ME!

"THE WAVES SWEPT HIM UNDER AGAIN, BUT AGAIN HE STRUGGLED UP..."

LOIS! FOR GOD'S SAKE, LOIS--

"--HELP ME?"

CLARK! OH, CLARK, I'M SORRY!

I WAS SO CAUGHT UP IN MY WORK, I DIDN'T HEAR YOU CALL!

WAIT! DON'T GO!

I LOVE YOU, CLARK! I'LL SAVE YOU--

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--I HAVE TO SAVE YOU!

BZZZZZZZZZ

WHAT IS IT? THE ALARM? NO... THE PHONE!

OH, LORD, IT WASN'T REAL! JUST A DREAM!

BUT... I CAN STILL HEAR IT... THE ROAR OF THE WHIRLPOOL! I WONDER--

HELLO? PERRY? WHAT ARE YOU DOING AT THE PLANET AT FIVE IN THE MORNING?

NO, YOU'RE NOT BOTHERING ME. I... I HAD TO GET UP SOON ANYWAY. BUT WHY--?

"WHAT DO YOU MEAN, METROPOLIS IS FLOODING?!"

CHARLIE, YOU OKAY, MAN?

STRETCH GOT ME, GRUB! JUST IN TIME, TOO! WATER'S COLD AS THE GRAVE!

TUNNELS BEEN BREACHED, CHARLIE! RIVER'S ROARIN' INTO UNDERWORLD LIKE MOSES'S OWN FLOOD!

WE BETTER DO SOMETHIN' 'BOUT IT QUICK...

GHOSTS

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METROPO
JEWELRY EXC

...OR UNDERWORLD IS HISTORY!

OLD FARM LOOKS THE SAME AS IT DID WHEN WE LEFT, DON'T IT, MARTHA? FUNNY.

FEELS LIKE WE BEEN AWAY IN METROPOLIS A MILLION YEARS.

I'VE GOT THESE, JONATHAN! YOU TAKE IT EASY!

YEAH, ED... WELL... THANKS FOR SEEIN' TO THE CHORES WHILE WE WERE GONE.

I CAN'T TELL YOU HOW SORRY WE ARE 'BOUT YOU LOSIN' CLARK LIKE THAT!

GUESS IF HE WAS GONNA DIE SO YOUNG, WE ALL FIGURED IT'D BE REPORTIN' IN SOMEPLACE EXOTIC...

...LIKE QURAC OR KANAD. NOT BURIED UNDER RUBBLE IN METROPOLIS.

THEY FOUND HIS BODY YET?

NO... NOT YET. THAT DOOMSDAY CREATURE CAUSED SO MUCH DESTRUCTION THERE.

YOU GO ON IN, MARTHA.

I WANT TO SEE OLD BESSIE FIRST.

NOW, BESSIE, DON'T GO ROLLIN' IN THE DIRT OR ANYTHING!

HEY, PA, LOOK! I GOT HER ALL CLEANED UP! WHAT D'YOU THINK?

CLARK?

YOU'RE THE BEST, AREN'T YOU, BESS?

I... I NEVER SAW A PRETTIER LITTLE CALF IN MY WHOLE LIFE!

REALLY, PA?

D'YOU THINK MAYBE SHE HAS A CHANCE AT A BLUE RIBBON AT THE 4-H EXHIBIT AT THE FAIR?

IF HARD WORK AND CARE CAN MAKE A CALF A WINNER, SON, THAT LITTLE GAL'S A BLUE-RIBBON CHAMP!

THANKS, PA. IF SHE WINS, IT'LL BE 'CAUSE OF YOU!

ME, CLARK?

YOU'RE THE ONE WHO TAUGHT ME HOW TO CARE!

JONATHAN?

JONATHAN, DID I HEAR YOU TALKING TO SOMEBODY OUT HERE?

NOBODY'S HERE, MARTHA.

HOW COULD I BE TALKING TO ANYBODY?

YOU KNOW, DUBBILEX, I'M STILL NOT SURE IT'S RIGHT, STEALING SUPERMAN'S BODY...

...HIDING IT HERE AT PROJECT CADMUS.

INDEED. I AM ALSO CONCERNED ABOUT WESTFIELD'S PROPOSED ATTEMPT TO CLONE HIM.

WE UNDERSTAND SO LITTLE OF KRYPTONIAN PHYSIOLOGY, GUARDIAN.

WHAT IF, SOMEHOW, SUPERMAN IS STILL ALIVE? THE TERRIBLE WOUNDS DOOMSDAY INFLICTED DID CLOSE.

SURELY THAT HAPPENED BEFORE HIS DEATH, DUBBILEX. AFTER ALL...

...YOU'VE SPENT DAYS SEARCHING FOR SIGNS OF LIFE.

THE PROJECT CAN'T CLONE A NEW SUPERMAN IN THE SAME WAY THEY CREATED A NEW YOU.

FOR ONE THING, THERE'S NO ORIGINAL MIND... OR NONE WE CAN ACCESS...

...TO RECORD ONTO THE CLONE'S NEW-GROWN BRAIN.

GUARDIAN! WE HAVE ASTOUNDING INFORMATION TO IMPART!

ALL DA TUNNELS LEADIN' HERE IS FLOODIN'!

FLOODING?! WHAT ARE YOU NEWSBOYS DOING HERE?

WHAT ARE WE DOING HERE?

THIS IS OUR ABODE!

I'D SAY THE QUESTION IS--

WHAT'S HE DOIN' HERE?

YEAH! WHAT'S CADMUS DOING WITH SUPERMAN'S BODY?!

METROPOLIS STOCK EXCHANGE, PLEASE. AND HURRY!

I'LL DO WHAT I CAN, LADY, BUT STREETS ARE GETTIN' REAL MESSY.

SAY, YOU'RE THAT REPORTER, LOIS LANE, AREN'T YOU? WHAT'S THE STORY ON THE FLOODING, ANYWAY?

CITY OFFICIALS SAY AN UNDERGROUND TUNNEL WAS BREACHED.

RATES
$2.00 First 1/4 mile
20¢ per additional 1/4 mile
EXTRA PASSENGE

THEY'RE WORKING TO LOCATE IT!

I HEAR SOME OF THE OLD BUILDING FOUNDATIONS MIGHT CRUMBLE CLEAN AWAY.

SURE MAKES YOU WISH WE STILL HAD SUPERMAN.

THAT DREAM... SO MUCH LIKE LIFE.

I REPORTED THE STORY... AND CLARK DIED.

AND HERE I AM... TROTTING OFF TO COVER ANOTHER STORY.

I WONDER SOMETIMES... WHY DO I BOTHER?

ALL THOSE WORDS, WHAT GOOD DO THEY DO?

I CAN'T SHAKE THE FEELING THAT IF ONLY I'D DONE MORE, I COULD HAVE SAVED HIM.

HERE'S SOME HOT OATMEAL, JONATHAN. LOIS CALLS IT "COMFORT FOOD"...

...AND LORD KNOWS WE COULD USE SOME COMFORT NOW.

I MADE IT WITH RAISINS --JUST THE WAY HE ALWAYS LIKED IT.

HERE COMES THE OATMEAL PLANE!

COMIN' IN FOR A LANDIN'! POWER DIVE!

RRRRR-ZOOOMP!!

OPEN THE HANGAR DOOR!

ZOOOOMMP!!

YUM! I LOVE AIRPLANES WITH RAISINS! I WISH I HAD A REAL AIRPLANE!

WELL, I WAS SAVING THIS FOR LATER, BUT...

WOW! HEY, MA! PA MADE ME AN AIRPLANE! THANKS, PA!

UP, UP, AN' AWAY!

'BYE, PA! I GOTTA FLY, NOW!

SOMEDAY, SON...

...SOMEDAY... ;chuckle!;

UP YA GO! SPONGE AN' HOT HOUSE GONNA DRY YOU OFF... THEN YOU HEAD ON INTO THE HIGH TUNNELS.

IF THEY GET TOO CROWDED THERE, TELL FOLKS TO HEAD UP INTO THE BASEMENTS AN' SUBWAY PLATFORMS.

WE THINK THIS IS AS HIGH AS THE WATER'S GOING, BUT IF IT STARTS TO RISE AGAIN...

...WE'LL BE SAFER ON THE OUTSIDE THAN HERE IN UNDERWORLD.

C'MON OUT, NEEP-NOSE! GET OVER THERE AND GET WARM!

SQUANK!

WHAT IS IT, TELETYPE?

BOOM!

YOU FOUND THE SOURCE OF THE FLOODING, AND--

HEY, GRUB, GET A LOAD OF THIS! TELETYPE'S PRETTY SURE SOMEBODY CAUSED THIS MESS ON PURPOSE...

...AN' IT DOESN'T TAKE A BRAIN SURGEON TO FIGGER OUT THE CULPRIT!

RIBIT! CHECK IT OUT? RIBIT!

THANKS, BUBBLE-UP! I THINK THAT'D BE A REAL GOOD IDEA!

YOU TELLIN' ME SOMEBODY SET THAT CHARGE? FLOODED OUR TUNNEL WALL ON PURPOSE?

RIBIT! HOLD ON! GOIN' DEEP! RIBIT!

YOU THINK MAYBE THEY DID IT TA DESTROY US, CHARLIE?

MAYBE THEY THINK THAT GIVES THEM THE RIGHT--

JUST AS I THOUGHT. THE HOLE IS IN ONE OF THE TUNNELS THAT LEADS TO CADMUS!

CADMUS?! BUT... WHY WOULD THEY FLOOD THEIR OWN TUNNEL ANY MORE THAN WE'D FLOOD OURS?

DERE IT IS, GUARDIAN! DERE'S DA LEAK WE TOL' YA 'BOUT!

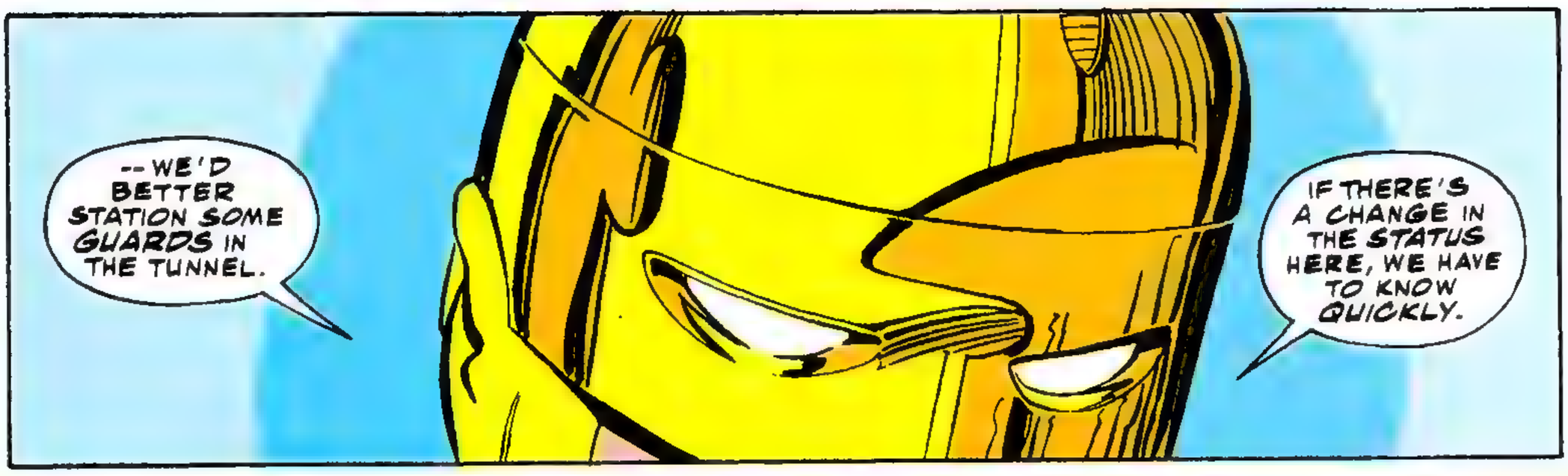
IT MUST MEAN THE TUNNELS HAVE BEEN FLOODED.

WE WON'T HAVE TO MOVE SUPERMAN'S BODY TO HIGHER GROUND YET, BUT--

ONE OF THEIR SCIENTISTS MADE MOST OF THE BEINGS DOWN HERE IN AN EXPERIMENT OF SOME KIND.

SO WHAT YOU DOIN' WIT' HIS BODY ANYWAY, GUARDIAN? IT AIN'T RESPECKFUL!

WE'LL DISCUSS IT LATER, SCRAPPER. BUT FIRST--


--WE'D BETTER STATION SOME GUARDS IN THE TUNNEL.
IF THERE'S A CHANGE IN THE STATUS HERE, WE HAVE TO KNOW QUICKLY.

METROPOLIS STOCK EXCHANGE
WE ALL KNOW THAT THE BASEMENT OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE IS FLOODED, OFFICER RUCKER...
... SUSPENDING ALL MARKET ACTIVITIES. BUT WHAT--
LOOK, MISS LANE, WE GOT AN EMERGENCY SITUATION ON OUR HANDS--
YOU BET IT'S AN EMERGENCY. AND THE CITY'S TO BLAME!
ONE OF THE OLD SUBWAY TUNNELS PROBABLY GAVE OUT!
CITY DOESN'T MAINTAIN 'EM WORTH A DARN!
MY COUSIN JANIE'S ONE O' THE SUPERMAN WORSHIPPERS!
SAYS THERE WAS AN EXPLOSION UNDER SUPERMAN'S GRAVE!
SHE SAYS IT'S A SIGN!
ALL RIGHT, THAT'S ENOUGH! MOVE IT! NOW!
EXPLOSION? WHAT EXPLOSION?!

WELCOME HOME, SIR. THE BATCAVE MUST SEEM A COZY REFUGE IN THIS WEATHER!

THE SNOW IN GOTHAM CITY'S A COUPLE OF INCHES DEEP NOW.

THE WEATHER'S CLEARING IN METROPOLIS, THOUGH, WHICH IS JUST AS WELL.

THE MORNING PAPER REPORTS SOME FLOODING THERE.

Gazette
METROPOLIS FLOOD

METROPOLIS COULD SURELY USE SUPERMAN NOW.

AS COULD WE ALL.

HE GAVE ME THIS RING WITH A KRYPTONITE STONE.

HE SAID--

I HAVE MANY ENEMIES WHO HAVE TRIED TO CONTROL ME.

AND I LIVE IN FEAR THAT, SOMEDAY, THEY MIGHT SUCCEED. IF THAT SHOULD EVER HAPPEN--

--IF I SHOULD EVER LOSE CONTROL, THERE WOULD BE ONLY ONE SURE WAY TO STOP ME.

DO YOU REALIZE WHAT YOU'RE ASKING?

I DO. I WANT THE MEANS TO STOP ME TO BE IN THE HANDS OF A MAN I CAN TRUST WITH MY LIFE.

IF NECESSARY, COULD YOU HAVE USED IT, SIR?

I... WOULD HAVE HAD TO, ALFRED. BUT IT'S A MOOT POINT NOW.

MAYBE I SHOULD DISCARD IT... OR DESTROY IT.

BUT IT'S A SYMBOL OF HIS TRUST IN ME... AND I JUST CAN'T.

SUPERMAN!

BE PREPARED!

HE'LL COME AGAIN!

IF YOU BELIEVE H... WILL COME

HE DIED FOR YOU

SAVIOR

THE SUPERMAN CULT! I COULD ASK THEM WHAT THEY KNOW...

...OR I COULD GO STRAIGHT TO THE SOURCE!

I DON'T CARE WHO SHE IS, SHE'S NOT GOING IN THERE!

IT'S LANE! THE REPORTER!

OH, YEAH?

ARE YOU GOING TO LET THEM STOP ME? CAN THEY DENY ACCESS TO HIS TEMPLE?

NO!

SAVIOR

I MIGHT ASK THE SAME OF YOU, CAPTAIN SAWYER! WHAT'S GOING ON?

WHERE'S SUPERMAN'S BODY? WHAT CAUSED THIS FLOODING?

LET HER IN!

WE'RE GOING IN, TOO!

STOP! YOU CAN'T!

IT'S THE FLOODING! IT ISN'T SAFE!

YEAH... RIGHT!

OH, LORD! IT'S EMPTY! HIS TOMB IS EMPTY!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

YOU CAN TELL ME, MAGGIE, OR YOU CAN LEAVE ME TO FIND OUT SOME OTHER WAY...

...BECAUSE ONE WAY OR ANOTHER, I'M GOING TO HAVE SOME ANSWERS!

THE CITY WANTED TO PUT A LID ON IT! I TOLD THEM IT WOULDN'T WORK! ALL RIGHT, HERE'S WHAT HAPPENED...

MAGGIE, TURPIN, SUPERGIRL, LEX LUTHOR JR... ALL CHECKED THE TOMB...

...ALL DISCOVERED CLARK'S BODY GONE... FOLLOWED THE TUNNEL AND WERE CAUGHT IN THE FLOOD.

ALL OF THEM KNEW. I DIDN'T.

I WAS THE ONE WHO LOVED HIM. WHO COULDN'T SAVE HIM. WHERE IS HE NOW?

WHOEVER FLOODED THE TUNNELS HAS HIM. BUT--

MISS LANE! MISS LANE! DOWN HERE! IT'S CHARLIE!

HEY, LOOK, THERE SHE IS!

I HEARD ABOUT MR. KENT BEING MISSING. I'M REAL SORRY. YOU DON'T LOOK SO GOOD.

NEITHER DO EITHER OF YOU. DID UNDERWORLD CAUSE THE FLOOD, CHARLIE?

OVERWORLDERS? YOU KNOW WHO DID IT?

WE KNOW, ALL RIGHT. WHAT WE CAN'T FIGURE OUT IS WHY.

SUPERMAN'S BODY HAS BEEN STOLEN. THROUGH A HOLE BURROWED INTO UNDERWORLD.

I DON'T BELIEVE IT! YOU OVERWORLDERS FLOOD OUR TUNNELS... AND BLAME US FOR THE DAMAGES?!

HERE'S THE PROOF! CADMUS DID IT! SO CADMUS MUST HAVE HIS BODY!

I SAW THE PLANE FALL AND I JUST LEAPT INTO THE SKY AND SAVED IT.

THAT WAS WHEN THE MOB ARRIVED. THEY WERE LIKE MAGGOTS... CLAWING, SCREAMING.

EVERYBODY HAD SOMETHING THEY WANTED ME TO DO, TO SAY, TO SELL.

I KNOW I HAVE TO USE MY POWERS TO HELP PEOPLE, BUT...

...THAT WAS MY FIRST PUBLIC APPEARANCE, AND NOW THEY'RE GOING TO BE LOOKING FOR ME.

THEY ALL WANT A PIECE OF ME, PA. AND I-I DON'T KNOW HOW TO DEAL WITH IT.

I THINK I DO...

JONATHAN? WHO ARE YOU TALKING TO?

WHAT ARE YOU DOING, SITTING IN CLARK'S ROOM, IN THE DARK?

I HAD THE IDEA, MARTHA. THE COSTUME. THE SECRET IDENTITY.

I LOVED HIM. I THOUGHT I WAS HELPING. IT'S MY FAULT, MARTHA. I DIDN'T KNOW...

IT'S NOT YOUR FAULT ANY MORE THAN IT IS LOIS'S! YOU KNOW THAT...

...DON'T YOU, JONATHAN?

...I HAD SUCH HOPES...

YOU'RE SURE NEEP-NOSE CAN DO THE JOB, GRUB?

SURE. YOU JUST REMEMBER NEEP WANTS TA BE CALLED "PACKHORSE"...

...LEAST WHEN HE'S ON A MISSION. DON'T WANNA GO MAKIN' HIM MAD!

WHY "PACKHORSE"?

'CAUSE HE CAN PHASE THROUGH ANYTHING... GO ANYWHERE...

...AN' CARRY US ON HIS BACK! YOU'LL SEE!

TOO BAD WE HAD TO LEAVE GRUB BEHIND, BUT BUBBLE-UP CAN ONLY CARRY TWO...

...AND CHARLIE'S RIGHT... WE'LL PROBABLY NEED A TELE-PATH LIKE TELETYPE...

...TO FIND CLARK'S BODY IN THIS VAST SECRET COMPLEX.

EVEN SO, IT'S A LONG SHOT... BUT THIS TIME, I'M GOING TO SAVE HIM!

I HAVE TO SAVE HIM!

HERE IT IS, THE CADMUS BULWARK! YOU READY, PACKHORSE?

:NEEP!:

THEN PHASE AWAY!

RIBBIT! WAIT FOR YOU HERE! 'BYE! RIBBIT!

WHO? WHAT?!

HALT!

I'M A BELIEVER IN NON-VIOLENCE, TELETYPE...

KRAK

...BUT AFTER WHAT YOU CADMUS CREEPS HAVE DONE TO UNDERWORLD...

...I'M GLAD TO EVEN THE SCORE A LITTLE!

ALL RIGHT, TELETYPE, MAKE THE CREEP TALK!

?

THIS WAY, MISS LANE! AND DON'T WORRY 'BOUT THAT GUARD--

METS

--PEOPLE FAINT SOMETIMES WHEN TELETYPE MAKES THEM ANSWER!

WOULD YOU LOOK AT THAT?!

NICE THREADS!

HER PHYSIOGNOMY...

...APPEARS FAMILIAR!

BUT WHO... OR WHAT... ARE THE OTHERS?

HEY, IT'S LOIS LANE, DA REPORTER! HARD TA TELL IN DAT WET SUIT!

THESE ARE MY FRIENDS FROM UNDER-WORLD...

...BUT I'M NOT HERE AS A REPORTER NOW. I'M HERE AS SUPERMAN'S FRIEND.

CADMUS HAS STOLEN SUPERMAN'S BODY, AND I -- WE -- HAVE COME TO TAKE IT BACK!

WE KNOW! WE THINK IT'S A BUM DEAL, TOO, AND WE WANT TO HELP. C'MON...

...WE'LL SHOW YOU WHERE IT IS AND INTRO-DUCE OUR-SELVES AS WE GO. WE'RE THE NEWSBOY LEGION.

WE'RE CLONES OF THE ORIGINAL NEWSBOYS AND WE HAVE THEIR MEMORIES...

AND I'M FLIP. CADMUS MAY HAVE MADE US, BUT THEY DON'T OWN US.

OUR INQUIRIES SUGGEST THAT CADMUS ALSO FASHIONED MOST OF YOU UNDER-WORLDERS.

BUT WE ACT ON OUR OWN. YOU CAN SEE WHY HE'S CALLED GABBY. I'M TOMMY.

NAME'S SCRAPPER. WEIRD, AIN'T IT? WE'RE ALMOST RELATIVES!

NOW QUIT YAPPIN'. BODY'S RIGHT AROUND DIS--

--CORNER --ULP?!

WHO'S THIS?

OHMILORD! YOU DO HAVE HIM!

STOP HER-- ugh!

OOF!

KRAM

BAM

OH, CLARK, WHAT HAVE THEY DONE TO YOU?

I HAVE TO GET YOU OUT OF HERE!

I HAVE TO TAKE YOU BACK!

!

HEADS UP! SOMEBODY'S COMING!

I DOUBT HE CAN READ US! TELETYPE'S POWER HAS A CLOAKING EFFECT ON THOSE HE'S NEAR.

MISS LANE PROBABLY JUST JIGGLED SOME OF THOSE WIRES.

NEVERTHELESS, WE'D BETTER GET OUT OF HERE!

DAT'S DUBBILEX! HE'S A TELEPATH! HE MUST KNOW YOU'RE HERE!

SUPERMAN HAS MOVED.

OR SOMEONE MOVED HIM. BUT WHO? THE DOCTORS...?

POSSIBLE... BUT UNLIKELY, CONSIDERING THEIR CONDITION.

THEN WHO...?

ODDLY ENOUGH, I HAVEN'T THE SLIGHTEST IDEA.

I SUSPECT A POWERFUL TELEPATH HAS BEEN AT WORK HERE.

I SUGGEST WE SOUND THE ALARM.

WEEooo WEEooo WEEooo

:NEEP!:

TELETYPE SAYS BUBBLE-UP'S WAITING!

GO ON! SOMEBODY'S HIT THE ALARM! THEY'LL BE HERE ANY MINUTE!

HERE'S YOUR CAMERA, MS. LANE! GET SOME GOOD, INCRIMINATING SHOTS!

THANKS, CHARLIE! THANK YOU ALL!

KEEP YOUR MASK CLEAR!

DON'T WORRY, MISS LANE, YOU'LL MAKE IT!

EXCELSIOR TO THE FOURTH ESTATE!

GOOD LUCK!

GIVE 'EM HECK, MS. LANE!

I COULDN'T CARRY CLARK OUT OF THERE, BUT THIS IS THE NEXT BEST THING.

IT'LL GO OUT OVER ALL THE WIRE SERVICES! THE WHOLE COUNTRY WILL KNOW!

THEY'LL DENY IT.

LET 'EM TRY!

I COULDN'T SAVE HIS LIFE, BUT BY HEAVEN, I'M GOING TO SAVE HIS BODY FROM DESECRATION.

MAYBE MY WORDS ARE GOOD FOR SOMETHING, AFTER ALL.

I'M GOING TO USE THEM TO MAKE THEM GIVE HIS BODY BACK!

Smallville S

TOMB EMP

SUPERMAN'S BODY MI

BELIEVED STO

JONATHAN DAVID KENT, WHAT IN HEAVEN'S NAME ARE YOU DOING WAY OUT HERE WITHOUT YOUR COAT?

IT'S FREEZING!

LAND SAKES ALIVE, PUT ON THIS COAT BEFORE YOU CATCH YOUR DEATH!

Smallville Star

TOMB EMPT

SUPERMAN'S BODY MISSING

BELIEVED STOLEN

THEY'VE STOLEN HIS BODY, MARTHA.

YOU KNOW WHAT LOIS SAID WHEN SHE CALLED!

SHE DISCOVERED IT AND BROKE THE STORY!

SHE SWEARS SHE'LL GET HIM BACK!

TOMB EMPTY

THIS IS WHERE THE ROCKET BROUGHT HIM TO EARTH. HE SEEMED SO HELPLESS THEN.

I SWORE THEN I'D PROTECT HIM... I'D KEEP HIM SAFE.

BUT I COULDN'T.

I... JUST KEEP THINKING HOW HE SAID... "THEY ALL WANT A PIECE OF ME--" UHFF!

JONATHAN ??!

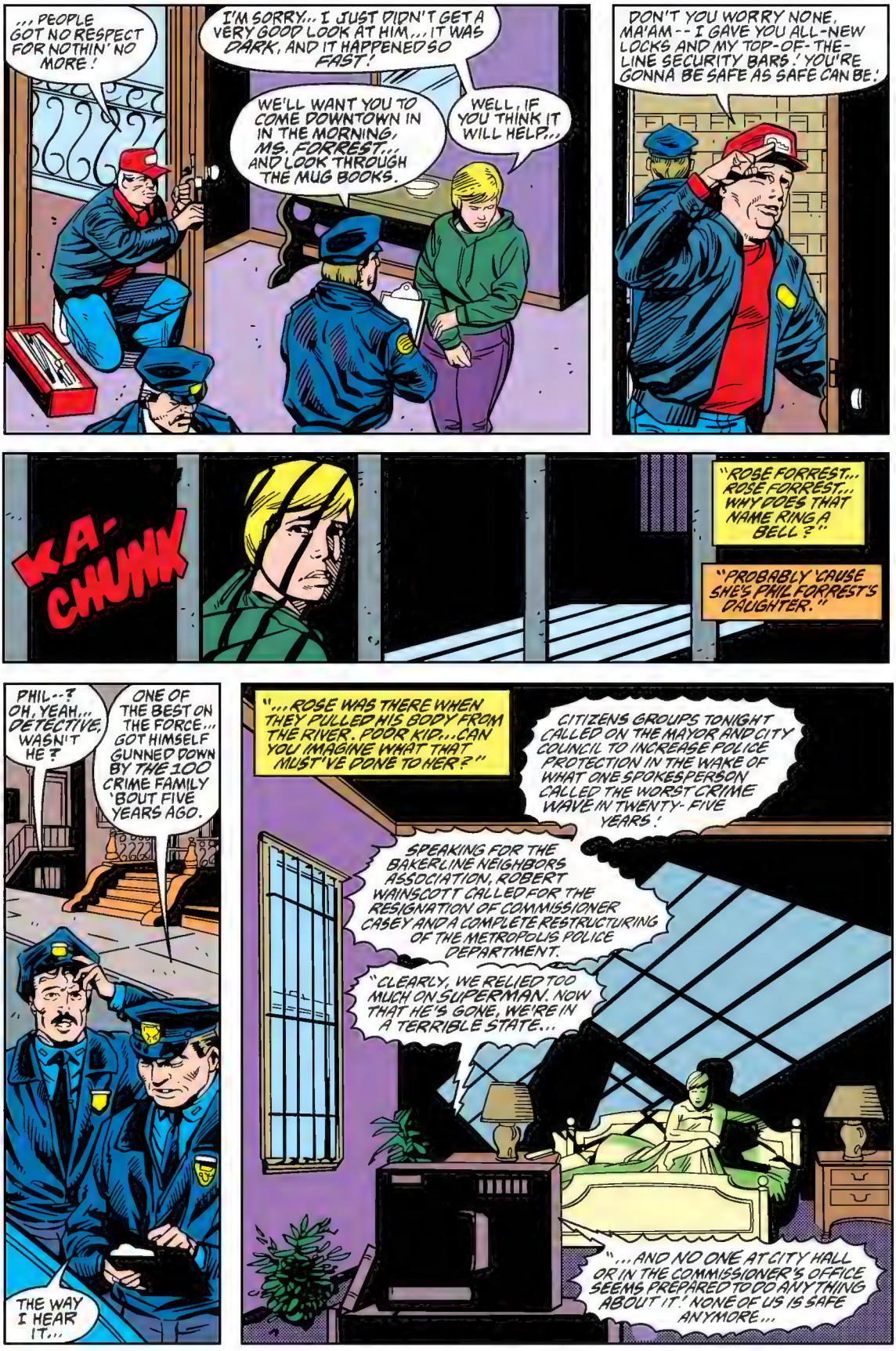
OH, JONATHAN! NOT YOU, TOO!

JONATHAN!

BOGDANOVE -92

END

GOOD AFTERNOON, METROPOLIS--I'M ANN PALMER WITH THIS EDITION OF Q-96 NEWS!
THE BUREAU OF CRIME STATISTICS REPORTS A SHARP INCREASE IN THE NUMBER OF BURGLARIES, ROBBERIES, AND ASSAULTS IN THE CITY--AS MUCH AS 300 PERCENT IN SOME AREAS--SINCE THE DEATH OF SUPERMAN.
LOCAL AUTHORITIES TRIED TO DOWNPLAY THE REPORT, POINTING OUT THAT THE LEVEL OF CRIME WAS STILL WELL BELOW THAT OF NEW YORK OR GOTHAM CITY.
POLICE COMMISSIONER CASEY URGED THAT CITIZENS BE MORE ALERT TO THEIR SURROUNDINGS, SAYING--
"--YOU CAN DO A LOT TO AVOID BECOMING A NEW STATISTIC...IF YOU'LL JUST TAKE REASONABLE PRECAUTIONS!"
;OH!;
WHO...WHO'S THERE?!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING--?
#@!#$!!
THAT...THAT'S MY VCR! NO...
;OWWFF!;
ONE SIDE, BLONDIE! YOU'LL SAVE YERSELF A WORLD O' HURTIN'!
"IT'S TERRIBLE, I TELL YA, A THING LIKE THIS..."


...PEOPLE GOT NO RESPECT FOR NOTHIN' NO MORE!
I'M SORRY... I JUST DIDN'T GET A VERY GOOD LOOK AT HIM... IT WAS DARK, AND IT HAPPENED SO FAST!
WE'LL WANT YOU TO COME DOWNTOWN IN THE MORNING, MS. FORREST... AND LOOK THROUGH THE MUG BOOKS.
WELL, IF YOU THINK IT WILL HELP...
DON'T YOU WORRY NONE, MA'AM -- I GAVE YOU ALL-NEW LOCKS AND MY TOP-OF-THE-LINE SECURITY BARS! YOU'RE GONNA BE SAFE AS SAFE CAN BE!
KA-CHUNK
"ROSE FORREST... ROSE FORREST... WHY DOES THAT NAME RING A BELL?"
"PROBABLY 'CAUSE SHE'S PHIL FORREST'S DAUGHTER."
PHIL--? OH, YEAH... DETECTIVE, WASN'T HE?
ONE OF THE BEST ON THE FORCE... GOT HIMSELF GUNNED DOWN BY THE 100 CRIME FAMILY 'BOUT FIVE YEARS AGO.
THE WAY I HEAR IT...
"... ROSE WAS THERE WHEN THEY PULLED HIS BODY FROM THE RIVER. POOR KID... CAN YOU IMAGINE WHAT THAT MUST'VE DONE TO HER?"
CITIZENS GROUPS TONIGHT CALLED ON THE MAYOR AND CITY COUNCIL TO INCREASE POLICE PROTECTION IN THE WAKE OF WHAT ONE SPOKESPERSON CALLED THE WORST CRIME WAVE IN TWENTY-FIVE YEARS.
SPEAKING FOR THE BAKERLINE NEIGHBORS ASSOCIATION, ROBERT WAINSCOTT CALLED FOR THE RESIGNATION OF COMMISSIONER CASEY AND A COMPLETE RESTRUCTURING OF THE METROPOLIS POLICE DEPARTMENT.
"CLEARLY, WE RELIED TOO MUCH ON SUPERMAN. NOW THAT HE'S GONE, WE'RE IN A TERRIBLE STATE...
"... AND NO ONE AT CITY HALL OR IN THE COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE SEEMS PREPARED TO DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT. NONE OF US IS SAFE ANYMORE...

"...NOT EVEN IN OUR OWN HOMES! WE'RE ALL ON OUR OWN!"
HE'S SO RIGHT... THERE'S NO ONE TO PROTECT US. NO ONE!
THERE IS NO REASON TO FEAR, SISTER.
WE ARE ALL THE PROTECTION THAT WE NEED.
LET ME TAKE OVER... AND ALL WILL BE WELL!
ALL... WILL BE WELL.
THAT'S IT... JUST FOLLOW MY DIRECTION. YOU KNOW WHERE TO GO...
...THROUGH THE SECRET PASSAGE... DOWN THE CORRIDOR TO THE BUILDING BEYOND. STEP LIVELY NOW!
YOU ARE NOT YET READY, SISTER. YOU WILL NOT EVEN REMEMBER THIS... IF WE SURVIVE THE NIGHT.
YOU HAVE DENIED ME FOR TOO MANY WEEKS, ROSE. I NEED TO RUN FREE... TO STRIKE BACK AT THE BAD ONES.
FREE? I... I DON'T UNDERSTAND. AND THIS ROOM... IT SEEMS FAMILIAR, BUT I DON'T RECALL EVER HAVING BEEN HERE. WHY CAN'T I REMEMBER..?
WHAT? WILL... WILL I EVER... REMEMBER?
PERHAPS SOMEDAY...

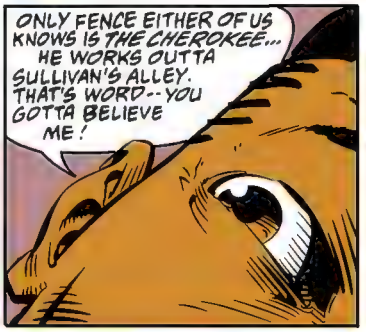
SISTER ACT
...BUT FOR NOW, YOU MUST TRUST IN ME, DEAR ONE. THAT'S IT. READY OUR WORKING CLOTHES--
--AND LET ME TAKE OVER. AFTER ALL, I AM THE BETTER TRAINED FOR THIS...
...AND IF WE ARE TO BRING JUSTICE TO THE CITY, WE MUST BE PROPERLY OUTFITTED.
THERE! SLEEP NOW, GENTLE ROSE. LEAVE EVERYTHING TO--
--THE THORN!
AS I AVENGED OUR FATHER'S DEATH, SO SHALL I DEAL WITH THE VERMIN WHO WOULD PREY UPON US...
ROGER STERN WRITER
DENIS RODIER PENCILLER
ANDE PARKS INKER
ALBERT DEGUZMAN LETTERER
GLENN WHITMORE COLORIST

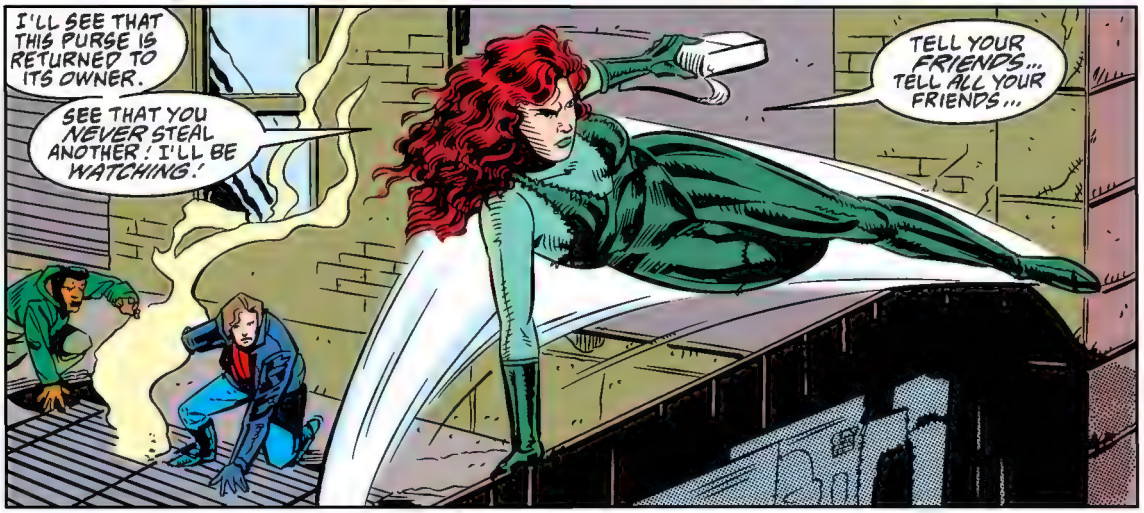
"...THEY SHALL NOT ESCAPE THE THORN! NO MATTER WHERE THEY HIDE, I SHALL FIND THEM!"
YO, RASCAL... HOW'S BIZ, M'MAN?
LOOKIN' UP, PAULIE. EVEN THE WEATHER'S BEEN COOPERATIN'.
HOW SO?
WARM OVERCAST EVENIN'... MAKES A LOTTA FOLKS STIR CRAZY, BRINGS 'EM OUTTA THEIR CRIBS...
...GIVES ME MORE TARGETS TO GRAB AND SNATCH!
I SEE WHAT YA SAYIN'. MUCH CASH?
'BOUT FIFTY BILLS. NICE BAG, TOO--IT'S A GUCCI! D'YOU KNOW WHERE I MIGHT BE ABLE TO UNLOAD IT?
YEAH, MAN... I KNOW ALL THE FENCES--!
HEY! WHAT--?!
WRENK
WHAT THE ★C#$ IS THAT?!
YOU STAY AND ASK IT! I'M OUTTA HERE!
COWARDS!

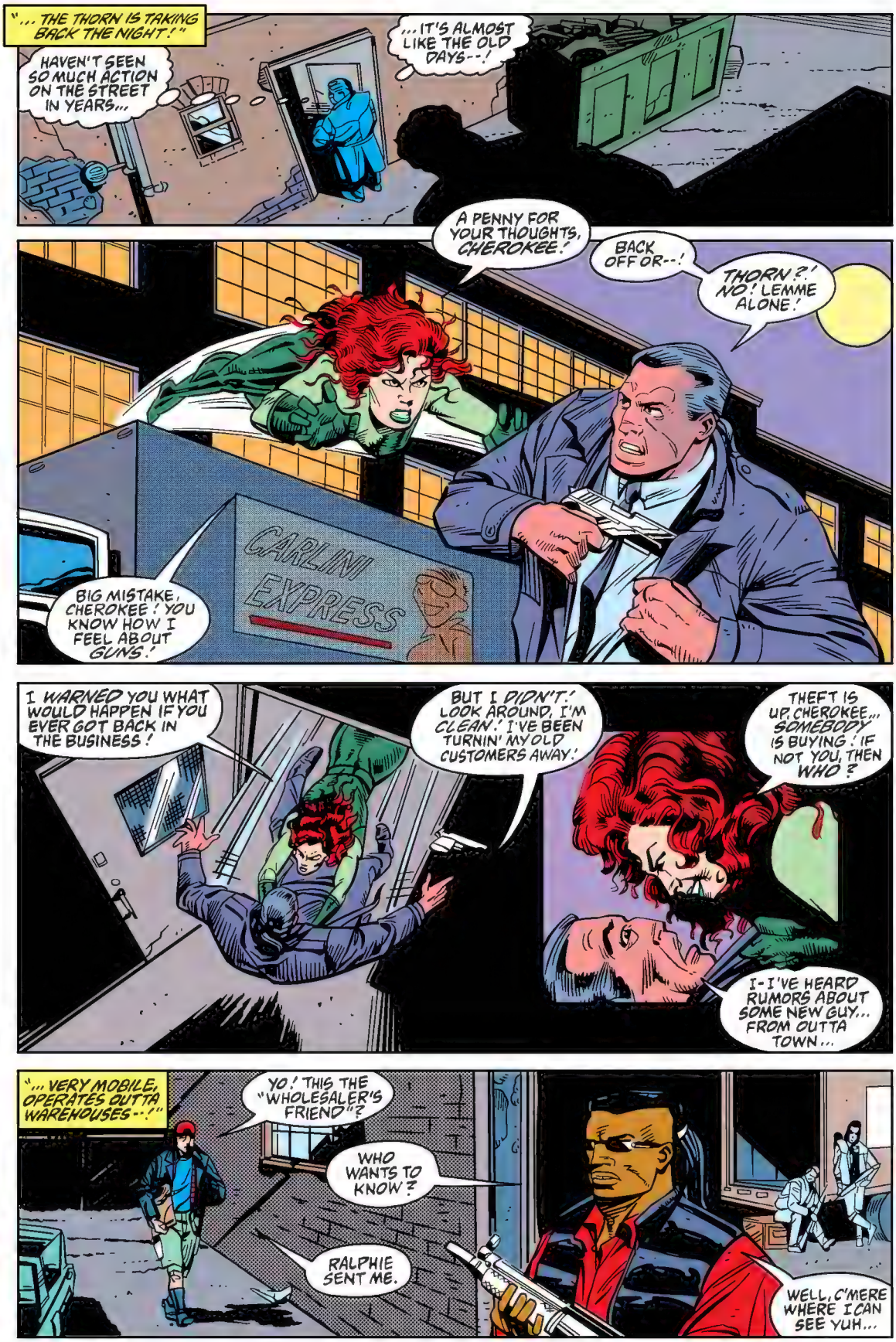
STOP--
--OR I'LL STOP YOU!
WHU--?!
GEYAARGH!

STOP WHINING! YOU'LL LIVE.
AND AS FOR YOU--!
OH, MAN--!

YOUR FRIEND CLAIMED TO KNOW MEN WHO COULD FENCE STOLEN GOODS... DO YOU BELIEVE THAT?
S-SURE, WHY NOT--?
THE TRUTH!
N-NO. PAULIE'S ALWAYS FULLA HOT AIR. H-HE'S SMALL TIME... WE BOTH ARE.

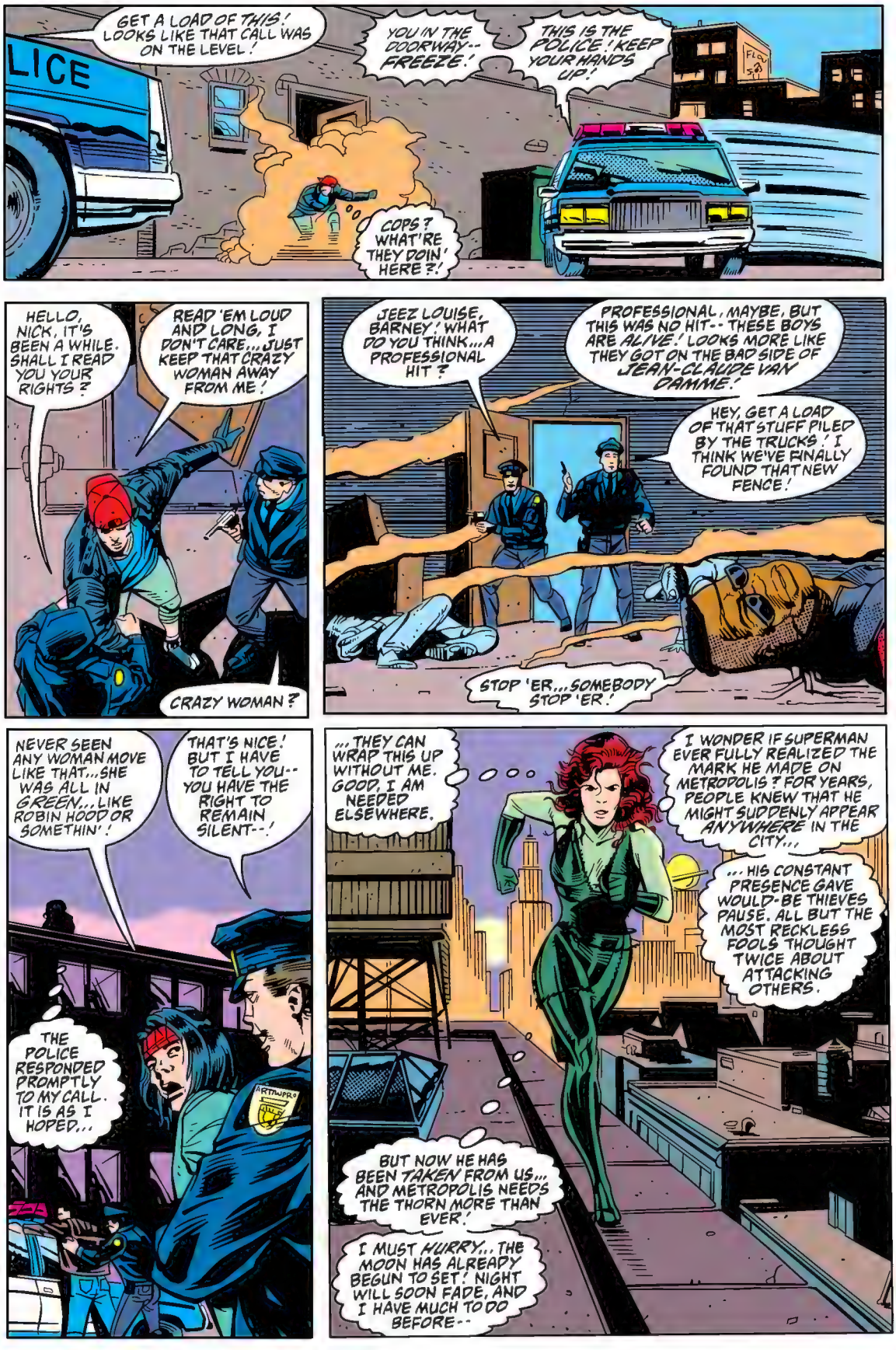

ONLY FENCE EITHER OF US KNOWS IS THE CHEROKEE... HE WORKS OUTTA SULLIVAN'S ALLEY. THAT'S WORD--YOU GOTTA BELIEVE ME!


I'LL SEE THAT THIS PURSE IS RETURNED TO ITS OWNER.
SEE THAT YOU NEVER STEAL ANOTHER! I'LL BE WATCHING!
TELL YOUR FRIENDS... TELL ALL YOUR FRIENDS...


"... THE THORN IS TAKING BACK THE NIGHT!"
HAVEN'T SEEN SO MUCH ACTION ON THE STREET IN YEARS...
...IT'S ALMOST LIKE THE OLD DAYS--!
A PENNY FOR YOUR THOUGHTS, CHEROKEE!
BACK OFF OR--!
THORN?! NO! LEMME ALONE!
CARLINI EXPRESS
BIG MISTAKE, CHEROKEE! YOU KNOW HOW I FEEL ABOUT GUNS!
I WARNED YOU WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF YOU EVER GOT BACK IN THE BUSINESS!
BUT I DIDN'T! LOOK AROUND, I'M CLEAN! I'VE BEEN TURNIN' MY OLD CUSTOMERS AWAY!
THEFT IS UP, CHEROKEE... SOMEBODY IS BUYING! IF NOT YOU, THEN WHO?
I-I'VE HEARD RUMORS ABOUT SOME NEW GUY... FROM OUTTA TOWN...
"... VERY MOBILE, OPERATES OUTTA WAREHOUSES--!"
YO! THIS THE "WHOLESALER'S FRIEND"?
WHO WANTS TO KNOW?
RALPHIE SENT ME.
WELL, C'MERE WHERE I CAN SEE YUH...

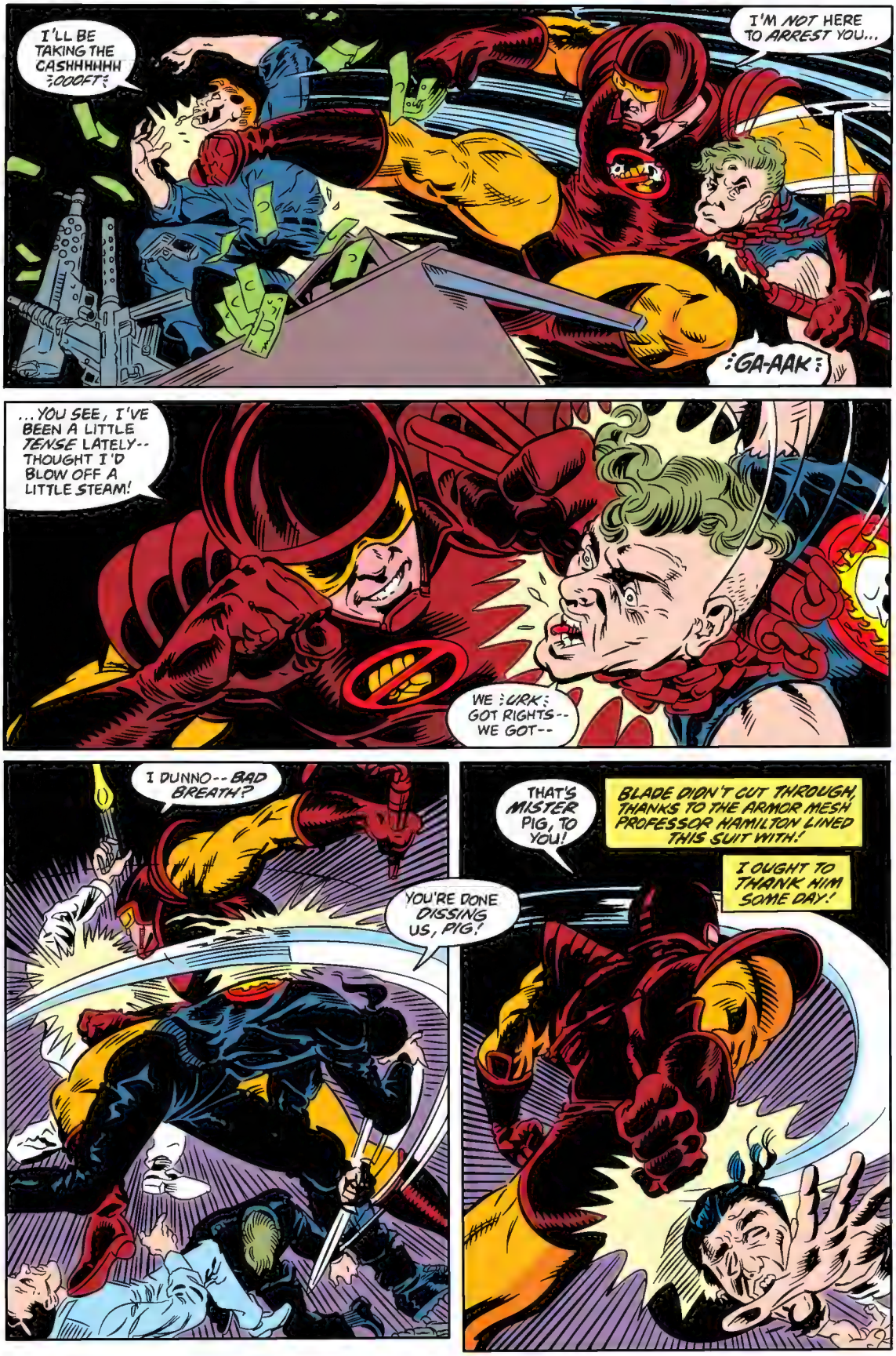
"... IF YUH PASS MUSTER, I'LL LET YUH IN FOR THE BLUE LIGHT SPECIAL!"
UH, RALPHIE SENT--!
YEAH, YEAH-- WE HEARD, PUNK.
SALESMEN SPEAK WITH THE MANAGER... HE'S IN HIS "OFFICE!"
HELLO?
YEAH? WHADDAYA WANT?
I-I GOT A VCR HERE.
IZZAT SO? WELL, LEMME SEE IT.
YESSIR! I THINK YER GONNA LIKE THIS--'S GOT ONSCREEN PROGRAMMING AN' THE WORKS!
AN' I CAN GET MORE JUST LIKE IT! LOTS...
...MORE?
THAT'S VERY INTERESTING.
JUST SET IT DOWN THERE... NICE AND SLOW!
THE USUAL MANAGER IS ALL TIED UP JUST NOW. I'M TAKING OVER!

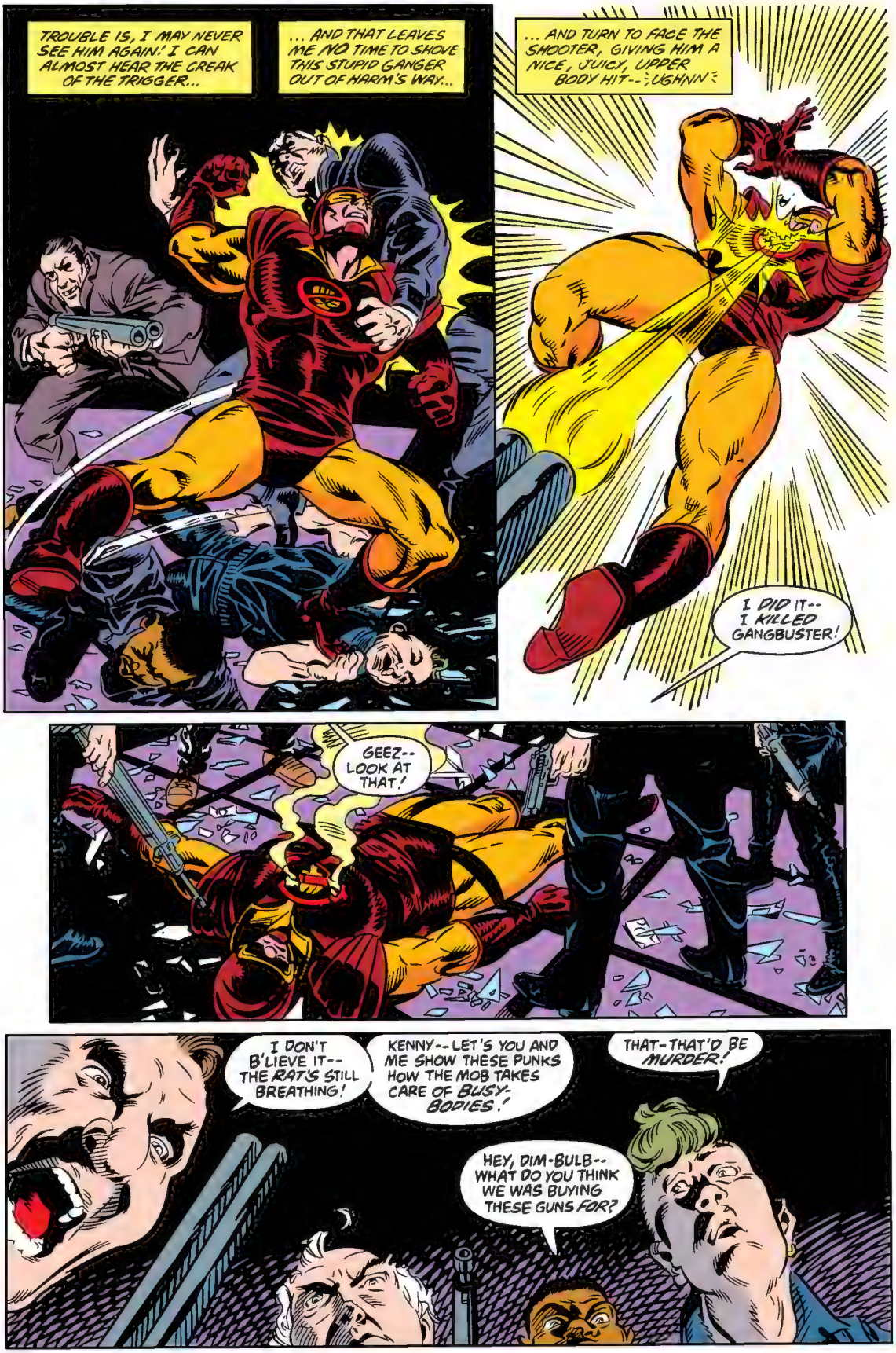
WHOK!
T.V.
HSSS
WHAT THE--?!
BDAM
SOMEBODY GOT TO THE BOSS! THEY'RE GASSIN' US!
DON'T SHOOT, FOOL! YOU'LL HIT ONE'A US!
THIS AIN'T GAS. IT'S JUST... SMOKE!
WHERE'S THE DOOR?!
HOW SHOULD I KNOW? YOU'D NEED NIGHT-VISION GOGGLES TO SEE THROUGH THIS PEA SOUP!
THAT'S THE WHOLE IDEA!
THWOK!
BDAM
HEY, I SAID DON'T SHOOT! WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU?!


GET A LOAD OF THIS! LOOKS LIKE THAT CALL WAS ON THE LEVEL!
LICE
YOU IN THE DOORWAY-- FREEZE!
THIS IS THE POLICE! KEEP YOUR HANDS UP!
COPS? WHAT'RE THEY DOIN' HERE?!
HELLO, NICK, IT'S BEEN A WHILE. SHALL I READ YOU YOUR RIGHTS?
READ 'EM LOUD AND LONG, I DON'T CARE... JUST KEEP THAT CRAZY WOMAN AWAY FROM ME!
CRAZY WOMAN?
JEEZ LOUISE, BARNEY! WHAT DO YOU THINK... A PROFESSIONAL HIT?
PROFESSIONAL, MAYBE, BUT THIS WAS NO HIT-- THESE BOYS ARE ALIVE! LOOKS MORE LIKE THEY GOT ON THE BAD SIDE OF JEAN-CLAUDE VAN DAMME!
HEY, GET A LOAD OF THAT STUFF PILED BY THE TRUCKS! I THINK WE'VE FINALLY FOUND THAT NEW FENCE!
STOP 'ER... SOMEBODY STOP 'ER!
NEVER SEEN ANY WOMAN MOVE LIKE THAT... SHE WAS ALL IN GREEN... LIKE ROBIN HOOD OR SOMETHIN'!
THAT'S NICE! BUT I HAVE TO TELL YOU-- YOU HAVE THE RIGHT TO REMAIN SILENT--!
THE POLICE RESPONDED PROMPTLY TO MY CALL. IT IS AS I HOPED...
...THEY CAN WRAP THIS UP WITHOUT ME. GOOD, I AM NEEDED ELSEWHERE.
I WONDER IF SUPERMAN EVER FULLY REALIZED THE MARK HE MADE ON METROPOLIS? FOR YEARS, PEOPLE KNEW THAT HE MIGHT SUDDENLY APPEAR ANYWHERE IN THE CITY...
...HIS CONSTANT PRESENCE GAVE WOULD-BE THIEVES PAUSE. ALL BUT THE MOST RECKLESS FOOLS THOUGHT TWICE ABOUT ATTACKING OTHERS.
BUT NOW HE HAS BEEN TAKEN FROM US... AND METROPOLIS NEEDS THE THORN MORE THAN EVER!
I MUST HURRY... THE MOON HAS ALREADY BEGUN TO SET! NIGHT WILL SOON FADE, AND I HAVE MUCH TO DO BEFORE--

"--THE MORNING LIGHT."
WH-WHAT--?! THE ALARM--?
NO... THE PHONE! WHO WOULD BE CALLING AT THIS HOUR?
RRING RRING
THIS'S SGT. FLANDERS AT THE 5TH PRECINCT, MS. FORREST. SORRY TO BOTHER YOU SO EARLY, BUT I THOUGHT YOU'D LIKE TO KNOW THAT WE CAUGHT THE MAN WHO BROKE INTO YOUR PLACE--
--AND RECOVERED YOUR VCR!
THAT'S WONDERFUL, SERGEANT. YOUR MEN CERTAINLY WORK FAST!
I'M AFRAID WE CAN'T TAKE ALL THE CREDIT, MA'AM. IT SEEMS THAT WE HAD SOME HELP FROM THE THORN!
THE THORN? SHE'S THAT STRANGE VIGILANTE WHO HELPED CAPTURE DADDY'S KILLERS... BUT THAT WAS YEARS AGO!
WHY HAS SHE COME BACK AFTER ALL THAT TIME?
OH! WHAT'S THIS?!
Do not fear! The strong will ever protect the meek!
--The Thorn
SHE... SHE WAS HERE! BUT HOW? THE BARS, THE LOCKS HAVEN'T BEEN TOUCHED!
AND WHY WOULD THE THORN CARE ABOUT ME? I... I JUST DON'T UNDERSTAND.
THE END

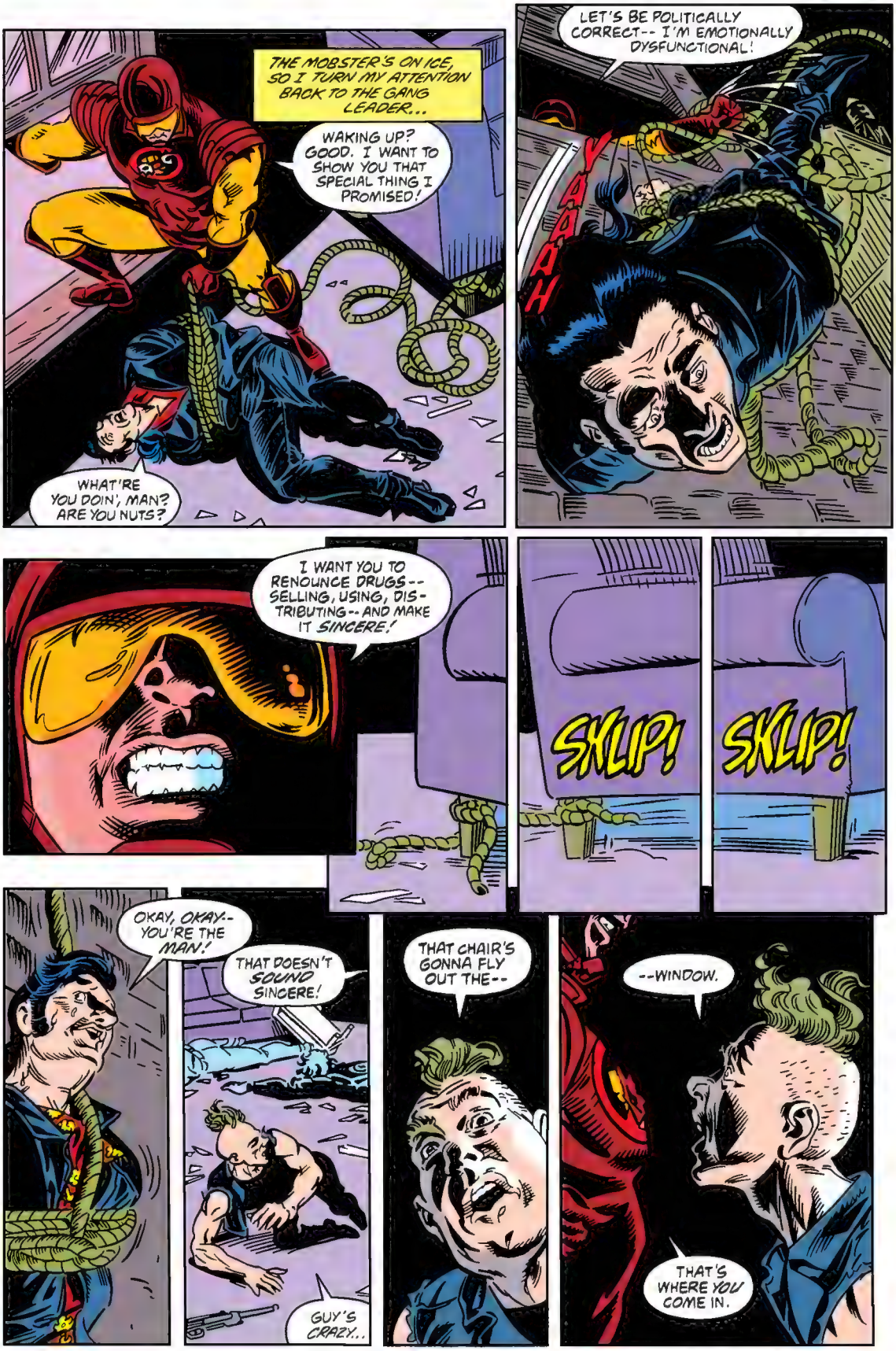
GANGBUSTER
OF SUICIDE SLUM
ARE THE CUB SCOUTS PLANNING A HUNTING PARTY?
GRAB A GUN-- LET'S TEST THESE WEAPONS ON A MOVING TARGET!
DENNIS JANKE
PENCILLER
MIKE MACHLAN
INKER
JERRY ORDWAY
WRITER
GLENN WHITMORE
COLORIST
COSTANZA & DE GUZMAN
LETTERERS


I'LL BE TAKING THE CASHHHHHH :OOOFT:
I'M NOT HERE TO ARREST YOU...
:GA-AAK:
...YOU SEE, I'VE BEEN A LITTLE TENSE LATELY-- THOUGHT I'D BLOW OFF A LITTLE STEAM!
WE :URK: GOT RIGHTS-- WE GOT--
I DUNNO-- BAD BREATH?
YOU'RE DONE DISSING US, PIG!
THAT'S MISTER PIG, TO YOU!
BLADE DIDN'T CUT THROUGH, THANKS TO THE ARMOR MESH PROFESSOR HAMILTON LINED THIS SUIT WITH!
I OUGHT TO THANK HIM SOME DAY!


TROUBLE IS, I MAY NEVER SEE HIM AGAIN! I CAN ALMOST HEAR THE CREAK OF THE TRIGGER...
... AND THAT LEAVES ME NO TIME TO SHOVE THIS STUPID GANGER OUT OF HARM'S WAY...
... AND TURN TO FACE THE SHOOTER, GIVING HIM A NICE, JUICY, UPPER BODY HIT--; UGHNN!
I DID IT-- I KILLED GANGBUSTER!
GEEZ-- LOOK AT THAT!
I DON'T B'LIEVE IT-- THE RAT'S STILL BREATHING!
KENNY--LET'S YOU AND ME SHOW THESE PUNKS HOW THE MOB TAKES CARE OF BUSY-BODIES!
THAT-THAT'D BE MURDER!
HEY, DIM-BULB-- WHAT DO YOU THINK WE WAS BUYING THESE GUNS FOR?

THE SHOTGUN BLAST KNOCKED THE WIND RIGHT OUT OF ME!
THEY PROBABLY COULD HAVE BREACHED MY ARMOR PLATING AT POINT-BLANK RANGE, BUT THEY MISSED THAT OPPORTUNITY!
I WON'T GIVE THEM ANOTHER ONE!

MY ELBOW CONNECTS WITH HIS JAW -- OR NOSE.
SOMETHING BROKE, BUT I DON'T REALLY CARE.
THIS ONE'S MOB -- BUT NOT THE ONE I WANT!
THE REST OF THEM FALL LIKE A HOUSE OF CARDS.
YOU HOLD ON, SLICK -- I'VE GOT SOMETHING PLANNED FOR YOU!
=UGHNNN=
STAY BACK!
NO FIGHT LEFT IN YOU?
LOSE YOUR GUN?
I GIVE UP -- THIS AIN'T WORTH GETTING BEAT UP OVER! CALL THE COPS!
YOUR LAWYER'LL HAVE YOU FREED IN MINUTES!
NO, I'M AFRAID WE'LL BE DOING THIS MY WAY, SO START COUNTING BACKWARDS FROM A HUNDRED...
... I'M PUTTING YOUR LIGHTS OUT, PIN-STRIPES!

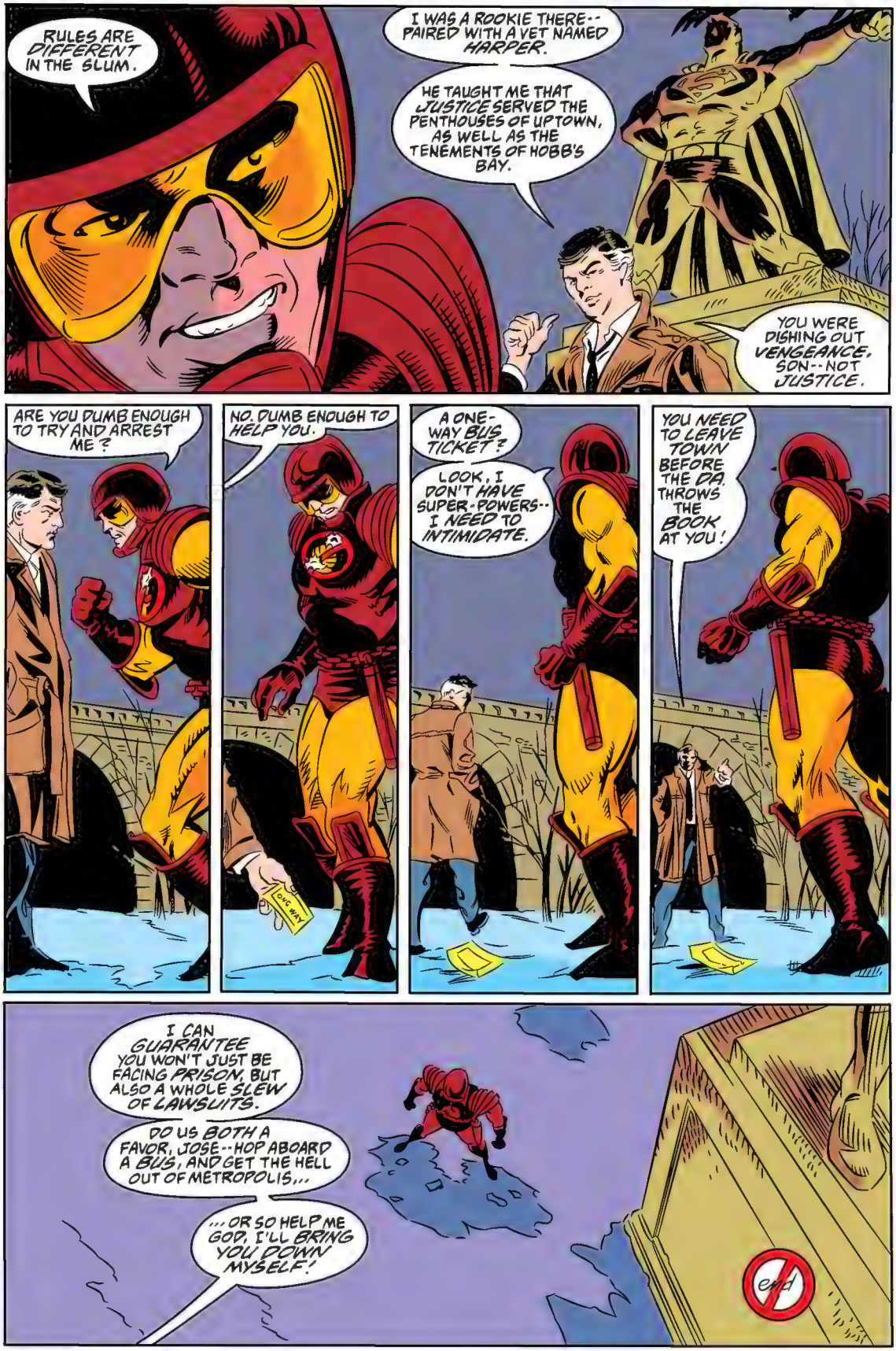

THE MOBSTER'S ON ICE, SO I TURN MY ATTENTION BACK TO THE GANG LEADER...
WAKING UP? GOOD. I WANT TO SHOW YOU THAT SPECIAL THING I PROMISED!
WHAT'RE YOU DOIN', MAN? ARE YOU NUTS?
LET'S BE POLITICALLY CORRECT-- I'M EMOTIONALLY DYSFUNCTIONAL!
AAAH
I WANT YOU TO RENOUNCE DRUGS-- SELLING, USING, DISTRIBUTING-- AND MAKE IT SINCERE!
SKLIP!
SKLIP!
OKAY, OKAY-- YOU'RE THE MAN!
THAT DOESN'T SOUND SINCERE!
GUY'S CRAZY..
THAT CHAIR'S GONNA FLY OUT THE--
--WINDOW.
THAT'S WHERE YOU COME IN.

:UNNFF:
TAKE A SEAT!
"THE KID'S WEIGHT STOPS THE CHAIR FROM FLYING OUT THE WINDOW. THIS WILL BE A TEST OF GANG LOYALTY."
YANK!
OH MAN OH MAN-- WHY DON'T YOU GO BUST SOME SUPER-VILLAINS?
THIS IS MORE FUN.
ALL THAT STANDS BETWEEN YOU AND THE PAVEMENT IS "SPARKY" HERE!
MR. GANG LEADER BETTER HOPE YOU'RE LOYAL ENOUGH TO SIT HERE UNTIL THE POLICE ARRIVE!
WHUD
:UGHHH:
WH- WHERE ARE YOU GOING? DON'T LEAVE ME HERE! WHAT IF THE ROPE LOOSENS?
THAT COULD HAPPEN. THE LEG COULD PULL OFF THE CHAIR TOO.
I'D SIT REAL STILL IF I WERE YOU.

YOU KNOW I'M NOT STRONG, MAN. I DON'T WANNA GO TO JAIL--MY MOM DON'T KNOW I HANG OUT WITH YOU GUYS!
DON'T LEAVE ME, DIM-- PAL.
AWW, FOR CRYING OUT LOUD!
RY-INNG
LISTEN TO ME, DIM-BULB--YOU'D BETTER NOT LET ME FALL!
HE'S GONE NOW. CAN YOU PULL ME IN?
YEAH, THIS IS HENDERSON.
GANGBUSTER? LOOK, I'M NOT ABOUT TO PLAY COMMISSIONER GORDON TO YOUR BATMAN. SKYVIEW APARTMENTS?
HE WANTS A TRACE?
LOOK, I CAN'T MAKE ANY ARREST STICK...
WE GOT IT.
...WHEN YOU BEAT THE PERPS SENSELESS! LOOK, FELLA, I THINK YOU'VE LOST IT...

...I MEAN, YOU'VE HOSPITALIZED A COUPLE DOZEN SMALL-TIME HOODS IN THE PAST WEEK...
...AND WE COULDN'T PRESS CHARGES, SO THEY ALL WALKED--AT LEAST THE ONES WHO STILL COULD!
HELLO? HELLO?
BETTER RADIO INSPECTOR HENDERSON, AND TELL HIM HIS BIRD FLEW THE COOP!
THANKS, ANYWAYS, GUYS. SAY, WHY DON'T YOU SWING BY THE SKYVIEW APARTMENTS, AND SEE WHAT GANGBUSTER LEFT US!
I'VE GOT AN IDEA WHERE TO FIND HIM.
CALL MY WIFE, MADDIE, AND TELL HER I'LL BE LATE FOR DINNER.
AGAIN?
THAT'S EVERY DAY THIS WEEK!
WHAT'RE YOU--MY MOTHER-IN-LAW?
I'M PROBABLY ONE OF THE FEW PEOPLE WHO REMEMBER THE MAN INSIDE THE GANGBUSTER PERSONA--JOSE DELGADO.
THE GUY'S HAD ENOUGH TRAGEDY TO FILL A SOAP OPERA, YET HE'S NEVER TURNED HIS BACK ON SUICIDE SLUM...

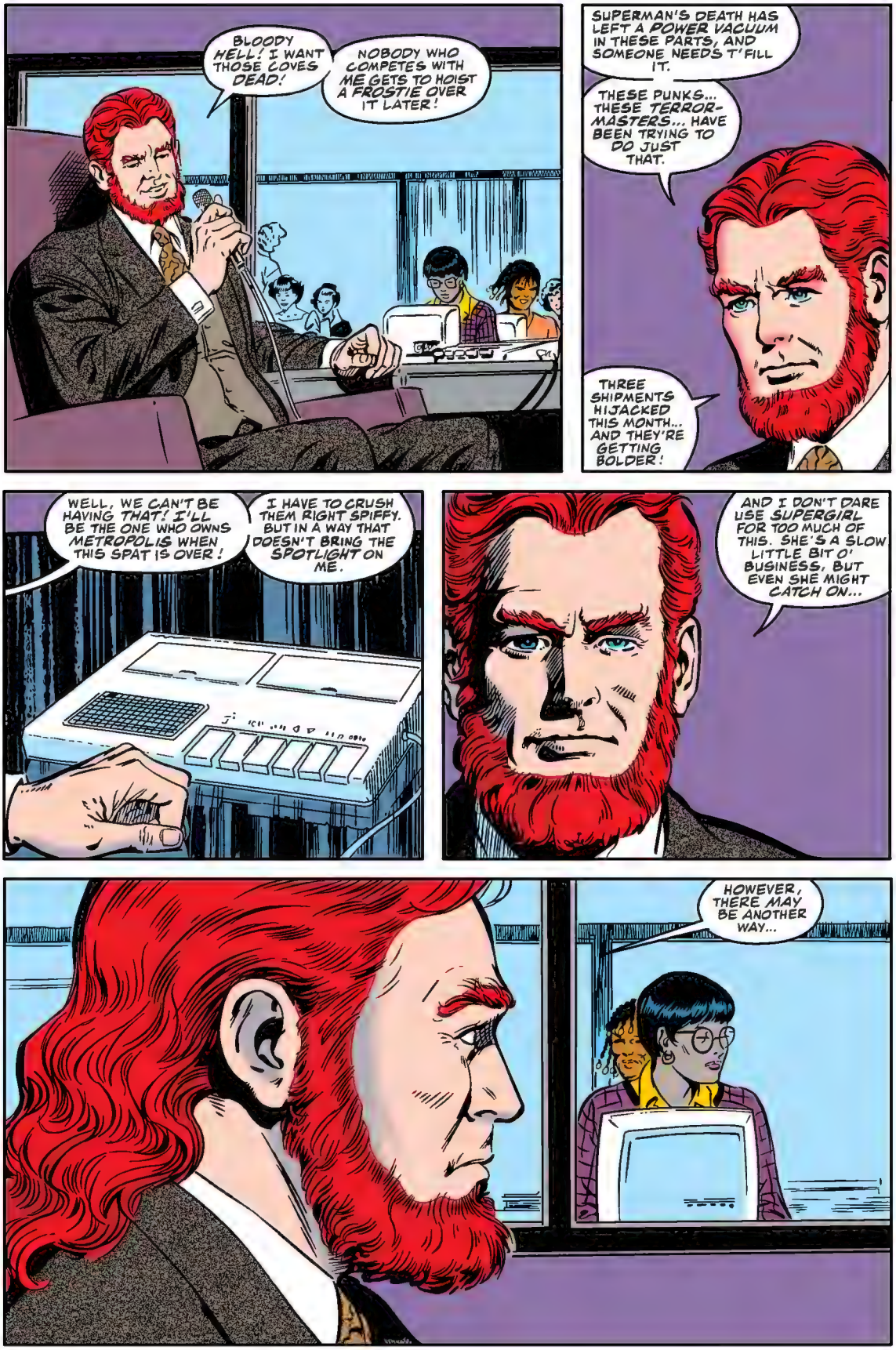
"...I DON'T KNOW IF HE'S THE MOST STUPID MAN ON THE PLANET, OR THE BRAVEST.
"AND WHILE I DON'T CONDONE THIS VIOLENT SPREE HE'S ON, I CAN'T STAND BY AND WATCH HIM BE CONSUMED BY IT.'"
I MADE A BUSINESS CARD FOR YOU, "PIN-STRIPES." I HOPE, SOMEHOW, THAT YOU'RE EMBARRASSED BY IT!
THAT WOULD MAKE ME FEEL BETTER.
I SELL GUNS TO CHILDREN!
HAD A HUNCH YOU'D BE HERE.
HENDERSON? STAY BACK, OR--
KEEP YOUR SHORTS ON--THIS IS A FRIENDLY VISIT.
I HAVE ITON GOOD AUTHORITY THAT SOME OF YOUR "VICTIMS" WILL BE PRESSING CRIMINAL CHARGES AGAINST YOU.
I KNOW YOU'RE JOSE DELGADO, AND IT WON'T TAKE THE DA VERY LONG TO PUT TWO AND TWO TOGETHER, EITHER!
LOOK, I KNOW SOME OF THOSE CROOKS DESERVED WHAT YOU GAVE THEM, BUT THAT'S NOT HOW WE DO BUSINESS HERE.
;UNNNN;
WAKING UP? GOOD.


RULES ARE DIFFERENT IN THE SLUM.
I WAS A ROOKIE THERE-- PAIRED WITH A VET NAMED HARPER.
HE TAUGHT ME THAT JUSTICE SERVED THE PENTHOUSES OF UPTOWN, AS WELL AS THE TENEMENTS OF HOBB'S BAY.
YOU WERE DISHING OUT VENGEANCE, SON--NOT JUSTICE.
ARE YOU DUMB ENOUGH TO TRY AND ARREST ME?
NO. DUMB ENOUGH TO HELP YOU.
ONE WAY
A ONE-WAY BUS TICKET?
LOOK, I DON'T HAVE SUPER-POWERS-- I NEED TO INTIMIDATE.
YOU NEED TO LEAVE TOWN BEFORE THE DA THROWS THE BOOK AT YOU!
I CAN GUARANTEE YOU WON'T JUST BE FACING PRISON, BUT ALSO A WHOLE SLEW OF LAWSUITS.
DO US BOTH A FAVOR, JOSE--HOP ABOARD A BUS, AND GET THE HELL OUT OF METROPOLIS,,,
,,, OR SO HELP ME GOD, I'LL BRING YOU DOWN MYSELF!
end

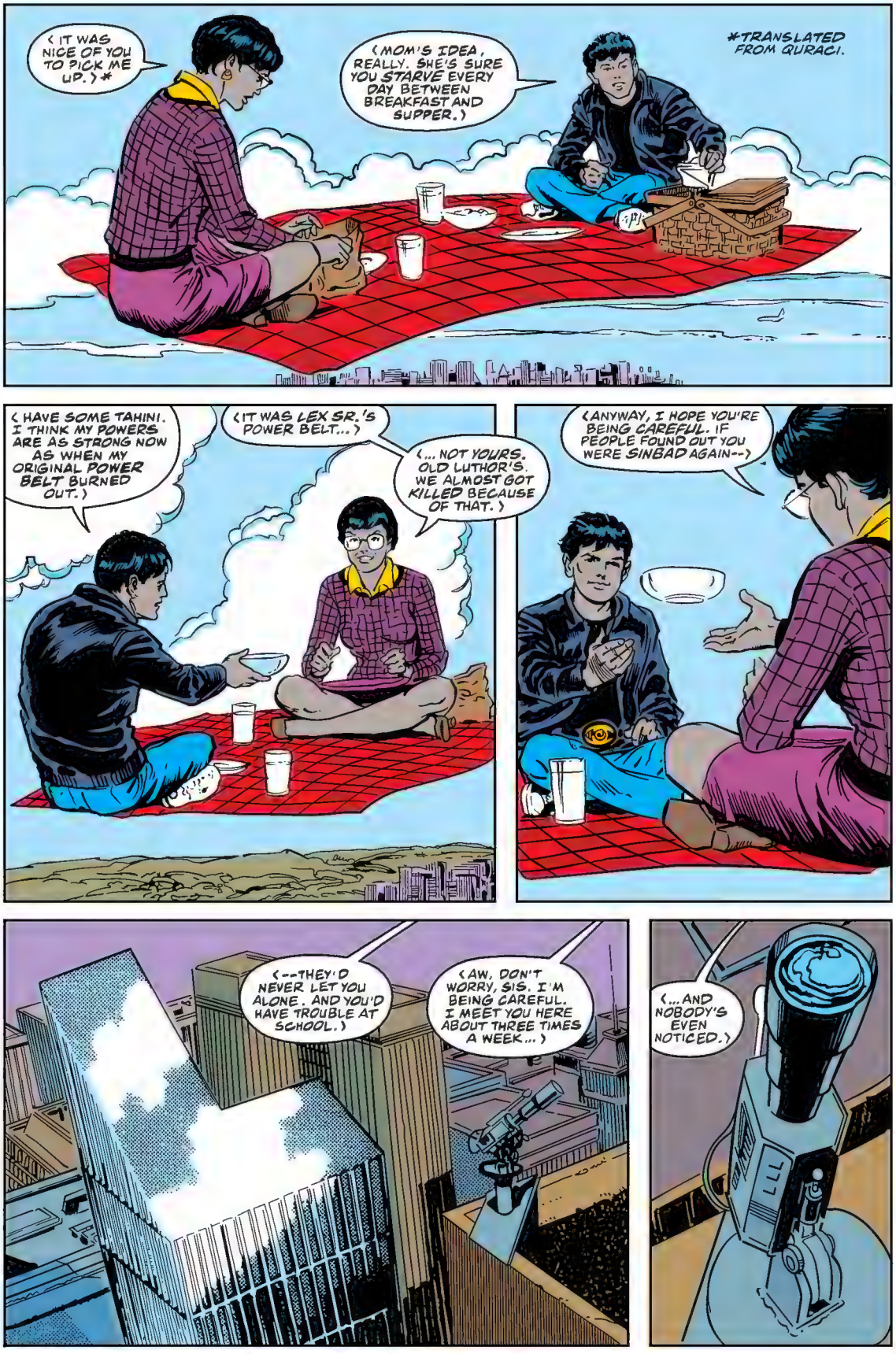
FUNERAL PYRES!

WILLIAM MESSNER-LOEBS WRITER • CURT SWAN PENCILLER • JOSEF RUBINSTEIN INKER • BILL OAKLEY LETTERER • GLENN WHITMORE COLORIST

LEXCORP. A NORMAL DAY, IF ANY DAY IN METROPOLIS CAN BE CONSIDERED NORMAL THESE DAYS.
HI, LEX.
HI, LEX.
HI, LEX.
HI, LEX.
HI, LEX.
YOUNG LEX IS CERTAINLY MUCH NICER THAN HIS FATHER WAS!
WHEN HE TOOK OVER LEXCORP, HE CALLED ME UP ESPECIALLY TO APOLOGIZE FOR HIS FATHER'S ATTACKS ON OUR FAMILY WHEN DAVOOD WAS SINBAD.
HE EVEN OFFERED ME MY OLD JOB, AND WITH A RAISE!
HI, LEX.
HE IS SUCH A NICE MAN.

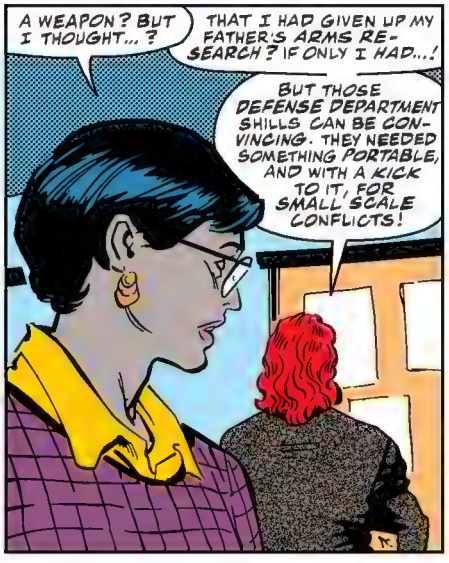

BLOODY HELL! I WANT THOSE LOVES DEAD!
NOBODY WHO COMPETES WITH ME GETS TO HOIST A FROSTIE OVER IT LATER!
SUPERMAN'S DEATH HAS LEFT A POWER VACUUM IN THESE PARTS, AND SOMEONE NEEDS T' FILL IT.
THESE PUNKS... THESE TERROR-MASTERS... HAVE BEEN TRYING TO DO JUST THAT.
THREE SHIPMENTS HIJACKED THIS MONTH... AND THEY'RE GETTING BOLDER!
WELL, WE CAN'T BE HAVING THAT! I'LL BE THE ONE WHO OWNS METROPOLIS WHEN THIS SPAT IS OVER!
I HAVE TO CRUSH THEM RIGHT SPIFFY. BUT IN A WAY THAT DOESN'T BRING THE SPOTLIGHT ON ME.
AND I DON'T DARE USE SUPERGIRL FOR TOO MUCH OF THIS. SHE'S A SLOW LITTLE BIT O' BUSINESS, BUT EVEN SHE MIGHT CATCH ON...
HOWEVER, THERE MAY BE ANOTHER WAY...

I'M GOING TO TAKE MY LUNCH BREAK NOW, CLARICE. CAN YOU HANDLE MY CALLS?
SURE. IT'S SLOW. NO PROBLEMO...
'COURSE, THERE'S A BIG SHIPMENT OR SOMETHING COMING IN THIS MORNING THAT I HAVE TO SIGN FOR, 'CAUSE MS. PATRICK'S SICK...
BUT I GUESS I CAN MANAGE ON MY OWN...
POOR GIRL!
"A SECRETARY IN MY EMPLOY, SORAYA NASSUR, HAS A BROTHER WHO WAS THE METAHUMAN, SINBAD.
"HE ALLEGEDLY LOST HIS POWERS AND RETIRED...
"BUT MY INTELLIGENCE SAYS DIFFERENT."
HI, DAVOOD.

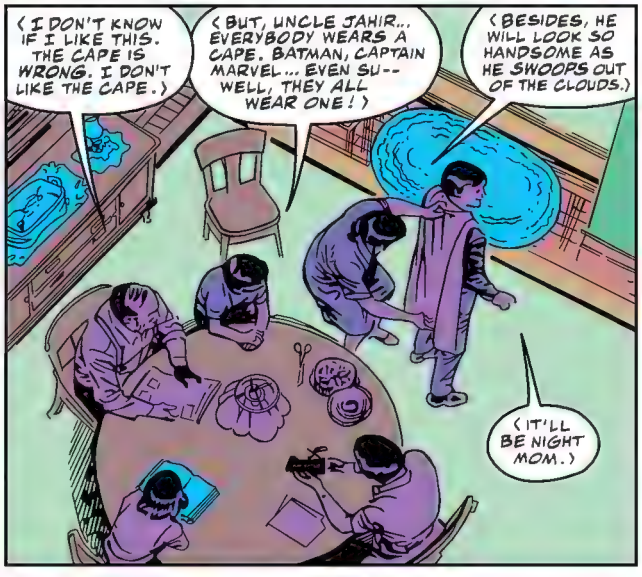

(IT WAS NICE OF YOU TO PICK ME UP.)*
(MOM'S IDEA, REALLY. SHE'S SURE YOU STARVE EVERY DAY BETWEEN BREAKFAST AND SUPPER.)
*TRANSLATED FROM QURAC'I.
(I HAVE SOME TAHINI. I THINK MY POWERS ARE AS STRONG NOW AS WHEN MY ORIGINAL POWER BELT BURNED OUT.)
(IT WAS LEX SR.'S POWER BELT...)
(... NOT YOURS. OLD LUTHOR'S. WE ALMOST GOT KILLED BECAUSE OF THAT.)
(ANYWAY, I HOPE YOU'RE BEING CAREFUL. IF PEOPLE FOUND OUT YOU WERE SINBAD AGAIN--)
(--THEY'D NEVER LET YOU ALONE. AND YOU'D HAVE TROUBLE AT SCHOOL.)
(AW, DON'T WORRY, SIS. I'M BEING CAREFUL. I MEET YOU HERE ABOUT THREE TIMES A WEEK...)
(... AND NOBODY'S EVEN NOTICED.)

HI, CLARICE. DID THE SHIPMENT ARRIVE?
THIS IS IT. ¡UHGH!¿ SURE IS HEAVY. I WONDER WHAT LEX... ?
EVERYBODY FREEZE!
WHAKM
NOBODY HAS T'GET HURT! WE JUST WANT TH' GUN!
OOPS... MY MASK...!
JAMES, THERE'S THE PACKAGE, AN' SHE'S TRYING TO TAKE IT!
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
CLARICE...!

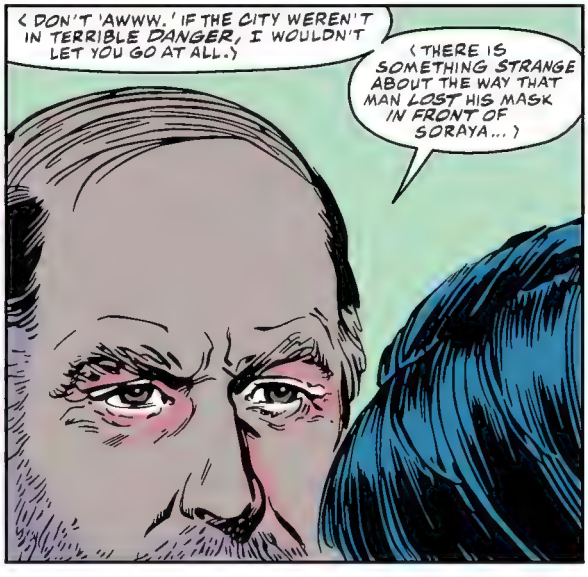
POOR CLARICE.
YES. I WONDER WHAT IN THOSE PACKAGES WAS SO IMPORTANT...?
ONLY... ONLY THE MOST TERRIBLE WEAPON EVER DEVELOPED!


A WEAPON? BUT I THOUGHT...?
THAT I HAD GIVEN UP MY FATHER'S ARMS RESEARCH? IF ONLY I HAD...!
BUT THOSE DEFENSE DEPARTMENT SHILLS CAN BE CONVINCING. THEY NEEDED SOMETHING PORTABLE, AND WITH A KICK TO IT, FOR SMALL SCALE CONFLICTS!

BUT NOW THE WORST GANG IN METROPOLIS, THE BLEEDIN' TERROR-MASTERS HAVE IT, AND THEY'LL RULE THE CITY... OR DESTROY IT!
STUPID... STUPID! WHAT HAVE I DONE?


(I DON'T KNOW IF I LIKE THIS. THE CAPE IS WRONG. I DON'T LIKE THE CAPE.)
(BUT, UNCLE JAHIR... EVERYBODY WEARS A CAPE. BATMAN, CAPTAIN MARVEL... EVEN SU-- WELL, THEY ALL WEAR ONE!)
(BESIDES, HE WILL LOOK SO HANDSOME AS HE SWOOPS OUT OF THE CLOUDS.)
(IT'LL BE NIGHT MOM.)

(NEVER MIND, "IT'LL BE NIGHT." THIS WAY, NO ONE WILL SEE WHO YOU ARE.)
(AWWW...)

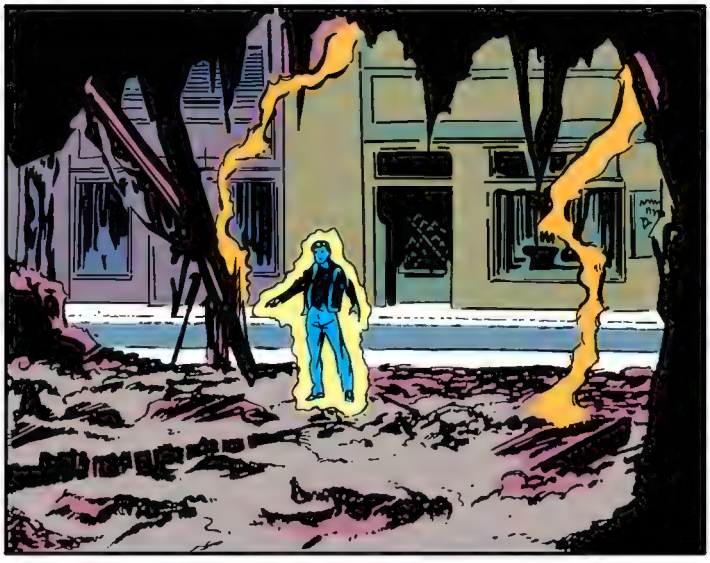

(DON'T 'AWWW.' IF THE CITY WEREN'T IN TERRIBLE DANGER, I WOULDN'T LET YOU GO AT ALL.)
(THERE IS SOMETHING STRANGE ABOUT THE WAY THAT MAN LOST HIS MASK IN FRONT OF SORAYA...)

〈THIS WHOLE AREA IS SO DESERTED AT NIGHT!〉
〈UNCLE JAHIR'S FRIEND SAYS THAT THIS IS WHERE THE TERRORMASTERS USUALLY MEET.〉
〈DO YOU SEE ANYTHING?〉
〈NO. NOTHING. MAYBE THEY AREN'T MEETING TONIGHT--WAIT...!〉
APE
〈THAT'S HIM! THAT'S THE MAN!〉
EX
HOW GOES IT, BOBBY?
PRETTY FINE. WE ALMOST GOT THIS THING TOGETHER.
WE GOT SOME OF THE PARTS BACKWARDS BEFORE, BUT NOW IT'S ALL FITTING RIGHT.
LOOKS DANGEROUS.
YEAH. OL' LUTHOR MUST BE SCARED DRY ABOUT NOW! IT WAS LUCKY FOR US WHEN YOU LEFT HIM!
YEAH, RIGHT. AND AT MIDNIGHT, I'M ON A PLANE AWAY FROM YOU LOSERS! LEX LUTHOR KNOWS HOW T'TAKE CARE OF A LOYAL EMPLOYEE!

WE C'N WASTE THE COPS AT A DISTANCE WITH THIS! AND BURN OUT BANKS BEFORE WE ROB 'EM! K-CHOWW! K-CHOWW!
HEY, BE CAREFUL, MAN, OR YOU'LL --
KZZZZZAAA
HHARRRCCZZZZZZ
JEEZ!
Y'KNOW WHAT? WE JUST BECAME THE MOST POWERFUL GANG IN METROPOLIS! WE C'N TAKE WHAT WE WANT! NOBODY C'N STOP US!
MAYBE. MAYBE NOT.

YOU'RE ALL UNDER ARREST.
LOOK, IT'S A TINY FLYING KID!
BLAM
BLAM BLAM
HE'S A DEAD FLYING KID!
DUMMY.
JEFF!
ONLY ONE CHANCE! NOW, WHILE HE'S NOT READY...
KZZAARCZz
OOOOF!
PRETTY GOOD, MATES!
HUH...?

A HOLOGRAM... BUILT INTO THE RAY CANNON...
YOU'VE SHOT OFF TWO FULL-POWER BLASTS, SO YOU'VE PROBABLY DESTROYED WHO-EVER I GULLED INTO ATTACKIN' YOU.
YOU'RE ALL THINKIN' YOU'RE COCK-OF-THE-WALK NOW, THE MOST POWERFUL TERRORISTS EVER.
PROBLEM IS, YOU'RE ALL GOING TO DIE IN AROUND THREE SECONDS.
G'DAY, MATES.
NOOO! NOT NOW! NOT ME...
KZZZAARRCZZ
BLAMM



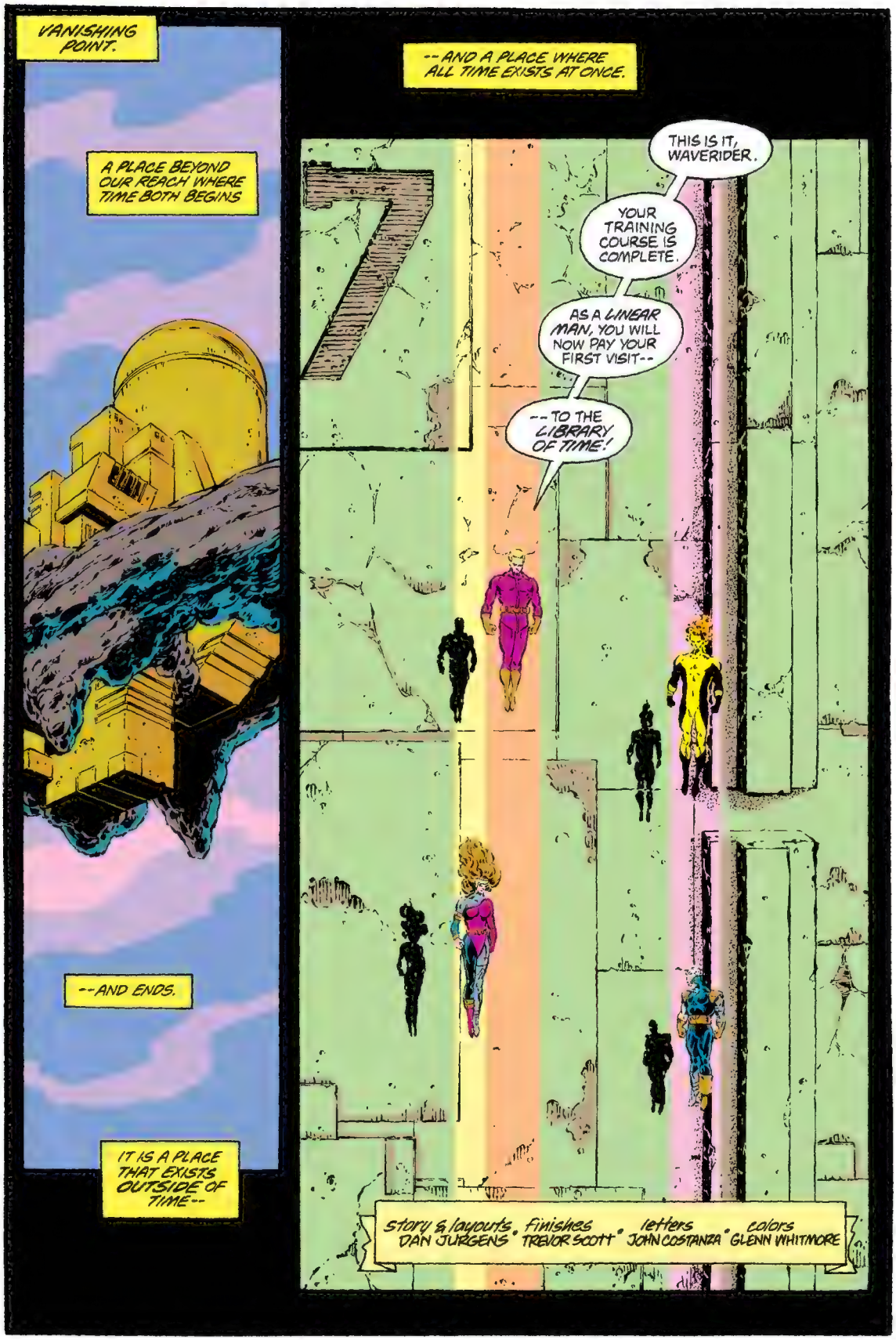
〈DAVOOD! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?〉
〈I... I THINK SO. THEY SHOT AT ME... KNOCKED ME OUT...〉

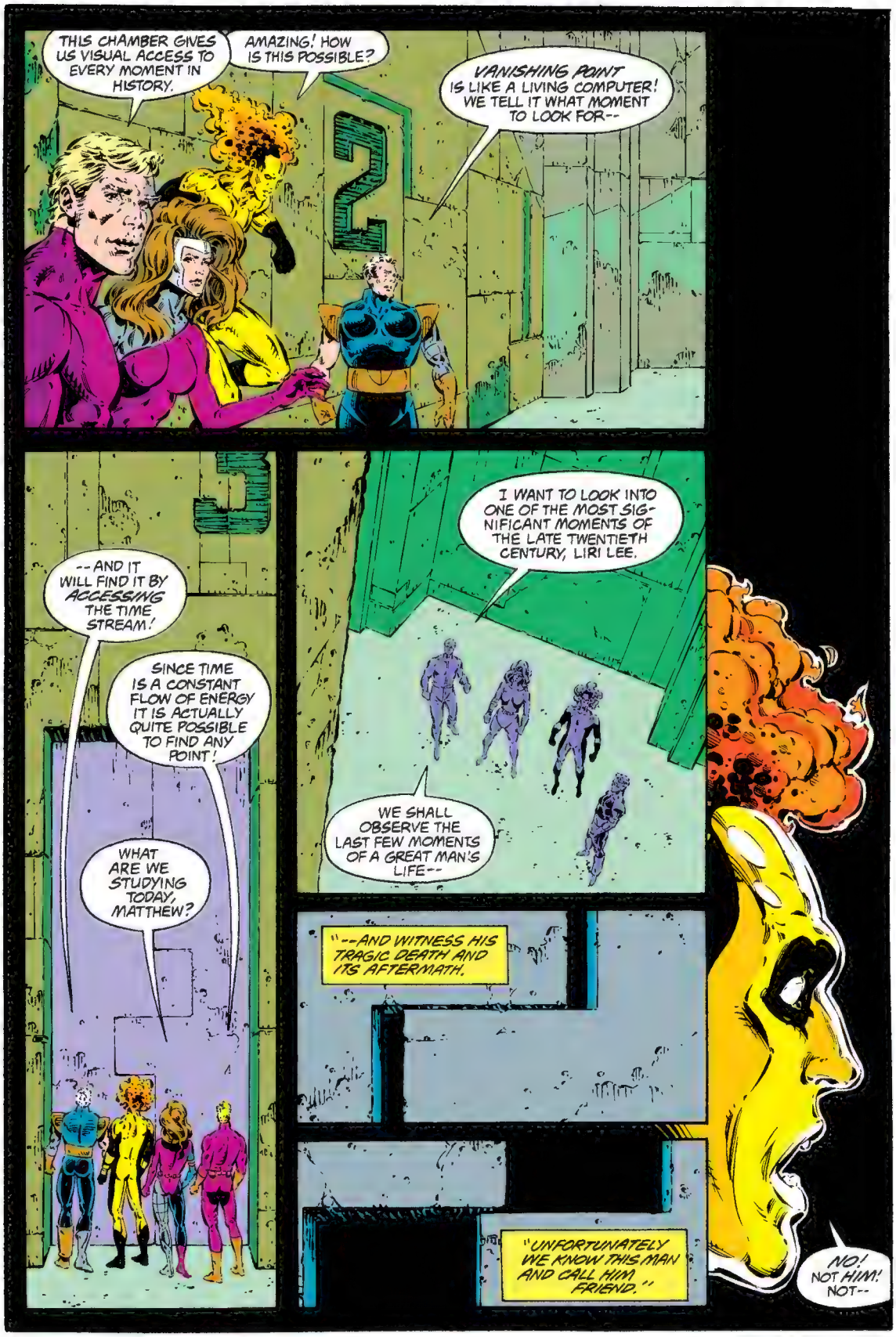
〈I COULD HEAR THEM TALKING... BUT IT WAS ALL SO BLURRY... THEN THERE WAS A BRIGHT FLASH OF LIGHT... I THREW UP MY SHIELD...〉
〈THEY MUST HAVE SHOT AT YOU AGAIN... AND WHEN YOU BLOCKED IT... IT EXPLODED! THEY DESTROYED THEMSELVES!〉

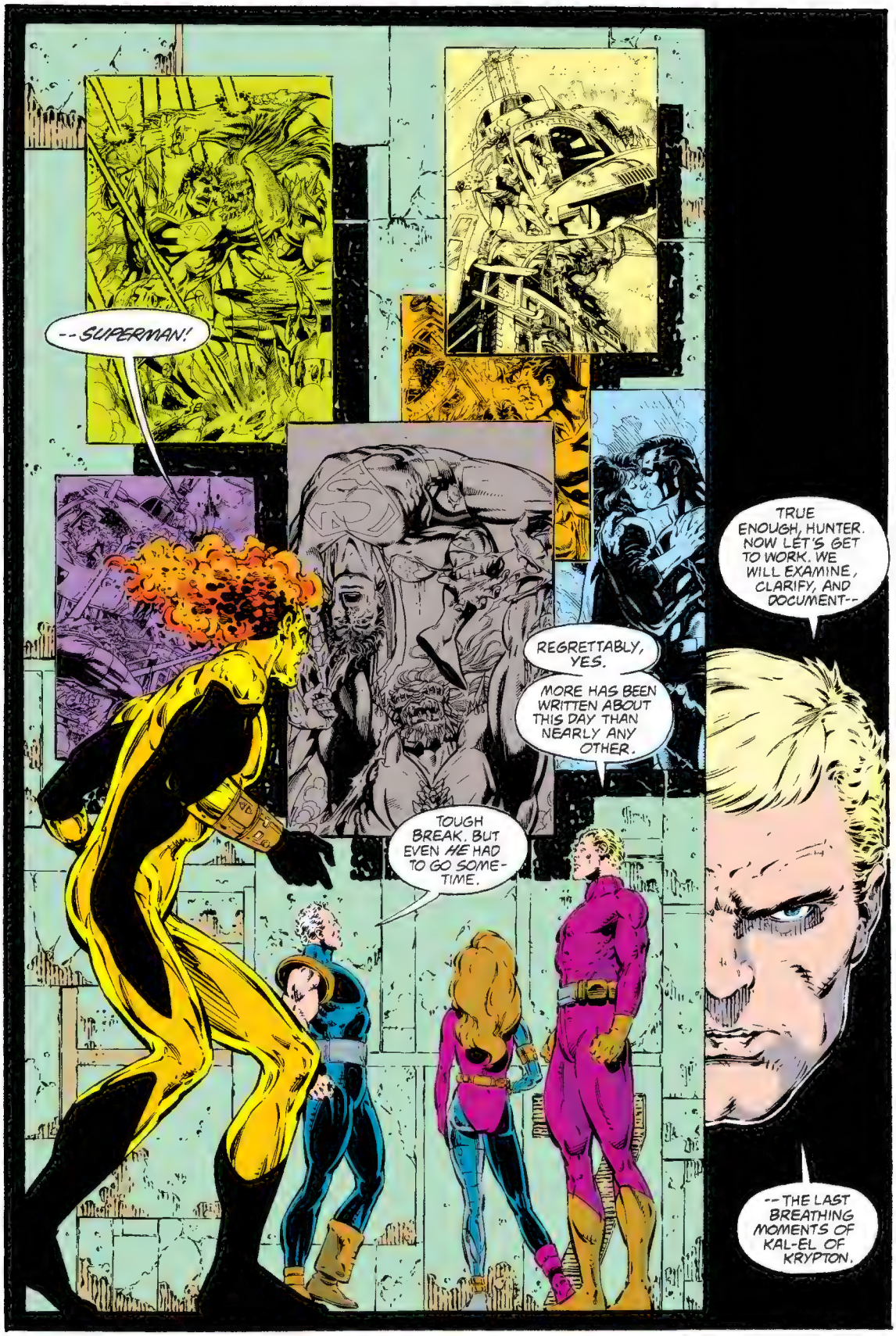
〈SUPERMAN WOULD HAVE KNOWN HOW TO STOP THEM WITHOUT KILLING THEM.〉
〈BUT AT LEAST THEY WON'T DESTROY THE CITY!〉

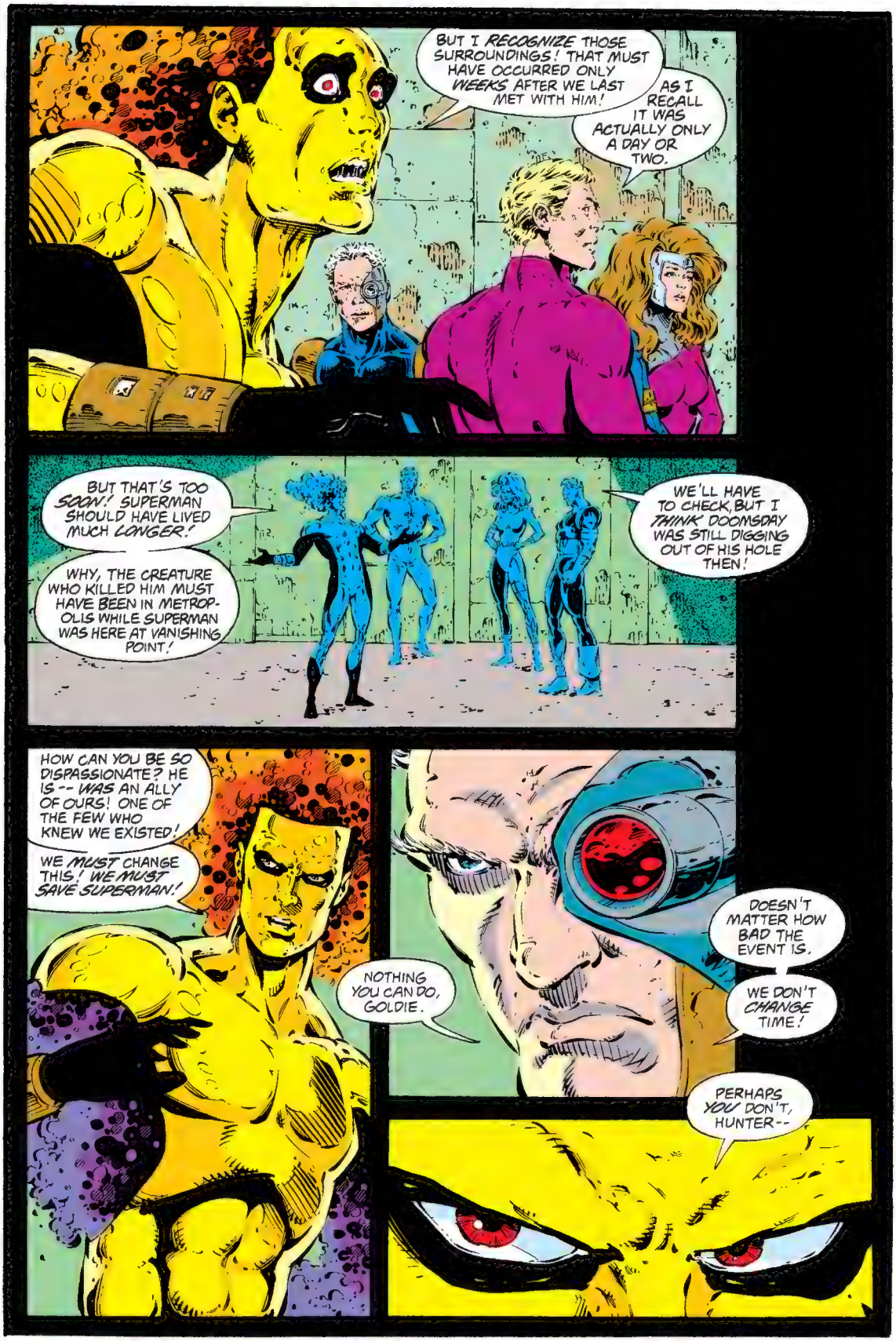
〈COME ON, SIS. LET'S GO HOME.〉

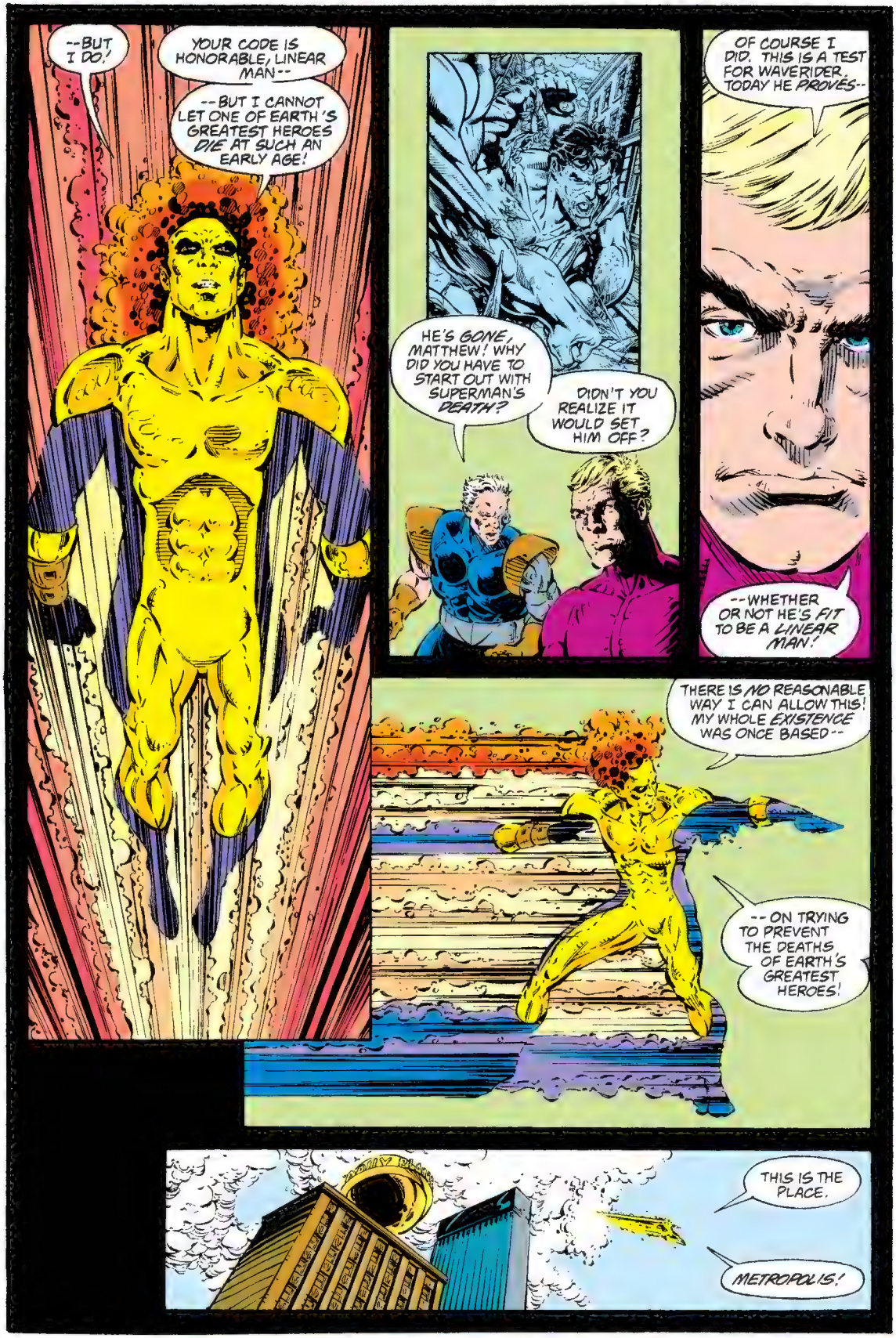
〈I'M REAL TIRED.〉
End

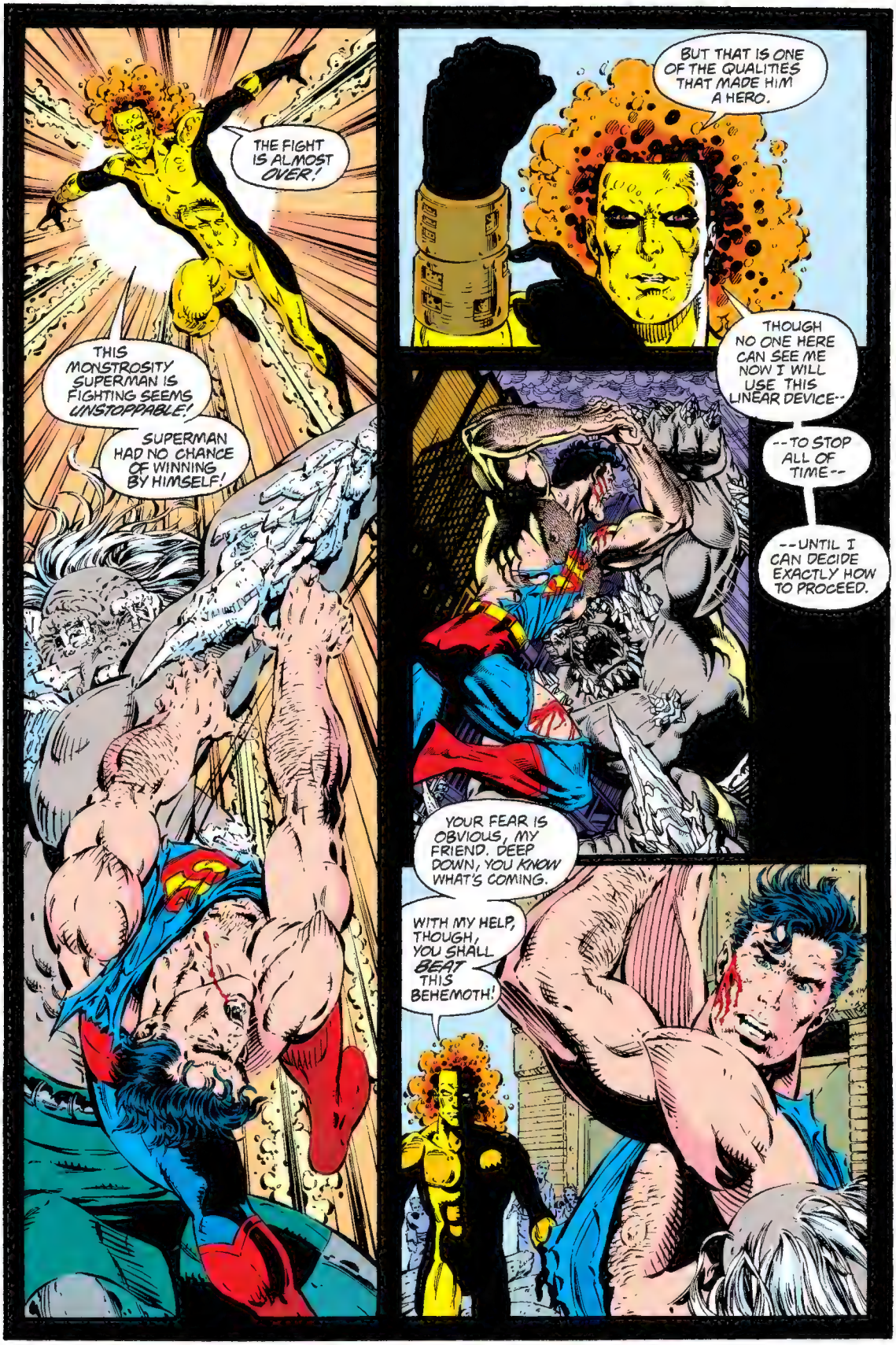

VANISHING POINT.
A PLACE BEYOND OUR REACH WHERE TIME BOTH BEGINS
--AND ENDS.
IT IS A PLACE THAT EXISTS OUTSIDE OF TIME--
--AND A PLACE WHERE ALL TIME EXISTS AT ONCE.
THIS IS IT, WAVERIDER.
YOUR TRAINING COURSE IS COMPLETE.
AS A LINEAR MAN, YOU WILL NOW PAY YOUR FIRST VISIT--
--TO THE LIBRARY OF TIME!
Story & layouts • DAN JURGENS • finishes TREVOR SCOTT • letters JOHN COSTANZA • colors GLENN WHITMORE


THIS CHAMBER GIVES US VISUAL ACCESS TO EVERY MOMENT IN HISTORY.
AMAZING! HOW IS THIS POSSIBLE?
VANISHING POINT IS LIKE A LIVING COMPUTER! WE TELL IT WHAT MOMENT TO LOOK FOR--
--AND IT WILL FIND IT BY ACCESSING THE TIME STREAM!
SINCE TIME IS A CONSTANT FLOW OF ENERGY IT IS ACTUALLY QUITE POSSIBLE TO FIND ANY POINT!
WHAT ARE WE STUDYING TODAY, MATTHEW?
I WANT TO LOOK INTO ONE OF THE MOST SIGNIFICANT MOMENTS OF THE LATE TWENTIETH CENTURY, LIRI LEE.
WE SHALL OBSERVE THE LAST FEW MOMENTS OF A GREAT MAN'S LIFE--
"--AND WITNESS HIS TRAGIC DEATH AND ITS AFTERMATH.
"UNFORTUNATELY WE KNOW THIS MAN AND CALL HIM FRIEND."
NO! NOT HIM! NOT--

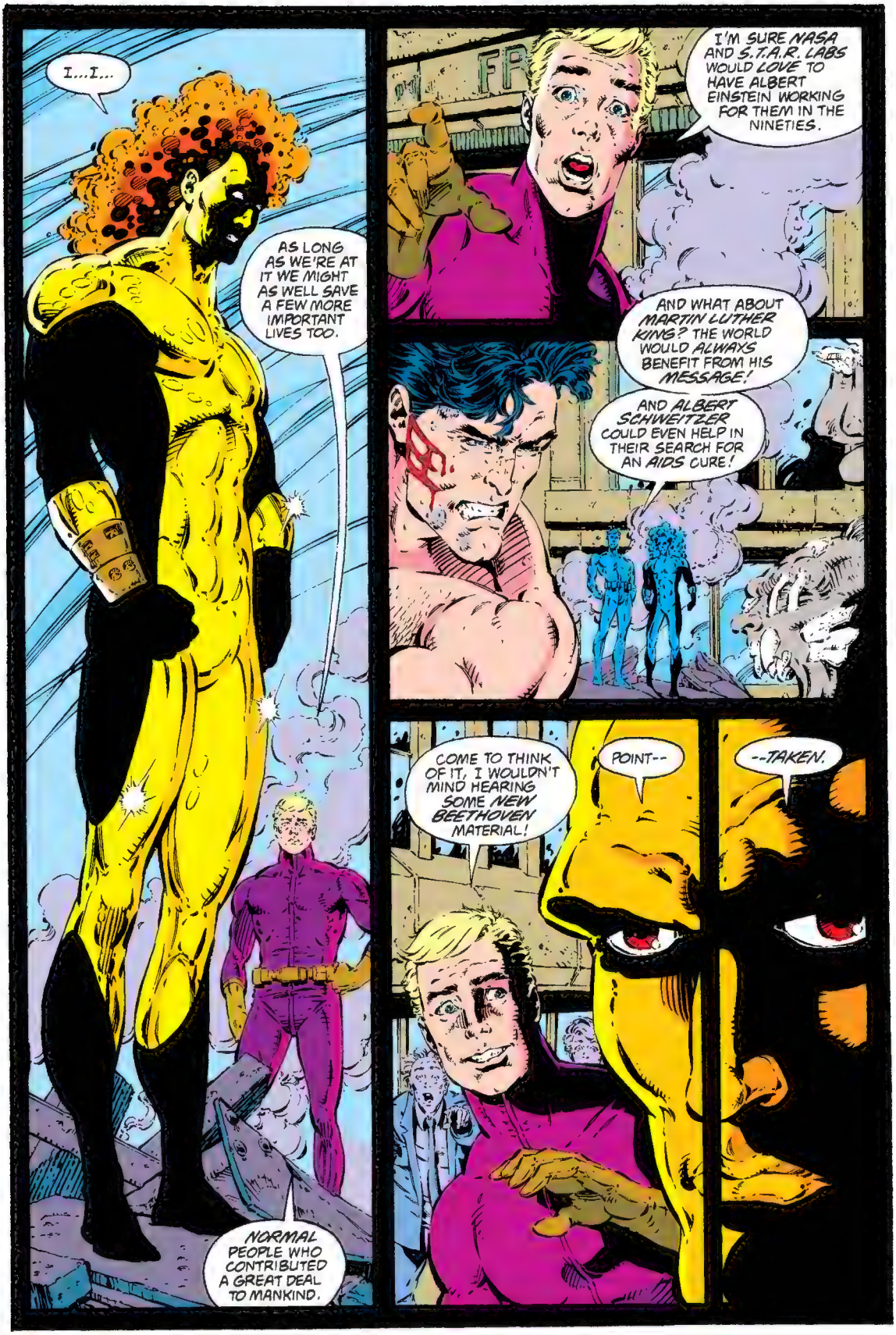

--SUPERMAN!
TRUE ENOUGH, HUNTER. NOW LET'S GET TO WORK. WE WILL EXAMINE, CLARIFY, AND DOCUMENT--
REGRETTABLY, YES.
MORE HAS BEEN WRITTEN ABOUT THIS DAY THAN NEARLY ANY OTHER.
TOUGH BREAK. BUT EVEN *HE* HAD TO GO SOME-TIME.
--THE LAST BREATHING MOMENTS OF KAL-EL OF KRYPTON.

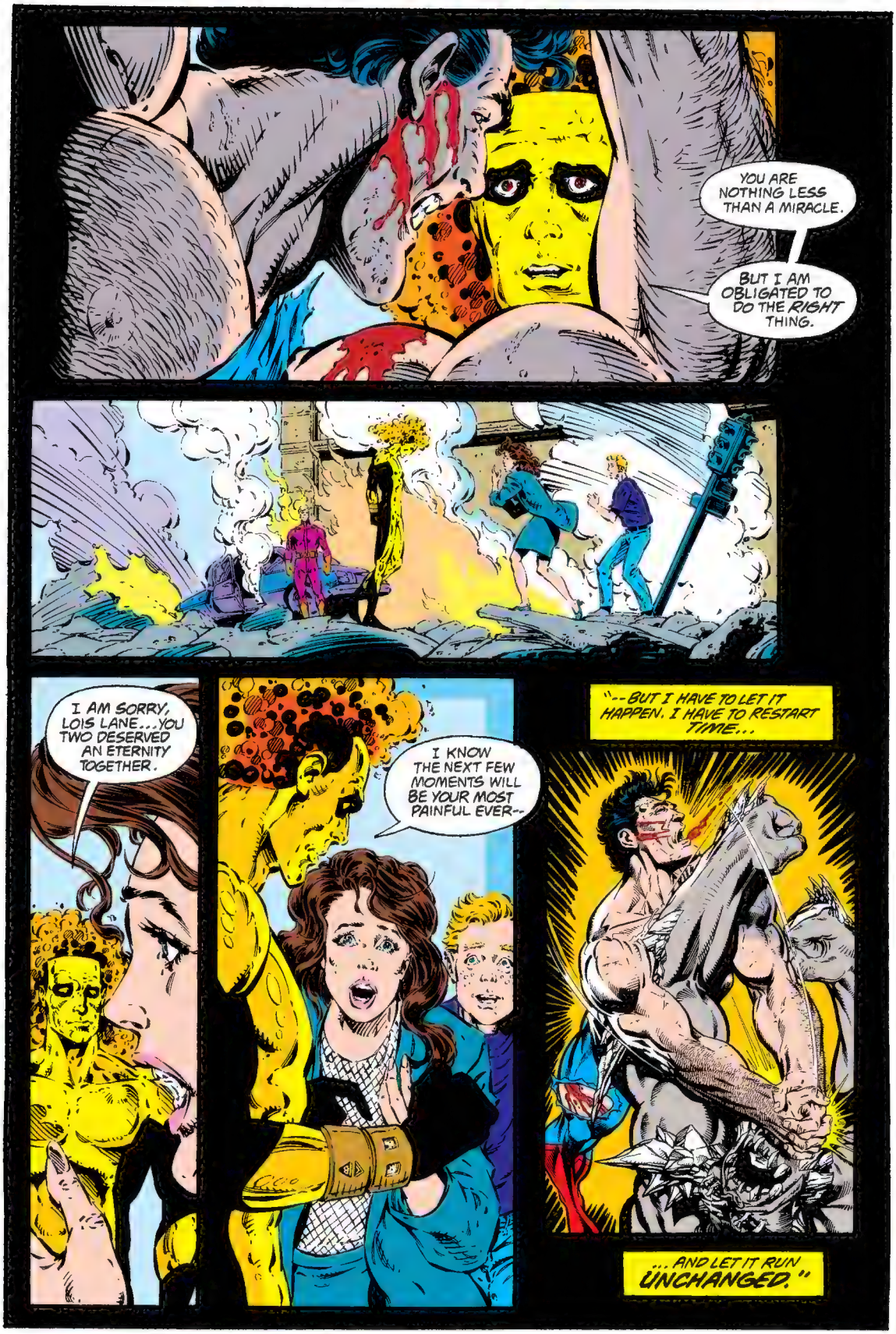

BUT I RECOGNIZE THOSE SURROUNDINGS! THAT MUST HAVE OCCURRED ONLY WEEKS AFTER WE LAST MET WITH HIM!
AS I RECALL IT WAS ACTUALLY ONLY A DAY OR TWO.
BUT THAT'S TOO SOON! SUPERMAN SHOULD HAVE LIVED MUCH LONGER!
WHY, THE CREATURE WHO KILLED HIM MUST HAVE BEEN IN METROPOLIS WHILE SUPERMAN WAS HERE AT VANISHING POINT!
WE'LL HAVE TO CHECK, BUT I THINK DOOMSDAY WAS STILL DIGGING OUT OF HIS HOLE THEN!
HOW CAN YOU BE SO DISPASSIONATE? HE IS -- WAS AN ALLY OF OURS! ONE OF THE FEW WHO KNEW WE EXISTED!
WE MUST CHANGE THIS! WE MUST SAVE SUPERMAN!
NOTHING YOU CAN DO, GOLDIE.
DOESN'T MATTER HOW BAD THE EVENT IS.
WE DON'T CHANGE TIME!
PERHAPS YOU DON'T, HUNTER--


--BUT I DO!
YOUR CODE IS HONORABLE, LINEAR MAN--
--BUT I CANNOT LET ONE OF EARTH'S GREATEST HEROES DIE AT SUCH AN EARLY AGE!
HE'S GONE, MATTHEW! WHY DID YOU HAVE TO START OUT WITH SUPERMAN'S DEATH?
DIDN'T YOU REALIZE IT WOULD SET HIM OFF?
OF COURSE I DID. THIS IS A TEST FOR WAVERIDER. TODAY HE PROVES--
--WHETHER OR NOT HE'S FIT TO BE A LINEAR MAN!
THERE IS NO REASONABLE WAY I CAN ALLOW THIS! MY WHOLE EXISTENCE WAS ONCE BASED--
--ON TRYING TO PREVENT THE DEATHS OF EARTH'S GREATEST HEROES!
THIS IS THE PLACE.
METROPOLIS!

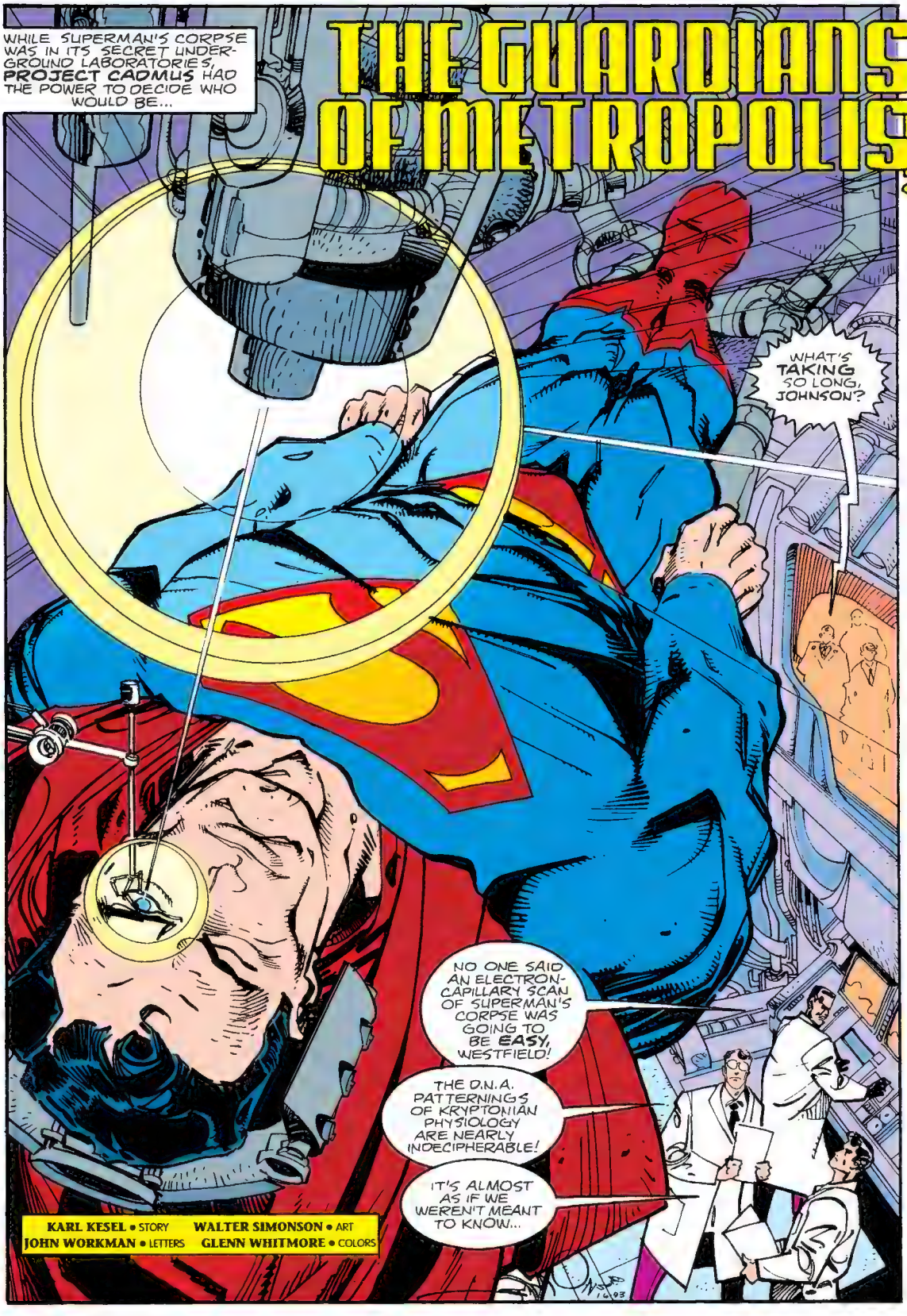

THE FIGHT IS ALMOST OVER!
THIS MONSTROSITY SUPERMAN IS FIGHTING SEEMS UNSTOPPABLE!
SUPERMAN HAD NO CHANCE OF WINNING BY HIMSELF!
BUT THAT IS ONE OF THE QUALITIES THAT MADE HIM A HERO.
THOUGH NO ONE HERE CAN SEE ME NOW I WILL USE THIS LINEAR DEVICE--
--TO STOP ALL OF TIME--
--UNTIL I CAN DECIDE EXACTLY HOW TO PROCEED.
YOUR FEAR IS OBVIOUS, MY FRIEND. DEEP DOWN, YOU KNOW WHAT'S COMING.
WITH MY HELP, THOUGH, YOU SHALL BEAT THIS BEHEMOTH!

TEMPTING, ISN'T IT?
RYDER! YOU FOLLOWED ME!
NATURALLY. CONSIDERING THAT YOU AND I ARE MORE OR LESS THE SAME PERSON--
ONE WAY
--I HAD TO COME. REMEMBER THAT I WAS A KID WHEN SUPERMAN DIED.
I REMEMBER IT WELL BECAUSE IT HAPPENED THE SAME DAY WE BURIED MY GRANDFATHER.
HIT ME HARD TOO.
PART OF ME WANTS TO SAVE HIM TOO, WAVERIDER. IF ANYBODY EVER DESERVED OUR HELP IN CHEATING DEATH--
--IT'S SUPERMAN.
SO LET'S SAY WE DO IT. WHAT HAPPENS THE NEXT TIME HE DIES?
DO WE SAVE HIM THEN AND EVERY SUBSEQUENT TIME AS WELL?
THINK ABOUT IT, WAVERIDER.
AREN'T WE ON THE VERGE OF GRANTING SUPERMAN IMMORTALITY?

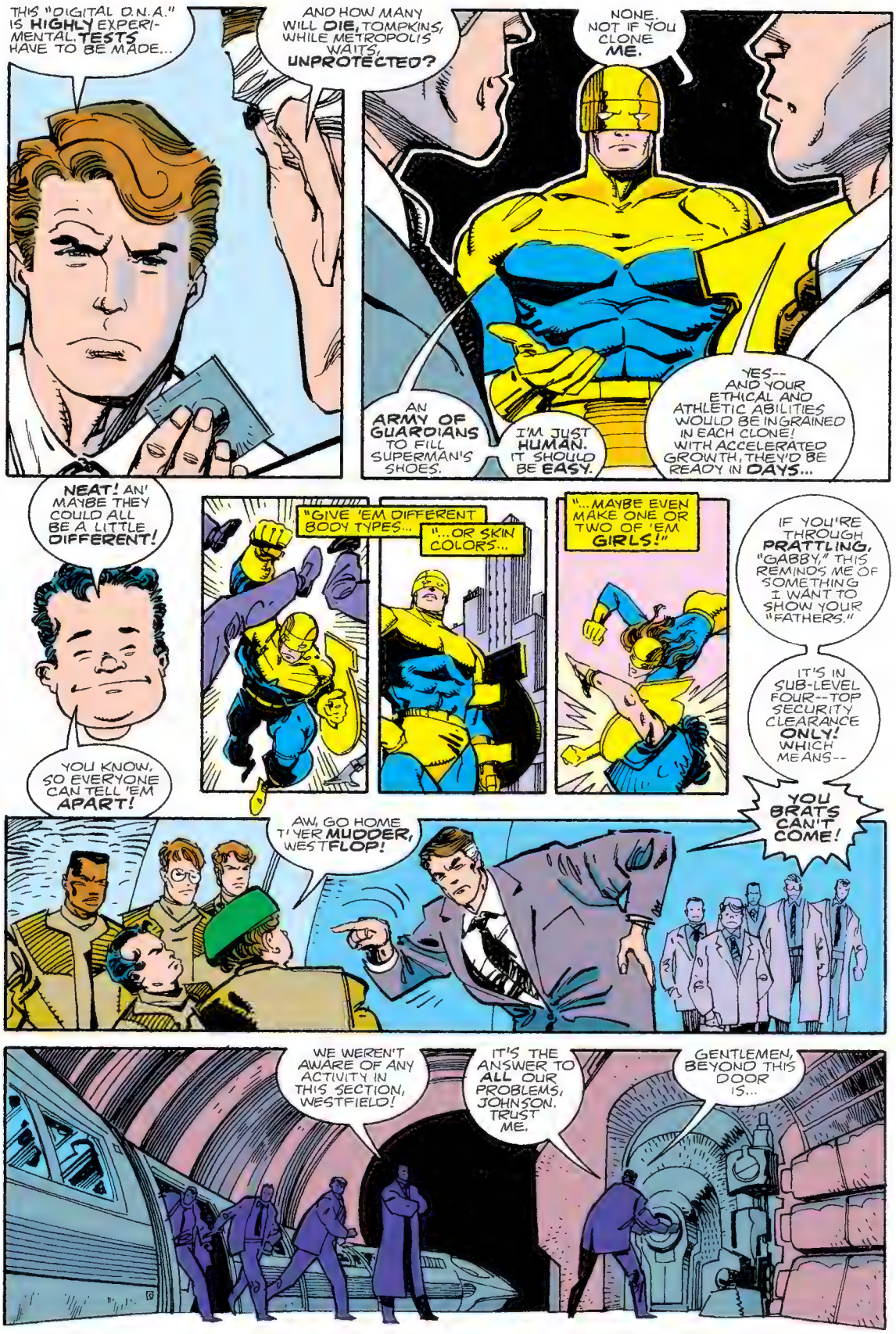

I...I...
AS LONG AS WE'RE AT IT WE MIGHT AS WELL SAVE A FEW MORE IMPORTANT LIVES TOO.
NORMAL PEOPLE WHO CONTRIBUTED A GREAT DEAL TO MANKIND.
I'M SURE NASA AND S.T.A.R. LABS WOULD LOVE TO HAVE ALBERT EINSTEIN WORKING FOR THEM IN THE NINETIES.
AND WHAT ABOUT MARTIN LUTHER KING? THE WORLD WOULD ALWAYS BENEFIT FROM HIS MESSAGE!
AND ALBERT SCHWEITZER COULD EVEN HELP IN THEIR SEARCH FOR AN AIDS CURE!
COME TO THINK OF IT, I WOULDN'T MIND HEARING SOME NEW BEETHOVEN MATERIAL!
POINT--
--TAKEN.

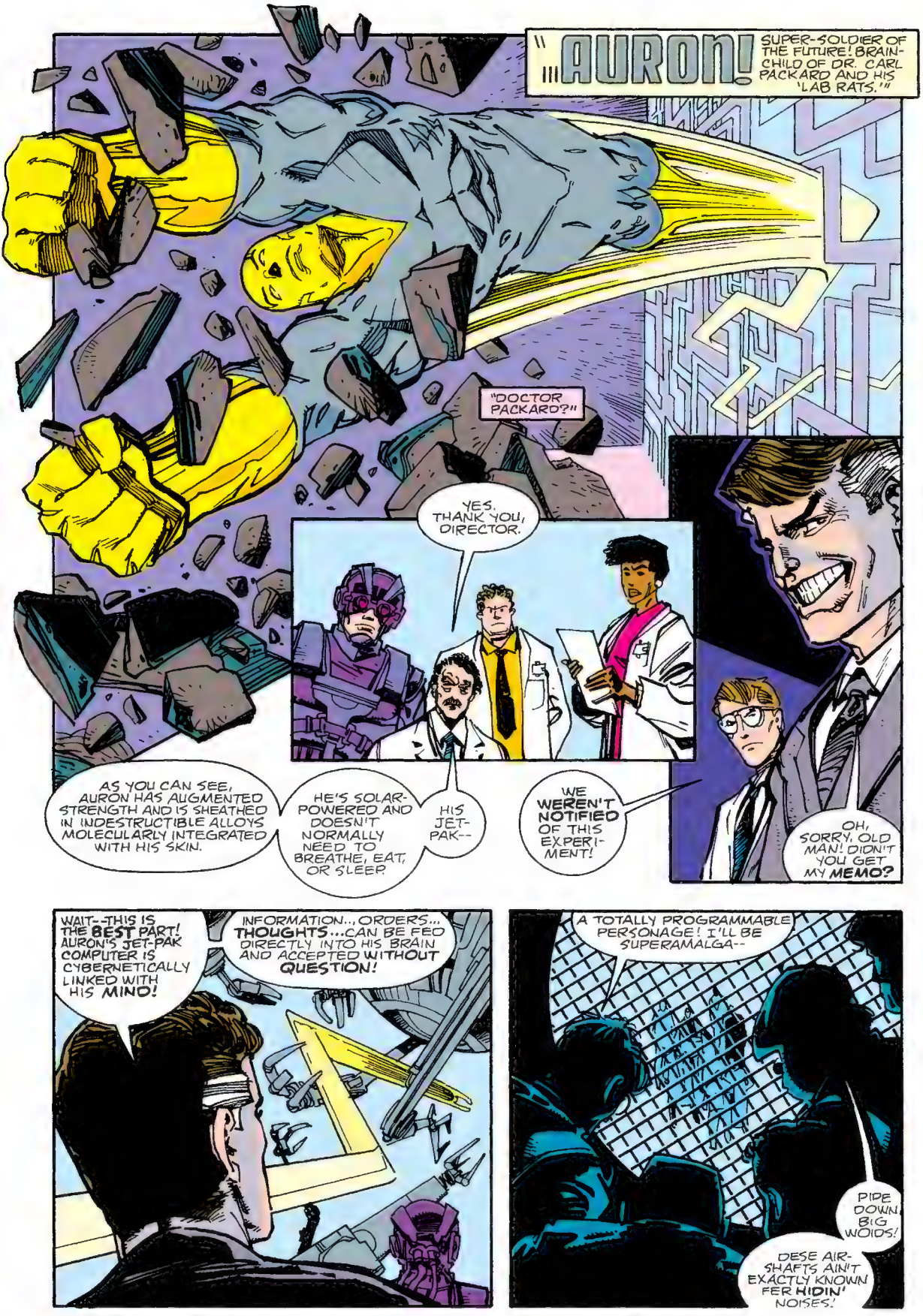

YOU ARE NOTHING LESS THAN A MIRACLE.
BUT I AM OBLIGATED TO DO THE RIGHT THING.
I AM SORRY, LOIS LANE...YOU TWO DESERVED AN ETERNITY TOGETHER.
I KNOW THE NEXT FEW MOMENTS WILL BE YOUR MOST PAINFUL EVER--
"--BUT I HAVE TO LET IT HAPPEN. I HAVE TO RESTART TIME...
...AND LET IT RUN UNCHANGED."

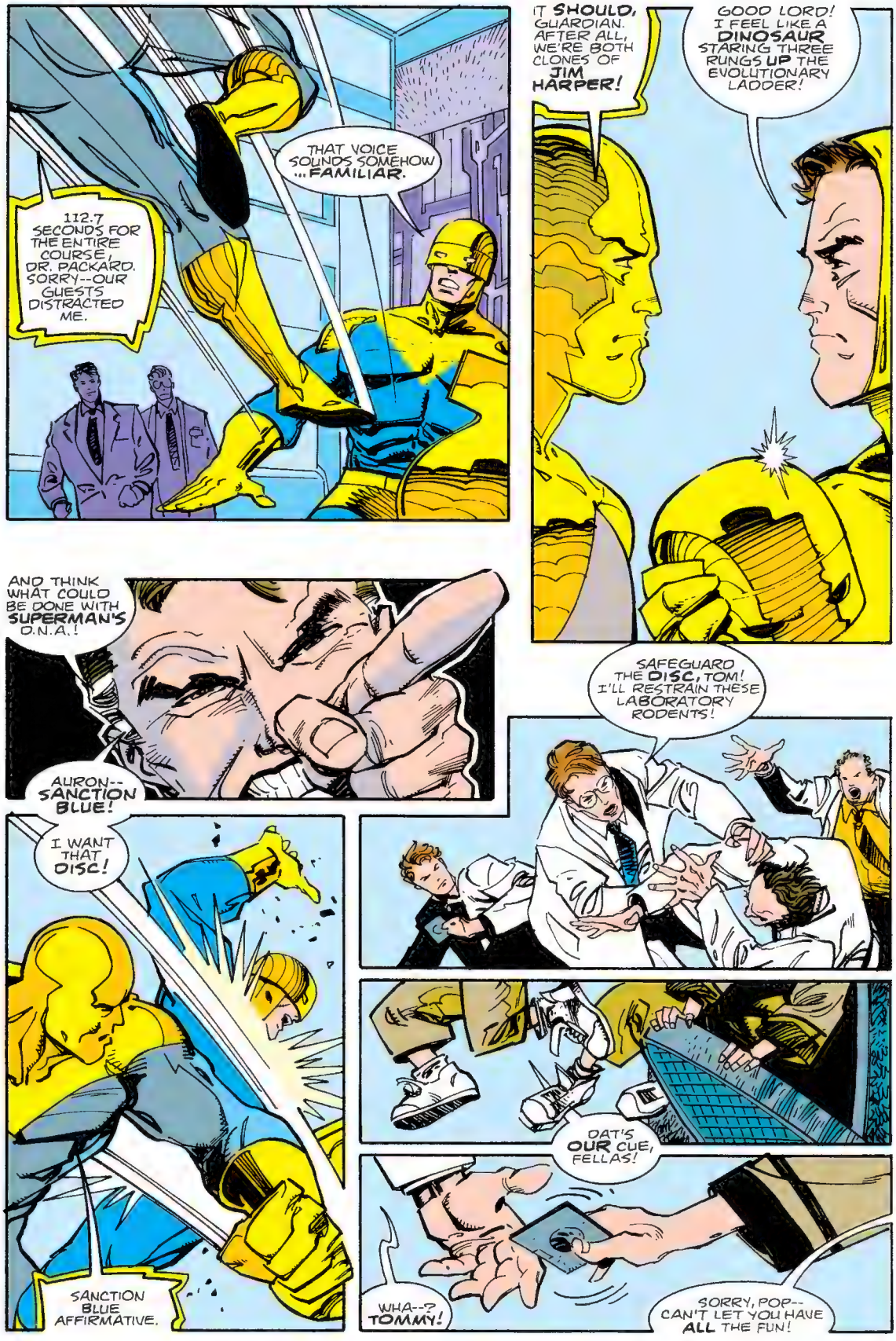
BDAMMM
KRRUNCH
NO!
WE... DIDN'T MAKE IT IN TIME!
HE MUST SURVIVE. IT CANNOT END LIKE THIS!
PLEASE HANG ON! THE PARAMEDICS WILL BE HERE ANY SECOND!
PLEASE!
DOOMSDAY... IS HE... IS HE...
YOU STOPPED HIM! YOU SAVED US ALL!
NOW RELAX UNTIL--
ENOUGH. I CAN WATCH NO LONGER.
WELCOME TO THE CURSE OF BEING A LINEAR MAN, WAVERIDER...
...THE BLESSING, THOUGH, IS ONLY WE KNOW WHAT TOMORROW WILL BRING.
THE End

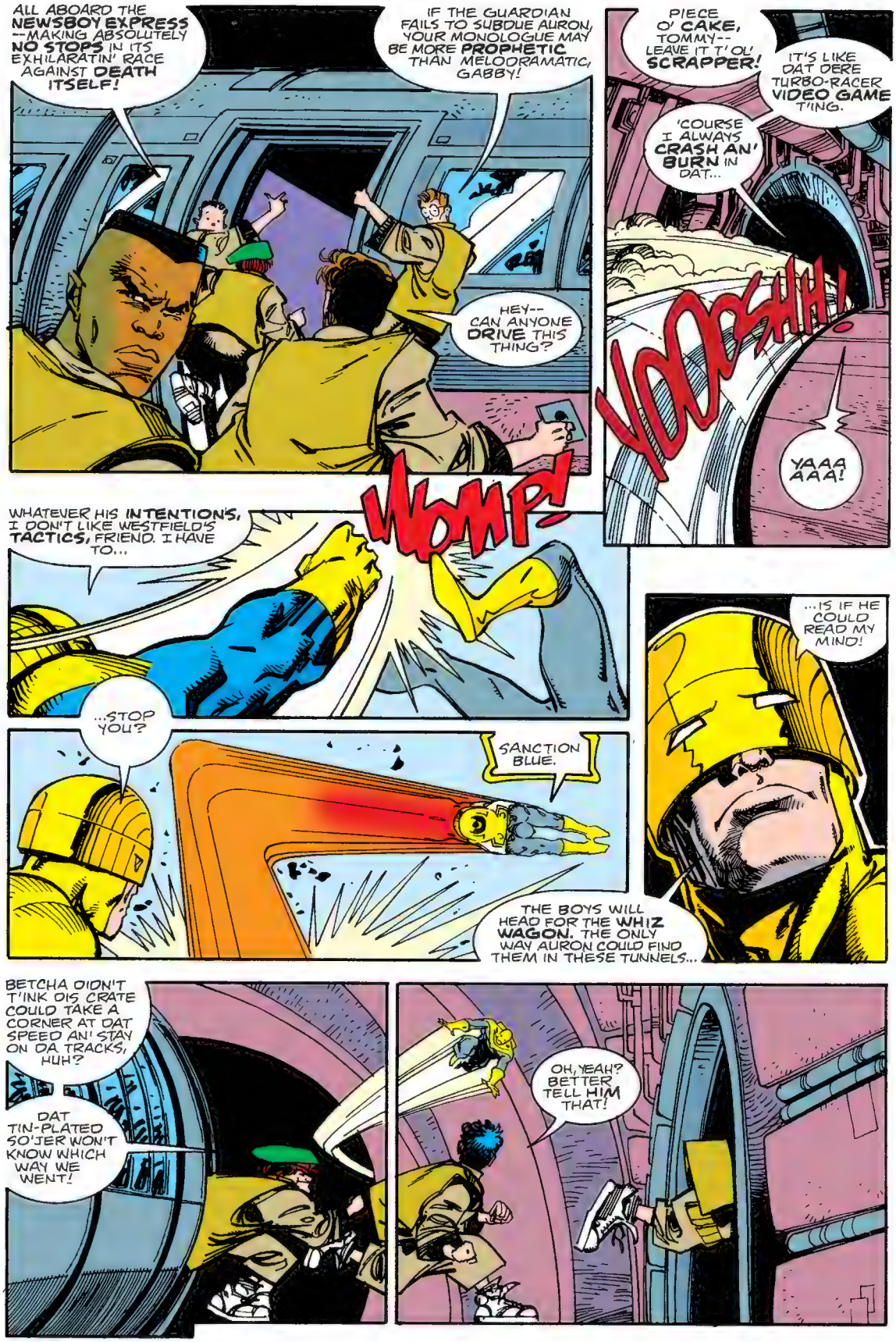

THE GUARDIANS OF METROPOLIS!
WHILE SUPERMAN'S CORPSE WAS IN ITS SECRET UNDERGROUND LABORATORIES, PROJECT CADMUS HAD THE POWER TO DECIDE WHO WOULD BE...
WHAT'S TAKING SO LONG, JOHNSON?
NO ONE SAID AN ELECTRON-CAPILLARY SCAN OF SUPERMAN'S CORPSE WAS GOING TO BE EASY, WESTFIELD!
THE D.N.A. PATTERNINGS OF KRYPTONIAN PHYSIOLOGY ARE NEARLY INDECIPHERABLE!
IT'S ALMOST AS IF WE WEREN'T MEANT TO KNOW...
KARL KESEL • STORY
WALTER SIMONSON • ART
JOHN WORKMAN • LETTERS
GLENN WHITMORE • COLORS

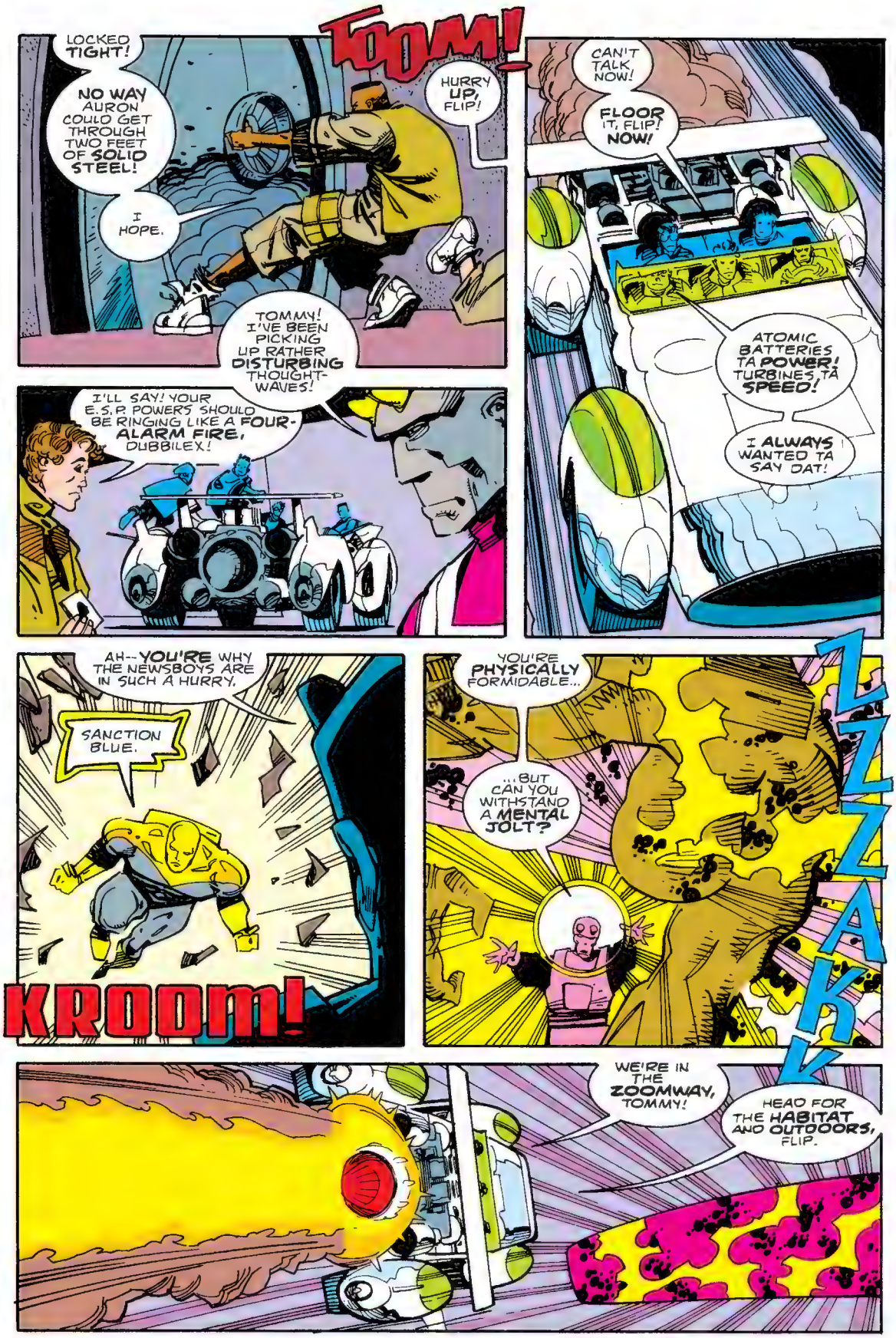
CLONING'S AN EVERYDAY ACTIVITY HERE, TOMPKINS! IT'S A LITTLE LATE TO HAVE MORAL PANGS!
WE CAN'T SCRAPE A CELL SAMPLE OFF THAT INDESTRUCTIBLE STIFF, SO GET A READOUT OR I'LL--
HEY! WHAT'S GOIN' ON? WHAT'RE YA DOIN? CAN WE WATCH? CAN WE?
GRRRR
DIDN'T I SAY TO LOCK THAT DOOR?
THIS IS A CLASSIFIED AREA--NOT A ROMPER ROOM FOR YOU NEWSBOY BRATS!
YOU GET THE RUN OF THE PLACE BECAUSE YOU'RE CLONES OF THE OTHER DIRECTORS, BUT IF I HAD MY WAY--
AW, PEEL ME SOME ONIONS-- I FEEL LIKE CRYIN'!
YOU TELL HIM, SCRAPPER.
MAYBE YA'D LIKE T' SETTLE DIS HASH OUT IN DA HALLWAY...
WE GOT IT!
THOUGH APPROXIMATIONS AND EDUCATED GUESSES WERE MADE TRANSLATING IT INTO HUMAN TERMS, FOR ALL PURPOSES, THIS DISC CONTAINS...
...THE D.N.A. CODE OF SUPERMAN!
PERFECT! I'LL GET A TEAM OF GENETIC ENGINEERS ON IT RIGHT A--
NOT SO FAST, WESTFIELD!

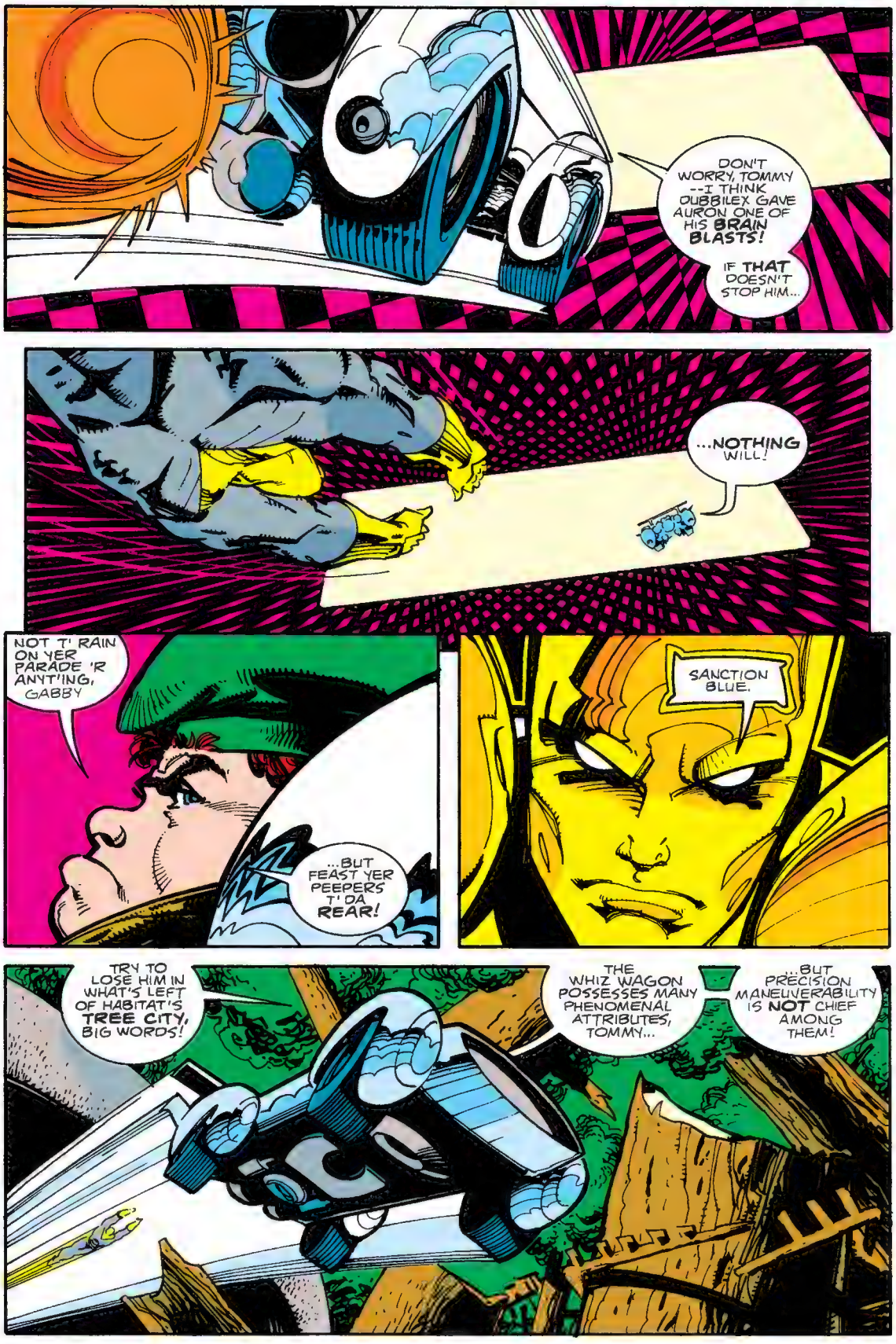

THIS "DIGITAL D.N.A." IS HIGHLY EXPERIMENTAL. TESTS HAVE TO BE MADE...
AND HOW MANY WILL DIE, TOMPKINS, WHILE METROPOLIS WAITS, UNPROTECTED?
NONE. NOT IF YOU CLONE ME.
AN ARMY OF GUARDIANS TO FILL SUPERMAN'S SHOES.
I'M JUST HUMAN. IT SHOULD BE EASY.
YES-- AND YOUR ETHICAL AND athletic ABILITIES WOULD BE INGRAINED IN EACH CLONE! WITH ACCELERATED GROWTH, THEY'D BE READY IN DAYS...
NEAT! AN' MAYBE THEY COULD ALL BE A LITTLE DIFFERENT!
"GIVE 'EM DIFFERENT BODY TYPES...
"...OR SKIN COLORS...
"...MAYBE EVEN MAKE ONE OR TWO OF 'EM GIRLS!"
IF YOU'RE THROUGH PRATTLING, "GABBY," THIS REMINDS ME OF SOMETHING I WANT TO SHOW YOUR "FATHERS."
IT'S IN SUB-LEVEL FOUR--TOP SECURITY CLEARANCE ONLY! WHICH MEANS--
YOU KNOW, SO EVERYONE CAN TELL 'EM APART!
AW, GO HOME T' YER MUDDER, WESTFLOP!
YOU BRATS CAN'T COME!
WE WEREN'T AWARE OF ANY ACTIVITY IN THIS SECTION, WESTFIELD!
IT'S THE ANSWER TO ALL OUR PROBLEMS, JOHNSON. TRUST ME.
GENTLEMEN, BEYOND THIS DOOR IS...


"AURON! SUPER-SOLDIER OF THE FUTURE! BRAIN-CHILD OF DR. CARL PACKARD AND HIS 'LAB RATS.'"
"DOCTOR PACKARD?"
YES, THANK YOU, DIRECTOR.
AS YOU CAN SEE, AURON HAS AUGMENTED STRENGTH AND IS SHEATHED IN INDESTRUCTIBLE ALLOYS MOLECULARLY INTEGRATED WITH HIS SKIN.
HE'S SOLAR-POWERED AND DOESN'T NORMALLY NEED TO BREATHE, EAT, OR SLEEP.
HIS JET-PAK--
WE WEREN'T NOTIFIED OF THIS EXPERI-MENT!
OH, SORRY, OLD MAN! DIDN'T YOU GET MY MEMO?
WAIT--THIS IS THE BEST PART! AURON'S JET-PAK COMPUTER IS CYBERNETICALLY LINKED WITH HIS MIND!
INFORMATION..., ORDERS... THOUGHTS...CAN BE FED DIRECTLY INTO HIS BRAIN AND ACCEPTED WITHOUT QUESTION!
A TOTALLY PROGRAMMABLE PERSONAGE! I'LL BE SUPERAMALGA--
PIPE DOWN, BIG WOIDS!
DESE AIR-SHAFTS AIN'T EXACTLY KNOWN FER HIDIN' NOISES!

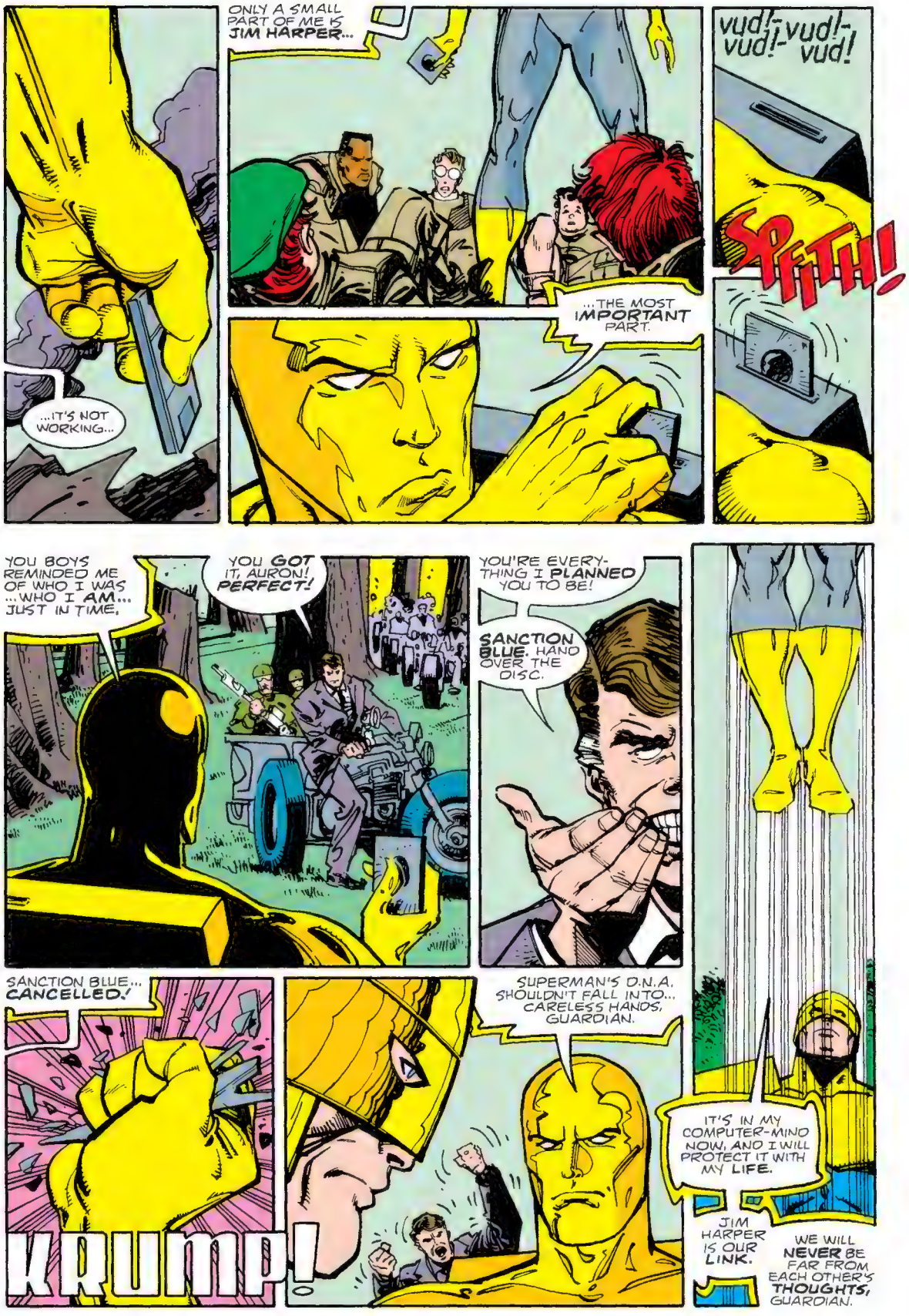

112.7 SECONDS FOR THE ENTIRE COURSE, DR. PACKARD. SORRY--OUR GUESTS DISTRACTED ME.
THAT VOICE SOUNDS SOMEHOW ...FAMILIAR.
IT SHOULD, GUARDIAN. AFTER ALL, WE'RE BOTH CLONES OF JIM HARPER!
GOOD LORD! I FEEL LIKE A DINOSAUR STARING THREE RUNGS UP THE EVOLUTIONARY LADDER!
AND THINK WHAT COULD BE DONE WITH SUPERMAN'S D.N.A.!
AURON--SANCTION BLUE!
I WANT THAT DISC!
SANCTION BLUE AFFIRMATIVE.
SAFEGUARD THE DISC, TOM! I'LL RESTRAIN THESE LABORATORY RODENTS!
DAT'S OUR CUE, FELLAS!
WHA--? TOMMY!
SORRY, POP--CAN'T LET YOU HAVE ALL THE FUN!

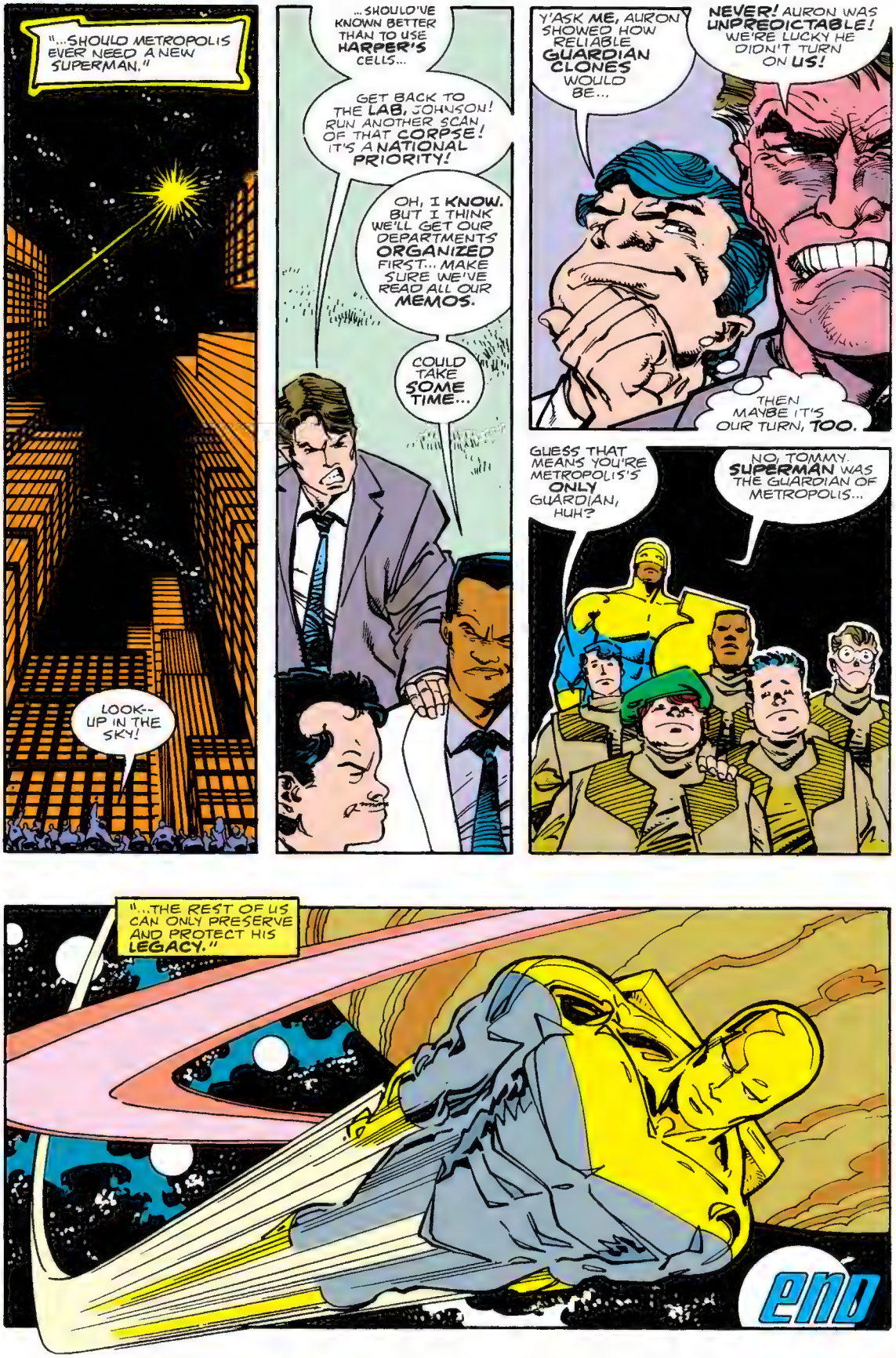

ALL ABOARD THE NEWSBOY EXPRESS --MAKING ABSOLUTELY NO STOPS IN ITS EXHILARATIN' RACE AGAINST DEATH ITSELF!
IF THE GUARDIAN FAILS TO SUBDUE AURON, YOUR MONOLOGUE MAY BE MORE PROPHETIC THAN MELODRAMATIC, GABBY!
HEY-- CAN ANYONE DRIVE THIS THING?
PIECE O' CAKE, TOMMY-- LEAVE IT T' OL' SCRAPPER!
IT'S LIKE DAT DERE TURBO-RACER VIDEO GAME T'ING.
'COURSE I ALWAYS CRASH AN' BURN IN DAT...
YOOOSH!
YAAA AAA!
WHATEVER HIS INTENTION'S, I DON'T LIKE WESTFIELD'S TACTICS, FRIEND. I HAVE TO...
WOMP!
...STOP YOU?
SANCTION BLUE.
...IS IF HE COULD READ MY MIND!
THE BOYS WILL HEAD FOR THE WHIZ WAGON. THE ONLY WAY AURON COULD FIND THEM IN THESE TUNNELS...
BETCHA DIDN'T T'INK DIS CRATE COULD TAKE A CORNER AT DAT SPEED AN' STAY ON DA TRACKS, HUH?
DAT TIN-PLATED SO'JER WON'T KNOW WHICH WAY WE WENT!
OH, YEAH? BETTER TELL HIM THAT!


LOCKED TIGHT!
NO WAY AURON COULD GET THROUGH TWO FEET OF SOLID STEEL!
I HOPE.
TOOM!
HURRY UP, FLIP!
TOMMY! I'VE BEEN PICKING UP RATHER DISTURBING THOUGHT-WAVES!
I'LL SAY! YOUR E.S.P. POWERS SHOULD BE RINGING LIKE A FOUR-ALARM FIRE, DUBBILEX!
CAN'T TALK NOW!
FLOOR IT, FLIP! NOW!
ATOMIC BATTERIES TA POWER! TURBINES TA SPEED!
I ALWAYS WANTED TA SAY DAT!
AH--YOU'RE WHY THE NEWSBOYS ARE IN SUCH A HURRY.
SANCTION BLUE.
KROOM!
YOU'RE PHYSICALLY FORMIDABLE...
...BUT CAN YOU WITHSTAND A MENTAL JOLT?
ZZZAKK
WE'RE IN THE ZOOMWAY, TOMMY!
HEAD FOR THE HABITAT AND OUTDOORS, FLIP.


DON'T WORRY, TOMMY --I THINK DUBBILEX GAVE AURON ONE OF HIS BRAIN BLASTS!
IF THAT DOESN'T STOP HIM...
...NOTHING WILL!
NOT T' RAIN ON YER PARADE 'R ANYT'ING, GABBY
...BUT FEAST YER PEEPERS T' DA REAR!
SANCTION BLUE.
TRY TO LOSE HIM IN WHAT'S LEFT OF HABITAT'S TREE CITY, BIG WORDS!
THE WHIZ WAGON POSSESSES MANY PHENOMENAL ATTRIBUTES, TOMMY...
...BUT PRECISION MANEUVERABILITY IS NOT CHIEF AMONG THEM!

SANCTION BLUE.
RREENK!
OUR CHLOEPHAGA PICTA IS THOROUGHLY ROASTED!
I SUGGEST WE ATTEMPT A CRASH LANDING!
AURON, LISTEN! PART OF YOU IS JIM HARPER!
JIM HARPER WOULDN'T DO THIS! HE'D FIGHT FOR CONTROL OF HIS OWN MIND! HE'D KNOW THE RIGHT THING TO DO!
BA DOOM!
I...
...I KNOW WHAT I MUST DO.
THAT'S IT!
GET 'IM, NEWS-BOYS!
TAKE DAT!
AND THAT!
AND THIS!
IT'S WORKING! IT'S WORKING! IT'S..


...IT'S NOT WORKING...
ONLY A SMALL PART OF ME IS JIM HARPER...
...THE MOST IMPORTANT PART.
vud!-vud!-vud!-vud!
SPFITH!
YOU BOYS REMINDED ME OF WHO I WAS ...WHO I AM... JUST IN TIME.
YOU GOT IT, AURON! PERFECT!
YOU'RE EVERYTHING I PLANNED YOU TO BE!
SANCTION BLUE. HAND OVER THE DISC.
SANCTION BLUE... CANCELLED!
KRUMP!
SUPERMAN'S D.N.A. SHOULDN'T FALL INTO... CARELESS HANDS, GUARDIAN.
IT'S IN MY COMPUTER-MIND NOW, AND I WILL PROTECT IT WITH MY LIFE.
JIM HARPER IS OUR LINK.
WE WILL NEVER BE FAR FROM EACH OTHER'S THOUGHTS, GUARDIAN.


"...SHOULD METROPOLIS EVER NEED A NEW SUPERMAN."
LOOK-- UP IN THE SKY!
...SHOULD'VE KNOWN BETTER THAN TO USE HARPER'S CELLS...
GET BACK TO THE LAB, JOHNSON! RUN ANOTHER SCAN OF THAT CORPSE! IT'S A NATIONAL PRIORITY!
OH, I KNOW. BUT I THINK WE'LL GET OUR DEPARTMENTS ORGANIZED FIRST... MAKE SURE WE'VE READ ALL OUR MEMOS.
COULD TAKE SOME TIME...
Y'ASK ME, AURON SHOWED HOW RELIABLE GUARDIAN CLONES WOULD BE...
NEVER! AURON WAS UNPREDICTABLE! WE'RE LUCKY HE DIDN'T TURN ON US!
THEN MAYBE IT'S OUR TURN, TOO.
GUESS THAT MEANS YOU'RE METROPOLIS'S ONLY GUARDIAN, HUH?
NO, TOMMY. SUPERMAN WAS THE GUARDIAN OF METROPOLIS...
"...THE REST OF US CAN ONLY PRESERVE AND PROTECT HIS LEGACY."
end

HATE.
SOME SAY IT IS A WASTE OF ENERGY; A USELESS EMOTION THAT KEEPS ONE FROM ACHIEVING ONE'S ULTIMATE POTENTIAL.
BUT FOR LEX LUTHOR--
-- A MAN WHOSE ACCOMPLISHMENTS SURPASS THE WILDEST DREAMS OF MOST MEN--
--HATE IS EVERYTHING.
DO IT.

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FOR YEARS SUPERMAN HAD BEEN LUTHOR'S OBSESSION, THE ONE MAN IN METROPOLIS WHO WAS MORE POWERFUL THAN HE.

WITH HIS RING OF KRYPTONITE, LUTHOR REVELLED IN THE MAN OF STEEL'S INABILITY TO BRING HIM DOWN.

IT WAS A GAME TO BE SAVORED--

--A GAME THAT IS OVER. NO AMOUNT OF STAND-INS AND WORKOUTS--

--CAN ERASE THE MEMORY OF THE MAN WHO STOLE HIS HAND.

AND NOW, EVEN IN DEATH--

--IT IS SUPERMAN WHO PROVOKES HIS EVERY MOVE.

SUPERMAN WAS A CONSTANT, A CHALLENGE THAT MADE LIFE WORTH LIVING.

AND EVEN THOUGH THE RING'S RADIATION CLAIMED HIS ORIGINAL BODY--

--LEX LUTHOR HAS NEVER FELT MORE EMPTY.

YOU HIRED US TO GIVE YOU A TOP-DRAWER TRAINING SESSION, MR. LUTHOR!

KEEP DAYDREAMING LIKE THAT AND YOU'RE JUST WASTING YOUR MONEY!

=UFFH!=

NOBODY DOES THAT TO ME! NOBODY!

YOU HAVE NO BLOODY IDEA WHAT TROUBLE YOU'VE--

OH, LEX? ARE YOU STILL IN THE GYM?

I KNOW YOU HATE TO HAVE YOUR TRAINING SESSIONS INTERRUPTED BUT MS. LANE HERE INSISTED ON TALKING TO YOU.

HELLO, LEX. IT'S OBVIOUS YOU'RE NOT LIKE YOUR FATHER.

G'DAY, LOIS. HOW SO?

IF THAT OVERWEIGHT, OLD POWER-BROKER HAD EVER BEEN DROP-KICKED LIKE THAT HE'D HAVE THE KICKER PUT ON ICE!

GOOD THING YOU'RE NOT LIKE THAT, EH, MR. LUTHOR?

TRUE, SASHA.

HOW VERY TRUE.

NOW WHAT BRINGS YOU HERE, LOIS? HAS THERE BEEN ANY WORD ON MR. KENT?

I'M AFRAID NOT.

I WANT YOU TO READ THE COLUMN I RAN TODAY... *BEFORE* I TRIMMED IT.

A GRAND GESTURE TO BE SURE, LOIS. BUT WHY SHOW IT TO ME?

READ IT AND I THINK YOU'LL UNDERSTAND.

THIS--

THIS IS AN *OUTRAGE!*

PROJECT CADMUS HAS STOLEN SUPERMAN'S BODY?!

THEY'RE GOING TO CUT HIM UP FOR CLONING, LEX.

I'M AFRAID THAT IF THE FULL STORY RUNS THEY'LL JUST DENY IT AND TAKE HIM SOMEWHERE ELSE.

RIGHT YOU ARE. LET ME GO TO WORK ON THIS!

I'LL GET SUPERMAN BACK WHERE HE BELONGS AND PUT CADMUS IN ITS PLACE FOR GOOD!

THAT'S WHY I CAME TO YOU, LEX. YOU'RE THE ONLY MAN WITH ENOUGH POWER--

"--TO ENSURE THAT SUPERMAN GETS THE TREATMENT HE DESERVES."

THANK GOD I DIDN'T HAVE TO RUN THIS STORY. IF THE KENTS HAD READ MY STORY ABOUT CADMUS HAVING THEIR SON--

Jimmy's

"--THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT IT WOULD HAVE DONE TO THEM!"

CODE BLUE! CODE BLUE!

SMALL

THIS MAN IS IN CARDIAC ARREST! HE NEEDS ATTENTION STAT!

GET HIM INTO EMERGENCY!

MARTHA, I JUST HEARD! WHAT HAPPENED?

I THINK IT'S THE STRESS THAT'S BEEN CAUSED BY WHAT'S HAPPENED WITH CLARK, GENE!

JONATHAN HASN'T BEEN HIMSELF FOR DAYS!

I'VE BEEN DOCTORING JONATHAN FOR A LONG TIME, MARTHA!

IF ANYONE CAN PULL THROUGH THIS IT'S *HIM*! HE'S HEALTHY AS AN OX!

I HOPE SO, GENE. I HOPE SO.

BECAUSE WITH MY SON GONE--

--I JUST CAN'T BEAR THE THOUGHT OF LOSING JONATHAN TOO!

WHAT'S HIS STATUS?

PULSE ALMOST NONEXISTENT, RESPONSIVENESS GONE... WE'RE LOSING HIM.

NOW, YOU LISTEN TO ME, JONATHAN KENT! YOU AND I HAVE BEEN FRIENDS TOO LONG A TIME FOR YOU TO CHECK OUT ON ME!

I WANT YOU TO *FIGHT* WITH ME, JONATHAN!

WE'RE GOING TO TAKE THAT OLD TICKER OF YOURS--

--AND GET IT RUNNING AGAIN, CLARK!

AFTER ALL, NO SENSE BUYING A BRAND-NEW TRUCK WHEN OUR OLD ONE WILL DO.

ALWAYS REMEMBER...KEEP YOUR CARS SERVICED AND THEY'LL SERVICE YOU!

THAT'S BECAUSE HE NEVER LEARNED HOW TO CHANGE PLUGS! HE'S A FRIEND--

--BUT HE DOESN'T KNOW *BEANS* ABOUT TAKING CARE OF HIS EQUIPMENT!

YEAH, BUT AT LEAST PETE DOESN'T HAVE TO RIDE AROUND IN AN OLD BUCKET OF BOLTS!

MR. ROSS JUST BOUGHT HIMSELF A BRAND-NEW FOUR-WHEEL DRIVE!

SO YOU'RE KIND OF EMBARRASSED TO BE SEEN RIDING AROUND IN THIS OLD SWEET-HEART WITH YOUR OLD MAN, EH?

AW, IT'S NOT THAT. BUT *YOU* KNOW HOW IT IS.

SURE I DO, SON. BUT REMEMBER. THIS "*OLD BUCKET OF BOLTS*," AS YOU CALL IT--

--WILL BE A CLASSIC ONE DAY. PROBABLY OUTLAST ME, COME TO THINK OF IT.

WE CAN'T GET HIM BACK. GET OUT THE PADDLES.

EVERYBODY STAND CLEAR! AND--

--GET THAT SHIRT OPEN!

WAIT! HE'S *RESPONDING!* SHOWING SOME SIGNS OF *LIFE!*

CLARK!

CLARK!

THESE PHOTOS ARE EXCEPTIONAL, OLSEN! OF ALL THOSE WHO HAVE PHOTOGRAPHED SUPERMAN--

--NO ONE HAS ASSEMBLED A BODY OF WORK TO RIVAL YOURS!

DAILY PLANET DOOMSDAY MASSACRE

DAILY PLANET DOOMSDAY ♦ ACRE

GJB-322

THANKS, MR. THORNTON. BUT I JUST HAFTA SAY--

--THAT I'D TRADE THEM ALL TO HAVE SUPERMAN BACK!

AGREED, OLSEN. SUPERMAN MEANT A GREAT DEAL TO ALL OF US, WHICH IS WHY *NEWSTIME* WANTS TO PUBLISH A SPECIAL TRIBUTE ISSUE!

AND THE DAILY PLANET IS ONLY TOO PLEASED TO COOPERATE BY LETTING THEM USE SOME OF YOUR WORK, JIMMY.

THAT'S QUITE AN HONOR!

YOUR YOUNG PHOTOGRAPHER DOESN'T SEEM TOO HAPPY, MR. WASHINGTON. MAYBE HE THINKS *NEWSTIME* IS WRONG TO DO THIS.

NO, IT'S NOT THAT AT ALL, MR. THORNTON.

IT'S JUST THAT--I DUNNO--WITH SUPERMAN GONE THESE PHOTOS *MEAN* MORE TO ME NOW.

I GUESS IT JUST FEELS...WEIRD TO BE LOOKING AT THEM THIS WAY.

THIS ISN'T AN EFFORT TO CAPITALIZE ON THE MAN'S DEATH. IT'S A *TRIBUTE* MEANT TO *INSPIRE* METROPOLIS FOR TOMORROW.

YOU KNEW SUPERMAN FAR BETTER THAN WE. CONSIDERING THAT AND YOUR FEELINGS IN THIS MATTER--

--I SAY *YOU* SHOULD BE THE ONE TO PICK THE COVER PHOTO THAT SYMBOLIZES SUPERMAN.

M-ME?

WHEN I THINK OF SUPERMAN I GUESS I ALWAYS PICTURE HIM FLYING.

THAT RED CAPE OF HIS REALLY LOOKED GREAT WHIPPING AROUND IN THE WIND.

BUT I ALSO CAN'T HELP BUT THINK ABOUT HIS SACRIFICE. I GUESS IF YOU WANT A PHOTO THAT SYMBOLIZES ALL THAT--

--IT WOULD BE THIS ONE.

EXCELLENT.

I'VE BEEN THIS PAPER'S PHOTO EDITOR FOR FOUR YEARS, JIM--

--AND I COULDN'T HAVE PICKED A *BETTER* SHOT.

THANKS, MR. WASHINGTON.

LET'S GET THESE OVER TO NEWSTIME'S DESIGN DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON. WE HAVE A DEADLINE TO MEET!

I'LL SHOW YOU TO THE DOOR, MR. THORNTON.

STILL CAN'T BELIEVE SUPERMAN IS GONE. AND CLARK IS MISSING-- PROBABLY *DEAD*.

THOSE GUYS WERE A LOT OLDER THAN ME BUT THEY WERE STILL REAL PALS.

GUESS I THOUGHT WE'D ALL LIVE FOREVER--

--AND THAT I'D NEVER HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT MISSING THEM.

ALMOST READY, SASHA?

IN A MINUTE, WANDA. YOU GIRLS HEAD TO THE PUB WITHOUT ME AND I'LL CATCH UP TO YOU!

ALL RIGHT! FIRST ROUND'S ON US! YOU DESERVE IT FOR HANDLING LUTHOR THE WAY YOU DID!

THAT I DO. BUT IF HE WANTS TO TEST HIMSELF AGAINST THE BEST BLACK BELTS IN METROPOLIS--

--HE HAS TO LEARN TO EAT *MAT!*

KIND OF WEIRD HOW HE NEVER SEEMS TO HAVE *MEN* AROUND, THOUGH...

SASHA.

YOU?! WHAT ARE *YOU* DOING HERE?

IN CASE YOU DIDN'T READ THE SIGN OUT FRONT, THIS IS THE *WOMEN'S* LOCKER ROOM.

THAT IS OF LITTLE CONCERN--

--TO ME!

AHH!

LOIS?

LOIS.

MMM?

IT'S ME. I'M BACK.

CLARK--!

"LOIS?

"LOIS! ARE YOU LISTENING TO ME?"

HE CAME BACK TO ME ONCE AFTER HE'D BEEN LOST IN TIME. IF ONLY--

"LOIS!"

I REALIZE THINGS HAVE BEEN TOUGH FOR YOU SINCE YOUR FIANCÉ PASSED AWAY, BUT YOU'D BETTER STOP DAYDREAMING!

WE'RE ALMOST THERE!

OH! SORRY. I GUESS I WAS JUST... THINKING ABOUT CLARK...

HEY! WHY ARE WE LANDING?

THIS IS A DANGEROUS MISSION, LOIS. IF YOU CAN'T CONCENTRATE--

-- I CAN'T USE YOU. I'LL PICK YOU UP ON THE WAY BACK TO METROPOLIS!

HEY! THIS WHOLE THING WAS MY IDEA! YOU CAN'T LEAVE ME HERE!

IT'S FOR YOUR OWN GOOD, LOIS!

DAMN! NOW I'LL HAVE TO HIKE THE REST OF THE WAY!

CONSIDERING WHAT'S AT STAKE THERE IS NO WAY I'LL COOL MY HEELS WHILE-- WAIT!

WHAT'S THAT NOISE?

VVRRRMMM

THIS AREA IS *WILD!* THIS AREA IS *DEADLY!* TO RISK DEALING WITH US--

--YOUR REASONS FOR BEING HERE HAD BETTER BE *GOOD!*

I THOUGHT THE *HABITAT* AREA WAS PEACEFUL! YOU GUYS DON'T LOOK THE PART!

WE'RE *OUTSIDERS!* AND YOU--

YOU'RE A SABOTEUR?

LOOK, I'M JUST PASSING THROUGH ON MY WAY TO *CADMUS!* I HAVE TO GET INSIDE THEIR INSTALLATION!

NO. THEY HAVE--SUPERMAN'S BODY. AND I'VE COME TO TAKE IT BACK!

AS YOU SHOULD! TAKE MY BIKE AND RIDE WITH YANGO!

HE SHALL LEAD YOU THROUGH CADMUS'S DEFENSES!

GOOD THING I LEARNED HOW TO RIDE CYCLES ON ALL THOSE MILITARY BASES I GREW UP ON!

WE CALL SUPERMAN FRIEND, WOMAN! PREPARE TO RIDE FAST AND *HARD!*

LEAD THE WAY, YANGO! BUT WITH THE SOPHISTICATED DETECTION DEVICES CADMUS HAS--

"--THEY PROBABLY ALREADY KNOW WE'RE COMING!"

WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON HERE? THE ALARMS ARE GOING CRAZY!

OUR ELECTRONICS ARE STILL A MESS BECAUSE SO MANY SYSTEMS WERE SHORTED OUT IN THE FLOOD!

I *THINK* WE'VE BEEN BREACHED-- BUT I'M NOT SURE WHERE!

WE'RE ALMOST IN! EXPECT *TROUBLE!* FEAR THE *UNKNOWN!*

THIS GUY'S RIGHT! IF CADMUS HAD THE TEMERITY TO TAKE SUPERMAN'S BODY--

--THEY PROBABLY WON'T HESITATE TO *KILL* US!

I'VE GOT A LOCK ON THE INTRUDERS! THEY'VE JUST ENTERED TUNNEL Z-7!

I'VE CONTACTED ALL DEFENSIVE STATIONS ALONG THE WAY BUT THEY WON'T ANSWER!

OH, I THINK THEY KNOW WE'RE HERE, YANGO!

WILD! NO GUARDS OR CANNON FIRE! WE'RE IN FREE!

CHECK OUT THE CONDITION OF THOSE TROOPS! SOMEONE CAME THROUGH HERE FIRST AND CLEARED THE WAY!

WE RIDE WHERE EVEN ANGELS WOULD FEAR TO TREAD!

PERHAPS! BUT MY GUESS WOULD BE THAT A VERY POWERFUL YOUNG LADY NAMED SUPERGIRL WOULD NOT BE AFRAID TO COME HERE!

SUPERGIRL?!

HER MIGHT MUST BE UNMEASURABLE!

SUPERGIRL'S POWERS ARE DIFFERENT FROM SUPERMAN'S. WHEN WE CATCH UP-- LOOK!

THERE SHE IS! AND SHE... SHE...

OH, LORD.

NOT LONG AGO LOIS LANE HAD EMBRACED THE NOTION OF A LIFE TOGETHER WITH THIS MAN.

THEY WERE ENGAGED TO BE MARRIED, AND THE FUTURE PROMISED INFINITE HAPPINESS.

NOW TOMORROW CAN ONLY BRING THE EMPTY, ACHING SADNESS THAT COMES WITH ANY MAN'S DEATH...

...EVEN A SUPERMAN'S.

HOW COULD IT HAVE COME TO THIS?

HURRY... LET'S GET OUT OF HERE--

"--WE HAVE TO TAKE HIM BACK TO HIS ETERNAL RESTING PLACE."

I DON'T BELIEVE THIS! HE'S NOT FIGHTING AT ALL!

DO YOU HEAR ME, JONATHAN? IF YOU WANT TO LIVE, YOU HAVE TO FIGHT!

DON'T LET YOUR LIFE FALL APART THIS WAY, JONATHAN KENT!

"HIS VITALS ARE BOTTOMING OUT, DOCTOR!"

GIVE ME ROOM! EVERY SECOND COUNTS!

GIVE ME ROOM! EVERY SECOND COUNTS!

"HE SHOULD PULL THROUGH... THANKS TO YOU, SUPERMAN!"

"WHAT'S GOING ON, SON?"

"SUPERMAN JUST SAVED SOME GUY! HE'S AWESOME!"

Clark.

You've always saved everyone

Everyone but yourself.

Why did you leave?

Why did you have to die?

GOOD. LEX HAS FINALLY ARRIVED.

YOU'RE A LITTLE LATE, LEX. WHAT KEPT YOU?

MY GARBAGE DISPOSAL BUSINESS... HAD AN EMERGENCY.

YOU RETRIEVED THE BODY?

LEXCORP

YES.

GET US INTO THE VAULT, GIRL. I'LL GET THE NEW CASKET OUT OF THE TRUCK.

"DEARLY BELOVED, WE ARE GATHERED HERE TODAY--

"--TO CELEBRATE THE UNION OF THIS WOMAN, LOIS LANE, AND THIS MAN--

"--CLARK KENT.

"LOIS LANE, DO YOU TAKE THIS MAN TO HOLD AND CHERISH, TO LOVE AND HONOR, FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE?"

I DO.

WHAT'S THAT, LOIS?

NOTHING. JUST SAYING--

--GOODBYE.

IF YOU TWO WOULDN'T MIND, I'D LIKE TO BE ALONE FOR A FEW MINUTES.

TO PRAY.

YOU--? I MEAN ...OF COURSE... I'M SORRY...

GOTCHA.

SO. I WIN.

I KNEW I'D BURY YOU ONE DAY, YOU SANCTIMONIOUS, SELF-RIGHTEOUS PAIN!

I OWNED THIS TOWN UNTIL YOU CAME ALONG.

THAT'S THE MAIN REASON I KILLED HER, YOU KNOW. THAT SASHA WITCH.

I THROTTLED THE LIFE FROM HER THROAT WITH MY BARE HANDS JUST TO PROVE TO YOU THAT I WAS KING AGAIN.

WHEN THEY FIND HER BODY TOMORROW ALL THE EVIDENCE WILL POINT TO A JANITOR AT LEXCORP. AN EX-CON, NO LESS.

OF COURSE HE'LL DENY THE MURDER BUT NO ONE WILL BELIEVE HIM.

THERE WASN'T A MAN ON EARTH WHO COULD STOP ME FROM DOING WHATEVER I PLEASED!

AND IF ANYONE DARED INTERFERE--

--THEY WERE GIVEN A ONE-WAY TICKET TO HELL.

AND YOU CAN'T DO ONE BLESSED THING ABOUT IT!

YOU'RE DEAD! YOU ARE NOTHING!

AND I AM BACK ON TOP!

METROPOLIS IS *MINE* AGAIN, SUPERMAN!

AND YOU ARE AN EMPTY, LIFELESS, WITHERING *HUSK!*

BREATHE, JONATHAN! BREATHE!

Clark!

Look out!

EEEEEEEEE

IT'S ME, PA. DON'T BE AFRAID.

clark.

EEEEEEEE

I'm coming, son.

EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE

OH, JONATHAN... NO...

EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE

EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE

EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE

EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE

EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE

DON'T LEAVE ME ALONE...

The End

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KTOW!!

FASTER THAN A SPEEDING BULLET!

SHTOOM

SANTA FE

MORE POWERFUL THAN A LOCOMOTIVE!

ABLE TO LEAP TALL BUILDINGS IN A SINGLE BOUND!

LOOK! UP IN THE SKY!

IT'S A BIRD!

IT'S A PLANE!

NO! IT'S...

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SUPERGIRL!

YES, MY FRIENDS-- *SUPERGIRL!* THIS BEAUTIFUL YOUNG LADY WHO CAME TO US... A STRANGER FROM A *DYING WORLD!*

SUPERGIRL... DEDICATING HER LIFE TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE, GREAT SUPERMAN... UTILIZING HER AMAZING POWERS TO CARRY ON HIS FIGHT FOR *TRUTH* AND *JUSTICE!*

TO THAT END, SHE HAS JOINED THE *LEXCORP FAMILY* TO SERVE AS A PROUD MEMBER OF... *TEAM LUTHOR!*

TOGETHER, THEY ARE THE KEY TO THE SAFETY OF OUR FAIR CITY! THEY INSURE THE PROMISE OF A BRIGHT NEW DAY! THEY GUARANTEE--

W...THE FUTURE OF METROPOLIS!"

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ALBERT DE GUZMAN - LETTERER * GLENN WHITMORE - COLORIST
JENNIFER FRANK - ASSISTANT * MIKE CARLIN - EDITOR

HELLO, I'M LEX LUTHOR THE SECOND! AS MANY OF YOU MAY RECALL, TEAM LUTHOR WAS ORIGINALLY CREATED BY MY LATE FATHER TO PROTECT OUR CITY--

--WHEN SUPERMAN DISAPPEARED* AFTER HELPING TO THWART AN ALIEN INVASION OF THE EARTH.

*CIRCA SUPERMAN #28

USING EXPERIMENTAL, CUTTING-EDGE LEXCORP TECHNOLOGY, THESE ARMORED SENTINELS HAVE SERVED METROPOLIS WELL...

...AND WILL SERVE HER EVEN BETTER, NOW THAT THEIR RANKS HAVE BEEN JOINED BY THE BOLD YOUNG GIRL OF STEEL!

JUST LAST WEEK, WHEN FIRE THREATENED CITY RESIDENTS, SUPERGIRL WAS THERE--

--AIDING THE BRAVE MEN AND WOMEN OF THE METROPOLIS FIRE DEPARTMENT, SAVING LIVES THAT MIGHT OTHERWISE HAVE BEEN LOST...

...AND COMFORTING THE OTHERWISE INCONSOLABLE!

IT'S OKAY! YOU'RE ALL RIGHT NOW. TELL ME WHAT'S WRONG.

AS THIS EXCLUSIVE WLEX NEWS FOOTAGE SHOWS, SUPERGIRL WAS UTTERLY FEARLESS--

--VENTURING WHERE WE POOR MORTALS DARED NOT GO...

FHOOOM

--YET ANOTHER SMALL LIFE!

...AND EMERGING MIRACULOUSLY UNHARMED, USING HER ASTOUNDING ABILITIES TO SHIELD AND RESCUE--

YOU DID IT! YOU SAVED HIM!

REMARKABLE, ISN'T SHE?

MIGHTIER THAN A HUNDRED STRONG MEN, YET WITH THE GRACE OF A SUMMER BEAUTY!

AND UNDER THE TRAINING OF TEAM LUTHOR, SHE HAS LEARNED TO PUT THAT POWER TO GOOD USE.

THIS OCCURRED MERE DAYS AGO AND WAS CAPTURED ON A HOME CAMCORDER.

OBSERVE-- A COMMON STREET BRAWL!

WITHIN SECONDS OF HER ARRIVAL ON THE SCENE, SUPERGIRL HAD SEPARATED THE COMBATANTS--

--AND BEGUN TO REASON WITH THEM. WHEN THE MORE HOT-HEADED OF THE TWO PERSISTED IN HIS BELLIGERENCE...

...SHE GENTLY BUT FIRMLY CONVINCED HIM TO RECONSIDER. IN A MATTER OF MOMENTS--

--A MISUNDERSTANDING WAS SOLVED, A BATTLE ENDED!

"BLESSED ARE THE PEACEMAKERS..."

...AND BLESSED, INDEED, ARE WE FOR FINDING A SUPERGIRL TO AID US IN OUR TIME OF NEED!

SUPERGIRL OF TEAM LUTHOR... MAKING THE WORLD A BETTER PLACE FOR US ALL!

LIGHTS PLEASE!

I HOPE YOU'LL FORGIVE THE *MELODRAMA*, MAYOR BERKOWITZ... LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE CITY COUNCIL...

...LEXCORP'S PUBLIC RELATIONS PEOPLE ASKED ME TO NARRATE THIS LITTLE PRESENTATION TO REASSURE THE PUBLIC, BEREFT--AS WE ALL ARE--OVER SUPERMAN'S PASSING.

BUT I DIDN'T ASK YOU HERE MERELY TO SHOW YOU A PROMOTIONAL TAPE! NO, I WANT TO OFFICIALLY OFFER METROPOLIS THE SERVICES OF TEAM LUTHOR... AND DEVELOP A MORE *FORMAL* WORKING ARRANGEMENT.

JUST WHAT SORT OF ARRANGEMENT DID YOU HAVE IN *MIND*, MR. LUTHOR?

YES, LEX. WE DON'T HAVE THE *BUDGET* TO SUPPORT YOUR SUPER-COPS.

I WOULDN'T *DREAM* OF ASKING YOU TO, MR. MAYOR. I CONSIDER THE FUNDING OF TEAM LUTHOR TO BE PART O' MY CIVIC DUTY. *HOWEVER*...

...THERE ARE CERTAIN LEGAL CONSIDERATIONS WHICH INHIBIT THE TEAM'S USEFULNESS!

IF YOU FINE FOLKS COULD SEE FIT TO GRANT US THE SAME SPECIAL POLICE POWERS YOU ONCE GAVE SUPERMAN. WE MIGHT BETTER FILL THE VOID LEFT BY--!

MR. LUTHOR! NO ONE CAN REPLACE SUPERMAN!

I NEVER SAID "REPLACE," SIR--I SAID "FILL THE VOID!"

SUPERMAN MADE PEOPLE FEEL SECURE, PROTECTED... THEY CAME TO DEPEND ON HIM! NOW THAT HE'S GONE, THEY'RE IN A TERRIBLE STATE!

"STREET CRIME IS SKYROCKETING! AND WHETHER WE LIKE IT OR NOT, VIGILANTE JUSTICE HAS COME TO OUR FAIR CITY!

"THAT MYSTERY WOMAN, THE THORN, HAS COME OUT OF THE WOODWORK AGAIN!

"AND THAT SELF-APPOINTED GANGBUSTER, JOSE DELGADO, CONTINUES TO TAKE THE LAW INTO HIS OWN HANDS! * IF SOMETHING ISN'T DONE SOON, METROPOLIS COULD GO THE WAY OF GOTHAM CITY!

"PLEASE UNDERSTAND, WE DO NOT PROPOSE TEAM LUTHOR AS A REPLACEMENT FOR SUPERMAN. RATHER, WE PROPOSE A CHANGE!

"WHILE HE LIVED, SUPERMAN WAS A DETERRENT TO THE COMMON CRIMINAL... BUT HE WAS ALSO AN IRRESISTIBLE TARGET FOR THE MOST POWERFUL MENACES OF OUR TIME!

"NOT TO SPEAK ILL OF THE DEAD, BUT SUPERMAN'S PRESENCE RESULTED IN METROPOLIS BEING BESIEGED BY THE LIKES OF THE ERADICATOR... THAT GREEN DEVIL, BRAINIAC... AND, OF COURSE, DOOMSDAY!"

I NEEDN'T REMIND YOU OF THE LIVES LOST--INCLUDING SUPERMAN'S OWN!--OR THE BUILDINGS LEVELED BY DOOMSDAY BEFORE HE WAS STOPPED.

WHY, EVEN AS WE SPEAK...

*MOST RECENTLY IN LEGACY OF SUPERMAN #1...STILL ON SALE, IF YOU'RE LUCKY!

"...RESCUE EFFORTS DRAG ON!"

RRRF?

WHAT IS IT, BOY?

RAWF!

RAWF!

HE'S FOUND ANOTHER ONE!

STEP ASIDE--

--I'LL HANDLE THIS!

HELP... PLEASE...

IT'S OKAY... EASY DOES IT!

ROOF FELL IN... JUS' FELL IN ON ME. COULDN'T MOVE... YELLED AN' YELLED BUT NOBODY CAME.

BUT I DIDN' GIVE UP... 'CAUSE I KNEW YOU WOULDN' GIVE UP...

NO... NO, I'M SUPERGIRL. BUT IT'S ALL RIGHT... YOU'RE GOING TO BE IN GOOD HANDS NOW!

...KNEW YOU'D SAVE ME... SUPERMAN? YOU... YOU'RE NOT SUPERMAN!

WHAT ARE HIS HOPES FOR RECOVERY?

HARD TO SAY, SUPERGIRL. HE WENT WITHOUT WATER FOR SEVERAL DAYS, AND THAT'S HELL ON THE SYSTEM. BUT HIS ATTITUDE SEEMS GOOD...

...HE AT LEAST HAS A FIGHTING CHANCE NOW. THAT'S MORE THAN THESE POOR SOULS HAD.

HOW MANY *MORE* ARE STILL OUT THERE? HOW MANY ARE STILL ALIVE?

IF ONLY WE CAN FIND THEM BEFORE IT'S *TOO LATE*--' BUT THERE ARE DOZENS OF RUINS YET TO SEARCH...

"...SO MUCH WORK YET TO BE DONE!"

WE MUST DRAW UPON EVERY POSSIBLE RESOURCE IF WE ARE TO RESTORE METROPOLIS.

AT PRESENT, THE POLICE, FIRE DEPARTMENT, ALL CITY SERVICES ARE STRETCHED TO THE *BREAKING POINT*...

...TEAM LUTHOR CAN EASE THE PRESSURE, IF YOU'LL LET US!

SO YOU SAY, MR. LUTHOR! BUT YOU'RE ASKING US TO ENTRUST SPECIAL POLICE POWERS IN YOUR HIGH-TECH KNIGHTS--

--AND WE KNOW *NOTHING* ABOUT ANY OF THEM! JUST WHO ARE THESE PEOPLE? AND WHO WILL BE *LIABLE* IF THEY SCREW UP... THE *CITY*?

POINT WELL TAKEN! GRANTED. SUPERGIRL IMPRESSES ME, BUT SHE'S STILL SO... YOUNG. AND THE REST OF YOUR PEOPLE ARE *UNKNOWNS*!

WHO'S IN CHARGE OF THESE TIN SOLDIERS, LEX? WHO WILL TAKE THE RESPONSIBILITY FOR THEIR ACTIONS?

BEFORE ANY DEALS ARE CUT, WE HAVE TO SETTLE THE ISSUE OF ACCOUNTABILITY!

ONCE A BUREAUCRAT, ALWAYS A BLOODY BUREAUCRAT!

AND SETTLE IT WE SHALL, MAYOR! HERE...

KLK

...HERE IS THE ANSWER TO YOUR QUESTIONS!

WHRRR

"UH-OH..."

...HERE COME THE VULTURES!

SUPERGIRL!

OVER HERE!

WE UNDERSTAND YOU FOUND MORE SURVIVORS!

WHAT DO YOU SEE AS YOUR ROLE--?

HOW--?

PLEASE! I'M JUST TRYING TO HELP AS BEST I CAN!

THESE BRAVE MEN AND WOMEN HAVE A VERY DANGEROUS, DIFFICULT JOB... THEY DESERVE THE CREDIT FOR ANY RESCUES!

OH! THERE'S LOIS--!

YOU CAN HELP BY REMINDING PEOPLE THAT RELIEF EFFORTS NEED DONATIONS -- OF FOOD AND CLOTHING, AS WELL AS MONEY!

WE ALSO NEED BLOOD DONORS AND MORE VOLUNTEER WORKERS, ESPECIALLY FROM THE BUILDING TRADES! IT WILL TAKE A LOT OF PEOPLE TO REBUILD METROPOLIS...

...AND ANYONE... EVERYONE CAN BE A HERO. NOW, YOU MUST EXCUSE ME!

MS. LANE! MAY I GIVE YOU A LIFT?

:?: YOU DON'T GIVE A PERSON MUCH TIME TO RESPOND, DO YOU?

I'M SORRY IF I WAS A LITTLE ABRUPT, LOIS... GUESS I SHOULD WORK ON THAT... BUT YOUR CAMERAS GET ON MY NERVES. AND I DID WANT TO TALK WITH YOU.

YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE WHOM I CAN CONFIDE IN... ABOUT CLARK... BESIDES LANA LANG AND THE KENTS. THEY ALL HELPED ME THROUGH SOME ROUGH TIMES.

I GUESS THE FIVE OF US ARE THE ONLY ONES WHO KNEW THAT HE WAS SUPERMAN.

YOU GUESS--?

WELL, I SORT OF ABSORBED SOME OF CLARK'S MEMORIES ONCE... AND I GOT THE IMPRESSION THAT THE BATMAN MIGHT HAVE KNOWN... BUT I'M NOT CLEAR ON THAT. DID HE EVER MENTION--?

NO... WE WEREN'T ENGAGED ALL THAT LONG. THERE WAS... A LOT THAT WE NEVER GOT TO TALK ABOUT.

LOIS... YOU AND I DIDN'T HAVE MUCH OF A CHANCE TO TO TALK EITHER... WHEN WE WERE RECOVERING SUPERMAN'S BODY,* I MEAN. I'VE FELT BADLY ABOUT THAT... ABOUT SO MANY THINGS.

I WISH I COULD HAVE SAVED HIM, LOIS. I TRIED TO STOP DOOMSDAY, BUT... I COULDN'T.

*IN SUPERMAN #17.
**AS SHOWN IN MAN OF STEEL #19.

I CAN'T SHAKE THE FEELING THAT I SHOULD HAVE DONE *MORE*, THAT IF I HAD, I MIGHT HAVE SAVED CLARK'S LIFE!

I KNOW THAT FEELING.

HOW DO YOU COPE--?

I TRY TO KEEP BUSY. HEAVEN KNOWS THERE'S PLENTY TO BE DONE.

YES. I'VE BEEN ON THE GO ALMOST CONSTANTLY SINCE... SINCE THE FUNERAL.

SHE CAN HARDLY BEAR TO LOOK AT ME!

LOIS? IT'S MY *COSTUME*, ISN'T IT? IF IT BOTHERS YOU THAT MUCH, I CAN CHANGE IT--!

YES... I MEAN, *NO*! DON'T CHANGE IT ON MY ACCOUNT.

IT DOES HURT TO SEE SOMEONE ELSE WEARING HIS COLORS, BUT THE CITY NEEDS A SUPER... SOMEONE RIGHT NOW.

AND IT'S GOOD THAT YOU'RE CARRYING ON IN CLARK'S MEMORY, ESPECIALLY WITH YOUR CONNECTION TO THE KENTS...

... THEY'RE SUCH GOOD PEOPLE, I... I'M SORRY.

... I REALLY CAN'T TALK ANYMORE... NOT NOW. I... I HAVE A LOT OF WORK TO DO.

I UNDERSTAND, LOIS. I REALLY DO.

STUPID, STUPID, *STUPID*!

I RAMBLED ON AND ON ABOUT MY FEELINGS, AND ALL THAT TIME SHE MUST'VE BEEN DYING INSIDE!

I KNOW HOW HORRIBLE I'D FEEL IF ANYTHING EVER HAPPENED TO *LEX*... I CAN *ONLY IMAGINE* HOW AWFUL IT MUST BE FOR HER... KNOWING THAT THE MAN SHE LOVED IS DEAD, BUT NOT BEING ABLE TO TELL ANYONE...

"...HAVING TO PUT ON THAT BRAVE FACE IN FRONT OF HER FRIENDS WHILE SHE COVERS THE RESCUE EFFORTS."

LOIS...LOIS! I HEARD THAT SOME MORE PEOPLE WERE RESCUED! HAS THERE BEEN ANY WORD ON--?

NO... NO, ALLIE. STILL NO SIGN OF CLARK.

THERE NEVER WILL BE. NEVER.

DON'T GIVE UP HOPE, LOIS! I'M SURE WE'LL HEAR FROM HIM YET!

OH, YOU HAVE A COUPLE OF MESSAGES...

...A MS. LANG CALLED... LONG DISTANCE... SOUNDED IMPORTANT. SHE LEFT A NUMBER.

AND DOCTOR FAULKNER CALLED... SHE'S SORRY, BUT SHE WON'T BE ABLE TO JOIN YOU FOR LUNCH AFTER ALL. I GUESS THINGS ARE PRETTY BUSY--

"--OVER AT S.T.A.R. LABS!"

RIGHT THIS WAY, SIR! DR. FAULKNER IS RUNNING A SYSTEMS CHECK--

--IN OUR META-HUMAN RESEARCH LAB!

YE GODS! WHAT THE DEVIL IS THAT?!

COME CLOSER AND FIND OUT!

OH, DON'T MIND HIM! THAT'S JUST THE HELLGRAMMITE... HE'S ALWAYS LIKE THAT!

THANKS FOR SHOWING OUR VISITOR IN, SALLY. I'LL TAKE IT FROM HERE.

REALLY, THERE'S NOTHING TO BE ALARMED ABOUT! THAT HOLDING CELL HAS TRIPLE-REDUNDANCY FAILSAFES... OUR SCALY FRIEND IS GOING NOWHERE!

HOW DO YOU DO? I'M KAREN LOU FAULKNER! YOU MUST BE HOWARD SANDERS--?

EH, YES... OF DATANET RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT. I'M GLAD YOU COULD FIND TIME TO SEE ME. I IMAGINE YOU MUST BE QUITE BUSY.

QUITE. BUT S.T.A.R. IS ALWAYS GLAD TO LEND A HELPING HAND TO NEW INDEPENDENT RESEARCH GROUPS.

AS I RECALL, YOUR GROUP IS BECOMING INVOLVED IN CYBERNETICS?

YES, A CLIENT APPROACHED US ABOUT DEVELOPING A NEW GENERATION OF PROTECTIVE BODY ARMOR FOR A NEW MINING OPERATION, AND WE'D LIKE TO SUBCONTRACT THE FABRICATION WORK TO S.T.A.R.

OF COURSE, I NEED TO SEE WHAT YOU HAVE TO OFFER.

OH, OF COURSE. OUR CYBERNETICS WING IS STRAIGHT AHEAD...

THIS IS ONE OF OUR ANALYSIS LABS. AS YOU CAN SEE, WE'RE CURRENTLY IN THE MIDST OF ANOTHER SPECIAL PROJECT INVOLVING BODY ARMOR!

REMARKABLE!

WELL, WE CAN'T TAKE CREDIT FOR THE BATTLE SUITS! THEY WERE SEIZED FROM MEMBERS OF A TERRORIST CELL CALLED THE DMT.* THE POLICE ASKED US TO FIGURE OUT WHAT MAKES THEM TICK.

*AS RECOUNTED IN SUPERMAN #48, ADVENTURES #471, AND ACTION #658.

I SEE. AND HAVE YOU?

NOT YET. BUT WE WILL SOON.

I THINK NOT!

WHOK

HELLO, BLITZKRIEG--HELLO, BLITZKRIEG. THIS IS TROJAN HORSE!

FOLLOW MY SIGNAL IN, BOYS. I AM ON THE MARK! REPEAT, I AM ON THE MARK--

"--AND IN FULL CONTROL OF THE SITUATION!"

WHAT YOU SEE BEFORE YOU, FRIENDS, IS THE RESULT OF YEARS OF LEXCORP RESEARCH! THE LX-20 IS THE CUTTING EDGE IN PERSONAL BODY ARMOR...

...CAPABLE OF TRANSFORMING A MAN INTO A WALKING, FLYING TANK! ITS STATE-OF-THE-ART COMMUNICATIONS LINK--!

LEX, YOU'RE NOT SERIOUS! YOU CAN'T BE SUGGESTING WHAT I THINK YOU ARE!

I'VE NEVER BEEN MORE SERIOUS IN MY LIFE! AFTER ALL, I AM ULTIMATELY RESPONSIBLE FOR THE ACTIONS OF TEAM LUTHOR! THE LX-20 WILL ENABLE ME TO FULFILL THOSE RESPONSIBILITIES!

GOOD LORD... YOU'D PUT YOUR OWN LIFE ON THE LINE--?!

EXCUSE ME, MR. L, BUT THERE'S AN URGENT CALL FOR MAYOR BERKOWITZ!

HELLO? YES, THIS IS--! WHAT?!?

WHEN?! WHY DIDN'T THIS GO THROUGH CHANNELS? DON'T TELL ME THAT OUR COMMUNICATIONS ARE STILL THAT SCREWED UP?!

WHERE IN BLAZES IS THE SPECIAL CRIMES UNIT?! WELL, KEEP TRYING! IN THE MEANTIME, GET A HOSTAGE NEGOTIATING TEAM OUT THERE--

--AND PUT A CALL THROUGH TO THE GOVERNOR! WE MAY NEED THE NATIONAL GUARD!

FRANK--? GREAT HEAVENS, MAN, WHAT'S WRONG?!

S.T.A.R. LABS HAS BEEN HIT BY TERRORISTS... THE DMT, FROM THE SOUND OF THINGS. THEY'VE TAKEN OVER AN ENTIRE WING!

OMIGOD, NOT S.T.A.R.! WITH THEIR GEAR YOU COULD STAND OFF AN ARMY!

FIRST DOOMSDAY, NOW THIS!

THE POLICE ALREADY HAVE THEIR HANDS FULL!

WITHOUT SUPERMAN--!

WE MUST HAVE THE NATIONAL GUARD!

STEADY NOW! THE SITUATION IS SERIOUS, TRUE, BUT THERE'S NO NEED TO PANIC... OR TO BOTHER THE GOVERNOR!

THIS IS A JOB FOR TEAM LUTHOR!

IN FACT--

--THIS IS JUST THE SORT OF THING--

--WE WERE MEANT TO HANDLE!

:PING: EMERGENCY EGRESS OPEN!

NEVER FEAR! METROPOLIS IS IN GOOD HANDS!

YOU'D BEST STEP ASIDE NOW...

"...THERE'S A CONSIDERABLE BACKWASH FROM THESE JETS!

THAT CALL COULDN'T HAVE BEEN BETTER TIMED!

SMALL-MINDED LITTLE POLITICIANS... HAND THEM A SUDDEN CRISIS, AND THEY HAVEN'T A CLUE HOW TO COPE!

LORD, BUT THIS IS *MARVELOUS!* I'VE FLOWN EVERYTHING FROM A SINGLE-ENGINE PROP TO AN ORBITAL VEHICLE, BUT NOTHING COMPARES TO *THIS!*

I WONDER IF SUPERMAN EVER REALIZED WHAT A *GIFT* HE HAD... TO BE ABLE TO SOAR LIKE A GREAT BIRD OF PREY!

WELL... MUSTN'T LET MY MIND WANDER...

"...NOT WHILE THERE'S WORK TO BE DONE!"

THE ENTIRE WING IS OURS, SEALED AND SECURE!

INTELLIGENCE WAS RIGHT ON THE MONEY. S.T.A.R.'S SECURITY WAS NO MATCH FOR US.

DON'T WASTE TIME PATTING YOURSELVES ON THE BACK, THERE'S A LOT OF WORK TO DO.

-UHNNN-

I THINK OUR HOSTAGE IS COMING TO!

YOU... I DON'T KNOW... WHO YOU REALLY ARE... BUT YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS!

WHO'S GOING TO STOP US, DOCTOR? IN CASE YOU HADN'T HEARD, SUPERMAN IS DEAD!

YOU MISERABLE--!

GAG HER.

OH, IF ONLY I COULD GET A HAND FREE--! THERE'S ENOUGH ENERGY STORED IN MY *REGULATOR HARNESS* TO TRIGGER MY CHANGE TO *RAMPAGE* ...SHE COULD POUND THESE CREEPS INTO GROUND CHUCK!

-UUNGH- THE CONTROL SWITCH IS JUST -UUFF- UNDER MY BLOUSE... BUT IT MIGHT AS WELL BE ON MARS, AS TIGHT AS THESE ROPES ARE!

SIR, EVERYTHING IS EXACTLY AS REPORTED. ALL CAPTURED ARMOR AND EQUIPMENT HAS BEEN RECOVERED!

WE'VE ALSO WIPED ALL ELECTRONIC RECORDS AND SHREDDED THE HARD COPIES OF *S.T.A.R.'S* ANALYSIS OF THE GEAR.

SIR? IS SOMETHING WRONG?

I DON'T KNOW. OUR INTELLIGENCE SOURCE WAS BEYOND REPROACH. BUT... NO OPERATION GOES THIS SMOOTHLY.

THERE'S USUALLY SOMETHING THAT'S UNEXPECTED. MAYBE I'M JUST BEING PARANOID...

SHTOOM

...MAYBE NOT!

THROW DOWN YOUR WEAPONS AND SURRENDER IMMEDIATELY--

--OR BE PREPARED TO ANSWER TO TEAM LUTHOR!!

TEAM--?#@$@!! I'VE GOT YOUR "SURRENDER," LUTHOR--

--RIGHT HERE!!

WHA--?! THAT DISRUPTOR BLAST CAN SHATTER STEEL!

BUT NOT THE GIRL OF STEEL-- EH, LOVE?

N-NO. STILL, IT DOES... TICKLE, LEX!

WELL, NOW WE CAN'T HAVE THAT!

DON'T JUST STAND THERE, YOU IDIOTS! FIGHT BAAAACK!

ZZZAK

IS HE CRAZY?! WE'VE GOT A HOSTAGE!

IF LUTHOR'S ANYTHING LIKE HIS OLD MAN, THAT WON'T STOP 'IM!

THEY CAN'T STOP US! WE OUTNUMBER 'EM!

GYAAHH!

NUMBERS AREN'T EVERYTHING, BOYS!

CAN'T WASTE TIME WALTZING AROUND WITH THESE MICRO-MISSILES-- NOT WITH A HOSTAGE AT STAKE.

A LITTLE PSYCHOKINETIC *NUDGE* WILL CLEAR A PATH...

"...AND I'M SURE MY TEAMMATES WON'T MIND HANDLING THE ORDNANCE!"

HE-E-EY, NICE BOMBS, HUH? I'D GUESS THAT THEY DETONATE ON IMPACT!

BY GEORGE, I BELIEVE YOU'RE RIGHT! WE'D BETTER BE CAREFUL WITH THEM!

YEAH, EXTRA CAREFUL! HEADS UP!

HAH! GOOD ONE! THE FLYING KARAMAZOV BROTHERS HAVE NOTHING ON US!

KLANG

AS I'D ANTICIPATED, OUR BRAVADO HAS CAUGHT THE DMT COMPLETELY OFF-GUARD. BUT I NEVER IMAGINED THAT THERE'D BE SUCH A... *RUSH!*

IS THIS WHY YOU PLAYED THE HERO, SUPERMAN...

"...FOR THE SHEER THRILL OF CRUSHING YOUR ENEMIES?"

HEY, OUR NEW BUDDIES ARE LEAVING!

C'MON BACK, GUYS! WE'LL PLAY CATCH!

TL-3

BOOM

BOOM

BOOM

GOOD WORK, MATES! YOU'VE DONE US ALL PROUD!

DOCTOR FAULKNER, I PRESUME? TEAM LUTHOR AT YOUR SERVICE, MA'AM!

OUR PLEASURE! LEXCORP AND S.T.A.R. MAY COMPETE IN THE MARKETPLACE, BUT THERE'S NO NEED TO...

UH, THANK YOU. THIS IS ALL... MOST UNEXPECTED!

IF YOU WANT TO PLAY LIVING SHIELD, LEX, TRY STANDING A LITTLE CLOSER!

EH? SORRY, LOVE. GUESS I GOT A BIT CARRIED AWAY BY IT ALL!

KRAK

LOOK OUT!

STAY DOWN!

DARN, DARN, DARN!

SHOULD'VE KNOWN THOSE EXPLOSIONS WOULD WEAKEN THE CEILINGS.

YOU OKAY, DOCTOR?

-'KOFF- I THINK SO!

HOW ARE THE OTHERS, LEX? WILL THERE BE ANY--?

LEX?

OH, MY GOD! LEX!!

I WAS SO CONCERNED ABOUT DR. FAULKNER, I NEVER THOUGHT--!

HE SEEMED SO...SO INVINCIBLE IN HIS ARMOR!

LEX, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?!

DO I LOOK ALL RIGHT? OWWW!

MY...LEG!

"THOSE ARE THE BREAKS, LEX..."

...FORTUNATELY, YOURS WAS A FAIRLY SIMPLE ONE. IT SHOULD MEND WITHOUT TOO MUCH TROUBLE.

HAVE I COME AT A BAD TIME?

NOT AT ALL, SYDNEY-- I WAS JUST PUTTING THE *ARMORED AVENGER* HERE BACK TOGETHER. HE'LL HAVE TO MAKE DO WITH THE PLASTER CAST, THOUGH... I WAS ALL OUT OF KEVLAR!

OH, *DROLL*, KELLEY. VERY DROLL!

WELL, HAPPERSEN, WHAT IS IT? HAVE WE HEARD BACK FROM THE CITY COUNCIL... OR DID YOU JUST DROP BY TO TRADE *BON MOTS* WITH THE DOCTOR?

UH... NO, SIR. THE MAYOR HIMSELF CALLED.

YES? *AND*--? WHAT DID HE SAY, MAN?

WELL... THEY WERE ALL VERY IMPRESSED BY SUPERGIRL, OF COURSE...

...BUT, IN LIGHT OF WHAT HAPPENED AT *S.T.A.R.*, THEY STILL HAVE VERY MIXED FEELINGS ABOUT TEAM LUTHOR.

FRANKLY, SIR, THE COUNCIL FELT THAT YOU WERE GRANDSTANDING.

GRANDSTANDING?!?

WE STOPPED THE BLOODY DMT, DIDN'T *WE*? AND SAVED THE HOSTAGE!

--THEY BELIEVE THAT SIMILAR RESULTS MIGHT HAVE BEEN ACCOMPLISHED BY... AH... LESS DESTRUCTIVE MEANS. AND *S.T.A.R.*'S INSURANCE CARRIER CONCURS...

...THEY'RE BILLING TEAM LUTHOR FOR THE DAMAGES.

BE THAT AS IT MAY--

WONDERFUL, JUST BLEEDIN' WONDERFUL.

IT'S NOT A *TOTAL* WASH, MR. L... AFTER ALL, WE *DID* FLUSH OUT THAT *DMT* CELL WITHOUT ANYONE BEING THE WISER!

THE *DMT* WERE *FOOLS!* IT WAS CHILD'S PLAY TO FEED THEIR SOURCES THE INFORMATION NEEDED TO SET THEM UP.

DO YOU MEAN TO SAY THAT YOU MANIPULATED THOSE *DMT* PEOPLE INTO ATTACKING *S.T.A.R.* LABS? JUST SO THAT TEAM LUTHOR COULD RIDE TO THE RESCUE?!

YOU *ARE* A GRANDSTANDER, LEX!

AM I NOW? I WOULDN'T ACT SO BLOODY *SELF-RIGHTEOUS*, DOCTOR!

SHALL I REMIND YOU OF ALL THE TIMES YOU'VE VIOLATED THE HIPPOCRATIC OATH ON MY BEHALF? PERHAPS YOU'VE CONVENIENTLY FORGOTTEN THAT YOU AGREED TO PLAY THE MOTHER OF THE *ELDER* LUTHOR'S LONG-LOST SON?

--SO I'LL THANK YOU *NOT* TO CALL ME A GRANDSTANDER...

...UNLESS YOU WISH ME TO SAY WHAT *YOU* ARE!

HE'S UPSET, GRETCHEN... HE DIDN'T REALLY MEAN THAT.

YES, HE DID. I KNOW HIM BETTER THAN YOU, SYDNEY...

...MAYBE BETTER THAN ANYONE. HE MEANT EVERY LAST WORD. AND WHAT'S WORSE--

"--IT'S ALL TRUE."

THAT WAS A DAMN FOOL THING TO SAY. KELLEY KNOWS TOO MUCH! IF SHE EVER GOT FED UP AND WENT PUBLIC ABOUT HER "SON," I'D HAVE TO--!

BUT... NO, SHE'S IN *TOO DEEP*. SHE'D NEVER TELL.

BESIDES, THE TRUTH IS TOO *INCREDIBLE*...

YOU'VE MADE MANY A SCHEME OF MINE POSSIBLE, "MOTHER DEAR"--

...THE GENERAL PUBLIC WOULD NEVER BELIEVE THAT THE BRAIN OF THE DEARLY DEPARTED LEX LUTHOR THE FIRST LIVES ON IN THIS FINE, NEW BODY!

YES,..THIS FINE, NEW, GENETICALLY-ENGINEERED BODY...WITH A BROKEN LEG! I'M LUCKY THAT'S ALL I BROKE!

LEX?

TO THINK THAT I PULLED OFF MY OWN RESURRECTION... AND COULD HAVE GOTTEN MYSELF KILLED ON A FOOLHARDY FIELD OPERATION!

KELLEY WAS RIGHT...THEY ALL WERE RIGHT, DAMN THEM... I WAS GRANDSTANDING!

IT'S NOT JUST THE LEG... IT'S ME, ISN'T IT? I SHOULD HAVE SHIELDED YOU--!

WHAT'S WRONG, LOVER?

I'VE TAKEN CHANCES ALL MY LIFE, BUT I ALWAYS WEIGHED THE RISKS CAREFULLY. HOW COULD I HAVE MADE SUCH A MISTAKE?

I MIGHT HAVE LOST ALL THE POWER AND VITALITY I HAD REGAINED. I WAS AS RECKLESS AS... AS ANY YOUTH!

IS THAT THE PROBLEM? HAS RESTORED YOUTH SO OVERWHELMED MY JUDGMENT? OR DID MY COMMON SENSE DIE WITH MY OLD BODY?

NO... NO, I DON'T BLAME YOU!

THEN WHAT'S TROUBLING YOU SO?

NOTHING. IT'S NOTHING.

PERHAPS ALL THAT'S LEFT OF LEX LUTHOR IS A MIND FULL OF FACTS AND FIGURES TUCKED INSIDE A FANCY, FLASHY SHELL... WITH BETTER HAIR.

I'VE NEVER SEEN HIM SO DEPRESSED BEFORE! HMMM...

...MAYBE I CAN JOLLY HIM OUT OF HIS MOOD. LET'S SEE...

OHHH, LEXIE, CHEER UP!

IF I PROMISE NOT TO BUG YOU ABOUT BEING IN THE SHOW WITH FRED AND ETHEL, WILL YOU *'SPLAIN* WHAT'S BUGGING YOU NOW?

THERE'S NOTHING TO "*'SPLAIN*," AS YOU PUT IT.

NO? THERE IS A *WEIGHT* UPON YOUR SOUL!

DON'T GIVE IN TO THE DARK SIDE, LEX LUTHOR... THE FORCE IS STILL STRONG WITHIN YOU!

IT DOESN'T FEEL VERY STRONG RIGHT NOW.

ARE YOU KIDDING? WHY, YOU'RE A CAPTAIN OF INDUSTRY... NO, MORE THAN THAT... A *GENERAL*!

C'MON, GENERAL... WHAT DO YOU SAY WE HAVE A LITTLE HEART-TO-HEART, JUST YOU AND ME?

MAYBE LATER.

"MAYBE LATER"?!?

LEX LUTHOR THE SECOND, IF YOU THINK YOU CAN GIVE ME THE BRUSH-OFF, YOU CAN JUST THINK AGAIN!

ONE WOULD THINK YOU'D *LOST* THAT LEG... ALONG WITH MOST OF YOUR *BRAINS*! WELL, IF YOU WON'T LISTEN TO ME...

...MAYBE YOU'LL LISTEN TO YOUR *MOTHER*!

SHAPE UP, LEX! YOU'VE HAD A LITTLE SETBACK, BUT THAT'S NO REASON TO SIT THERE AND CRY IN YOUR BEER! YOU'RE STILL RICH, HANDSOME, POWERFUL, AND INCREDIBLY SEXY!

EH?!

YOU'VE NO TIME TO MOPE! THERE'S A CITY-- A WHOLE *WORLD* OUT THERE --THAT NEEDS YOU!

YOU ADORABLE LITTLE *SHAPE-CHANGER*!

YOU'RE RIGHT, LOVE-- ABSOLUTELY RIGHT!

'BOUT TIME YOU ADMITTED IT! WHAT IN THE WORLD WAS BOTHERING YOU SO?

NOTHING REALLY. JUST BOLLOXED UP OVER SOME FOOLISH THOUGHTS... UNTIL YOU SET ME STRAIGHT!

THERE IS INDEED WORK TO BE DONE, PET...

...AND I'D BEST BE ACTING ON IT WHILE THE MUSE IS HOT. SEE YOU AT DINNER?

YOU COULDN'T KEEP ME AWAY!

THAT MAN...

...HE CAN BE SO *SECRETIVE* SOMETIMES! WELL, MAYBE LATER I CAN GET HIM TO TELL ME WHAT WAS BOTHERING HIM.

HERE'S ONE FOR YOU...

...*"HOW CAN YOU TELL WHEN A BLONDE HAS BEEN USING YOUR COMPUTER?"*

I GIVE UP. HOW?

:?:

"THERE'S WHITE-OUT ON THE SCREEN!"

OOOH! THAT'S WICKED... BUT I LOVE IT!

HEY, I'VE GOT ONE... "HOW DO YOU MAKE A BLONDE'S EYES TWINKLE?"

THAT'S EASY! "SHINE A FLASHLIGHT THROUGH HER EARS!"

WELL!! OF ALL THE THOUGHT-LESS--!

I GIVE UP! YOU'RE TOO CLEVER FOR ME!

CLEVER? YOU THINK THAT BEING NASTY AND MEAN-SPIRITED IS *CLEVER?!*

W- WE WERE ONLY KIDDING, DR. KELLEY.

YEAH. GEEZ, THEY'RE JUST JOKES.

"JUST JOKES"? AND HOW WOULD YOU FEEL IF WE STARTED TELLING "SHALLOW REDHEAD" OR "MOUSY BRUNETTE" JOKES?

Y-YOU'RE HURTING ME!

SORRY.

HMMPH! WISH I COULD CHANGE *THEIR* APPEARANCES AT WILL! DO THEM SOME GOOD TO SEE THINGS FROM THE OTHER SIDE!

WHAT'S WITH HER?!

BEATS ME!

YOU'D THINK THAT *SHE* WAS A BLONDE OR SOMETHING!

GEEZ, D'YOU THINK MAYBE SHE ONCE *WAS?!*

NAW, REAL BLONDES TURN WHITE, NOT--

--GRAY?

PARDON ME.

DR. KELLEY?! BUT... YOU JUST...

YES?

NOTHING.

OH GAWD! I *KNEW* IT...

"...THIS PLACE IS STARTING TO GET TO ME!"

OF COURSE, I KNOW THAT STOCK HAS FALLEN, YOU FOOL... THAT'S WHY I WANT IT! DOESN'T THE PHRASE "BUY LOW, SELL HIGH" MEAN ANYTHING TO--?

WHA--?

MARKHAM! TEND TO YOUR PORTFOLIO ON YOUR OWN TIME!

I... I'LL HAVE TO GET BACK TO YOU.

SORRY TO INTERRUPT YOUR FINANCIAL AFFAIRS, GEORGE, BUT LEXCORP BUSINESS COMES FIRST!

I- I NEVER KNEW HE COULD CUT IN ON WORK STATIONS LIKE THIS.

I'M CALLING A SPECIAL EXECUTIVE MEETING. THE MAIN BOARDROOM...

"...IN THREE MINUTES. SEE THAT YOU'RE THERE!"

THIS CITY IS SPIRITUALLY *DEPRESSED*, GENTLEMEN-- AND THE LONG-TERM EFFECTS OF SUPERMAN'S PASSING HAVE YET TO BE FELT! THERE ARE GREAT PROFITS TO BE MADE IN THE REBUILDING...

...BUT THEY WON'T BE LASTING PROFITS UNLESS WE MAKE THE PUBLIC SMILE AGAIN! CHEER AGAIN! I WANT MORE COMEDIES FROM ENTERTAINMENT! MORE EMPHASIS ON EVERYDAY HEROICS FROM NEWS!

WE MUST *ALL* BECOME MORE UPBEAT IN OUR DEALINGS WITH THE PUBLIC. I WANT TO SEE PLANS FROM EVERY DIVISION CHIEF, OUTLINING COST-EFFECTIVE CHANGES TO THAT END... WITHIN THE *WEEK*!

WITH ALL DUE RESPECT, SIR, I DON'T BELIEVE THAT'S POSSIBLE.

YES, PERHAPS WITH A MORE REALISTIC DEADLINE--!

THE WORLD PRESENTS ITS OWN DEADLINES, GENTLEMEN. THOSE WHO FAIL TO MEET THEM, FALL BY THE WAYSIDE!

IF LEXCORP IS GOING TO REMAIN PREEMINENT, WE CAN'T AFFORD TO WAIT FOR STRAGGLERS!

I EXPECT THOSE PLANS ON MY DESK IN SEVEN DAYS. IF YOU CAN'T HANDLE THE JOB, I'LL FIND SOMEONE WHO CAN!

DAMN THAT YOUNG *PUNK*! IT WAS BAD ENOUGH TAKING ABUSE LIKE THIS FROM HIS OLD MAN! BUT WHAT MORE CAN I DO?

HE KNOWS TOO MUCH ABOUT MY INDISCRETIONS. WHY COULDN'T HE HAVE BROKEN HIS *NECK*?! AS LONG AS HE LIVES, HE HAS ME OVER A BARREL...

"...HE PROBABLY HAS HIS ENTIRE STAFF OVER A BARREL, READY TO JUMP AT HIS BECK AND CALL!"

AH, MR. L-- HOW DID YOUR MEETING GO?

I PUT THE FEAR OF GOD INTO THEM, HAPPERSEN... WE'LL SEE HOW THEY TEST OUT INDIVIDUALLY OVER THE NEXT FEW DAYS.

IS EVERYTHING READY FOR THE DEBRIEFING?

YES, SIR. I PERSONALLY SWEPT THE ROOM FOR BUGS--

"--AND OUR NEW 'MOLE' IS WAITING TO REPORT."

AH, MR. LUTHOR! I AM MIGHTILY IMPRESSED BY YOUR SECURITY MEASURES, SIR! EVEN A *NEUTRINO*, I DARE SAY, WOULD BE HARD PRESSED TO ESCAPE THIS ROOM UNDETECTED.

SUCH A COMPLIMENT MEANS A GREAT DEAL, COMING FROM YOU--

--DOCTOR PACKARD! SECURITY IS VERY TIGHT AT YOUR CADMUS PROJECT!

NOT SO TIGHT THAT WE WERE UNABLE TO MAKE CONTACT, EH? AND IT'S HARDLY MY PROJECT-- I'VE BEEN STUCK IN A SUBSERVIENT POSITION THERE FOR YEARS!

THAT'S WHY I WAS SO HAPPY TO ACCEPT YOUR GENEROUS OFFER TO BECOME LEXCORP'S... AH... INSIDE MAN. NOW, HOW MAY I ASSIST YOU?

AT THE MOMENT, I'M MOST INTERESTED IN LEARNING MORE ABOUT THE PROJECT'S DESIGNS ON SUPERMAN ...AND WHAT WAS DONE WITH HIS BODY WHILE CADMUS POSSESSED IT. *

AH, A SAD STORY, THAT! OUR DIRECTOR, PAUL WESTFIELD, HAD THE BRILLIANT NOTION OF CLONING A NEW SUPERMAN! HOWEVER...

* FROM SUPERMAN #76-77.

...AS I DISCOVERED,* SUPERMAN'S BODY WAS STILL QUITE INVULNERABLE! MOREOVER, HIS WOUNDS HAD INEXPLICABLY CLOSED. WE WERE UNABLE TO PROCURE THE TISSUE NECESSARY FOR A SUCCESSFUL CLONING.

DOCTORS TOMPKINS, JOHNSON, AND RODRIGUES RAN AN ELECTRON-CAPILLARY SCAN IN AN ATTEMPT TO RECORD SUPERMAN'S *DNA PATTERN*. THEY CLAIMED SUCCESS-- BUT REFUSED TO PASS THEIR FINDINGS ON TO WESTFIELD.

THE DIRECTOR FINALLY TURNED TO ME FOR ASSISTANCE, USING MY PROGRAMMABLE CREATION *AURON* TO SEIZE THE *DNA* RECORDING.

AURON WAS DESIGNED TO BE THE PERFECT SUPER-SOLDIER... CLONED FROM THE SAME GENETIC STOCK THAT GAVE US *THE GUARDIAN*, BUT STRONGER, FASTER, MORE RESILIENT! THE GUARDIAN WAS NO MATCH FOR HIM!

* IN ACTION COMICS #686

"UNFORTUNATELY, AURON ULTIMATELY PROVED TO BE JUST AS OBSTINATE AND SELF-RIGHTEOUS AS HIS CLONAL SOURCE. HE DESTROYED THE RECORD, RATHER THAN TURN IT OVER TO WESTFIELD!"*

* IN LEGACY OF SUPERMAN #1

AURON DESTROYED ALL THAT PRICELESS DATA, AND THEN FLED INTO SPACE! IT WAS LIKE BEING BETRAYED BY A SON!

OH, THE OTHERS BEGAN ANOTHER SCAN, BUT LONG BEFORE THEY COULD RECOVER MUCH DATA, THE BODY WAS TAKEN--!

YES... BY ONE OF MY AGENTS, I'M AFRAID. SORRY, OLD MAN, BUT THE PUBLIC WOULDN'T STAND FOR THE THEFT OF SUPERMAN'S BODY--

--AND SURELY THE ODDS AGAINST YOUR EXACTLY REPLICATING THE MAN OF STEEL WERE ASTRONOMICAL?

DON'T TAKE IT SO HARD, CARL. I'M SURE THAT AS CAPABLE A MAN AS YOURSELF WILL SOON FIND OTHER AVENUES OF STUDY.

I KNOW THAT I AM QUITE PLEASED WITH YOUR WORK! LEXCORP HAS SELDOM HAD A FINER MAN ON RETAINER. TELL YOU WHAT, BEFORE YOU RETURN TO CADMUS, I WANT YOU TO ENJOY A GOOD MEAL--ON ME!

PICK A RESTAURANT... ONE OF HAPPERSEN'S PEOPLE WILL ARRANGE IT.

I'D JOIN YOU, BUT IT WOULDN'T DO FOR US TO BE SEEN TOGETHER IN PUBLIC AT THIS POINT.

I UNDERSTAND, SIR. THANK YOU.

MR. L?

UH... MR. L?!

SUPERMAN'S DNA SCAN DESTROYED... THE CLONING SCHEME SCOTCHED! PERHAPS THERE IS A BENEVOLENT GOD!

COME ALONG, HAPPERSEN! DON'T DAWDLE!

MAY I SAY, SIR, YOU PLAYED THAT MASTERFULLY. I'M SURE THAT DR. PACKARD NEVER SUSPECTED YOUR TRUE FEELINGS.

LET'S HOPE HE NEVER DOES. HE IS AN ACCOMPLISHED GENETICIST, AND I'D REGRET HAVING TO ORDER HIS TERMINATION.

REPORT!

:PING: EXERCISE FIVE IN PROGRESS.

AH, SYDNEY, I DON'T KNOW WHY EVER I LET A LITTLE PAIN BOTHER ME SO. THIS LEG WILL HEAL SOON ENOUGH.

WE SHOULDN'T LET THE LITTLE THINGS BOTHER US. LIFE IS SO SWEET!

JUST THINK--I HAVE A WORLD WITHOUT A SUPERMAN TO STAND IN MY WAY! AND ASSURANCES THAT THERE EXIST NO MEANS TO RECREATE HIM!

I AT LONG LAST HAVE MY OWN SUPER-HERO... A GORGEOUS YOUNG SUPERGIRL WHO WORSHIPS THE GROUND I WALK ON!

AND, OF COURSE, TEAM LUTHOR! THE ONLY MISTAKE I MADE THERE WAS IN PUTTING MY OWN LIFE ON THE LINE! I'LL NEVER DO THAT AGAIN!

NO, SIR.

I'LL EVENTUALLY FIND A WAY TO MAKE THE CITY COUNCIL SEE THINGS MY WAY...

...PROVIDED THAT THESE DRONGOS EVER GET THEIR ACT TOGETHER! WHAT *IDIOT* IS THAT DOWN THERE--THE ONE CAUGHT UP IN THE *CABLE GRAPPLERS*?

TL-3... THAT'S NOT *SCHWAB*, SURELY?!

UH, NO, SIR. SCHWAB'S *BACK* WAS BROKEN THIS MORNING WHEN THE ROOF FELL IN S.T.A.R. THAT'S HIS REPLACEMENT... *SWENSON*.

"HE'S STILL A BIT INEXPERIENCED. DOES SEEM TO BE IN AN AWKWARD SPOT, DOESN'T HE?"

"YOU HAVE AN ALMOST BRITISH TALENT FOR UNDERSTATEMENT, HAPPERSEN. THE BLOODY FOOL PRACTICALLY HAS HIMSELF HOG-TIED.'

"HAVE WE SENT SCHWAB FLOWERS YET?"

WHU--?!

I'M, UH, NOT CERTAIN, SIR. I COULD CHECK.

NO HURRY. WE MAY HAVE TO ORDER SOME FOR SWENSON'S FAMILY AS WELL.

JUST *LOOK* AT THAT! IS THIS THE *BEST* OUR SCHOOLS ARE TURNING OUT THESE DAYS?!

PITIFUL... SIMPLY PITIFUL! I'LL HAVE TO RETHINK TEAM LUTHOR'S FUNCTION.

PERHAPS WE SHOULD RESTRICT THESE ARMORCLADS TO SEARCH AND RESCUE MISSIONS... FLASHY, HIGH-PROFILE JOBS THAT WOULD MAKE US LOOK GOOD.

HMM... BUT THERE'S STILL THE RISING CRIME PROBLEM. THE POLICE SIMPLY AREN'T ENOUGH FOR A CITY THE SIZE OF METROPOLIS.

WE MAY HAVE TO DEVELOP A CADRE OF LOWER-LEVEL SUPER-TYPES TO HANDLE THE ROLE I'D ENVISIONED FOR TEAM LUTHOR.

PERHAPS, SIR, YOU COULD USE PACKARD TO ENLIST THE GUARDIAN--?

HELP! SOMEBODY--!

DON'T BE *RIDICULOUS*, HAPPERSEN! YOU HEARD PACKARD COMMENT ON THE GUARDIAN'S OBSTINACY! AND I *KNOW* THAT HE'S DEFIED PAUL WESTFIELD BEFORE!

NO, THE GUARDIAN IS JUST TOO BLOODY *INDEPENDENT!* I NEED PEOPLE WHOM I CAN *CONTROL*... WHOM I CAN MOLD TO FOLLOW MY AGENDAS AND NO ONE ELSE'S!

HI! HOW'S IT GOING?

OMIGOSH!

SUPERGIRL! HELP ME!!

SKRAAK!

WHEW!

TL3

YOU'LL BE OKAY NOW... WHAT?

HEY! LET GO!

WRENNK!

OH, NO, YOU DON'T!

NO STUPID GEAR!-UUNGH!-

...IS GOING TO -UFF!-

KTOOM

...CHEW UP...MY CAPE!

REMARKABLE! AND LOOK, SIR--THE MEN DON'T APPEAR TO FEEL THREATENED BY OR RESENTFUL OF HER POWER IN THE SLIGHTEST!

PERHAPS WE SHOULD SIMPLY USE SUPERGIRL TO GREATER ADVANTAGE!

YES. I MOST CERTAINLY SHALL!

SO ENDS ANOTHER DAY... ANOTHER LONG, ROTTEN DAY.

WHAT TIME IS IT... AFTER NINE?! I HAVEN'T HAD DINNER YET...

...SO MUCH FOR THE PERKS OF A LEXCORP EXEC!

NOTHING LIKE COMING HOME TO A DARK AND EMPTY HOUSE.

I WONDER IF GLADYS IS HAPPY WITH HER NEW HUSBAND? WONDER IF I'LL EVER BE HAPPY AGAIN?

IF ONLY I'D STOOD UP TO LUTHOR, ALL THOSE YEARS AGO, AND GONE PUBLIC WITH WHAT I KNEW ABOUT HIM! THE COURTS MIGHT'VE GRANTED ME IMMUNITY... AND HE'D HAVE DIED BEHIND BARS!

TOO LATE FOR THAT NOW, THOUGH. THE OLD MAN'S DEAD, AND THE SON IS MAINTAINING HIS FATHER'S HOLD ON ME.

SO MUCH FOR THE GOOD LIFE!

LIFE IS WHAT YOU MAKE IT, MARKHAM! THE QUESTION IS... HOW LONG CAN YOU MAKE IT LAST?

GYAAAHH!

HU-HU-HU- HELLGRAMMITE? HERE?!

EXCELLENT!

HOW NICE THAT YOU REMEMBER ME!

I'VE THOUGHT ABOUT YOU OFTEN!

NO! NO!! KEEP AWAY!!!

THIS CAN'T BE HAPPENING! HE CAN'T BE HERE! HE WAS LOCKED UP... CONFINED FOR STUDY AT... AT...

...S.T.A.R. LABS! OH... MY... GOD!

TRIPPING OVER YOUR OWN FEET? HOW CLUMSY, MARKHAM!

GET UP! HURRY NOW--

--I DO SO ENJOY A GOOD CHASE!

THE MESS THAT LUTHOR AND HIS ARMOR BOYS CAUSED AT S.T.A.R. TODAY--!

HELLGRAMMITE'S CELL MUST'VE BEEN DAMAGED!

BUT... SURELY HIS ESCAPE WOULD'VE BEEN ON THE NEWS?

IDIOT! YOU WORKED LATE... YOU MISSED THE EVENING NEWS!

SO WHY'S HE AFTER ME? I ADVANCED HIM FIVE MILLION TO ELIMINATE YOUNG LUTHOR--

--AND HE BOTCHED THE JOB BIG TIME!*

THEN, HE HAD THE GALL TO ASK FOR MORE MONEY! BUT BEFORE I HAD A CHANCE TO RAISE IT, HE WAS PUT AWAY! HE CAN'T BLAME ME FOR THAT!

CAN HE?

*IN ACTION COMICS #676

OKAY, STAY CALM, GEORGE! THERE MUST BE SOME WAY TO REASON WITH HIM. HE MUST HAVE HIS PRICE... EVERYONE DOES!

WHERE IS HE?! I COULDN'T HAVE LOST HIM SO EASILY. I THOUGHT HE COULD SEE IN THE DARK WITH THOSE BUG-EYES OF HIS!

LOOKING FOR ME, MARKHAM?

DON'T BOTHER-- I'M RIGHT HERE!

NICE HOUSE. VERY... HOMEY.

IT WOULD BE A SHAME TO MAKE A BLOODY MESS OF IT.

WH-WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM ME?

WHAT DO I WANT? WHAT DO I WANT?!

DON'T PLAY DUMB WITH ME, GEORGE MARKHAM!

WHU--?!

YOU *KNOW* WHY I'M HERE!

DO YOU DENY HIRING ME TO KILL LEX LUTHOR THE SECOND?!

I... I...

I WANT TO KNOW, MARKHAM... DO WE STILL HAVE A *CONTRACT*? AM I STILL TO BE PAID FOR KILLING THE LUTHOR WHELP?

OR MUST I TAKE OUT MY FRUSTRATIONS ON YOU?

NO! DON'T HURT ME!!

O-OF COURSE, WE STILL HAVE A CONTRACT! I ALWAYS HONOR MY AGREEMENTS-- IN FULL!

YOU CAN TEAR LUTHOR LIMB FROM LIMB, IF YOU WANT! I'LL PAY YOU EXTRA... A BONUS! YEAH!

IF IT WEREN'T FOR THAT YOUNG PUNK, I'D BE C.E.O. OF LEXCORP BY NOW! THE SOONER HE'S KILLED, THE BETTER...

...AS LONG AS HIS MURDER CAN'T BE TRACED TO ME!

ONCE HE'S DEAD AND I'M IN CONTROL, I'LL MAKE YOU WEALTHY BEYOND YOUR WILDEST IMAGININGS! I CAN OFFER YOU ANYTHING! I...

I'D SAY YOU'VE MADE YOUR FINAL OFFER, GEORGE.

LUTHOR?!

NO... OH, DEAR LORD, NO...

C'MON, GEORGIE-- LET'S HAVE A NICE SMILE FOR THE CAMERA!

THAT'S ENOUGH, NUMBER FOUR. I THINK WE HAVE PLENTY OF EVIDENCE FOR THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY.

POLICE ARE ON THEIR WAY, MR. L.

GOOD.

YOU KNOW, GEORGE, I COULD ALMOST FEEL SORRY FOR YOU. YOU WERE WELL REWARDED FOR YOUR WORK... YOU HEADED YOUR OWN DIVISION WITHIN LEXCORP...

"... AND NOW YOU'VE LOST IT ALL!"

IT JUST WASN'T ENOUGH, WAS IT, GEORGE? NOT FOR A MAN OF AMBITION!

HELLGRAMMITE HAD NO REASON TO MAKE THAT ATTEMPT ON MY LIFE.* SOMEONE HAD HIRED HIM...

*IN THE AFOREMENTIONED ACTION #646

... AND SEVERAL BOARD MEMBERS HAD SUFFICIENT MOTIVE. STILL, OF THE LOT, MARKHAM WAS MY PRIME SUSPECT. POOR GEORGE...

...TEAM LUTHOR WOULD HAVE "RESCUED" HIM, IF HE'D REACTED WITH INNOCENT TERROR... RATHER THAN GUILTY FEAR.

I'LL ALWAYS TREASURE THAT LAST STUNNED LOOK IN HIS EYES-- LIKE A DEER CAUGHT IN THE HEADLIGHTS.

HELLO? DO YOU MIND A LITTLE COMPANY?

NOT... AT... ALL. ARRGHH!

SEEING A... FRIENDLY FACE... MIGHT HELP.

LORD, I'M GLAD WE CAUGHT THE RIGHT ONE ON THE FIRST GO-ROUND...

...I NEVER REALIZED JUST HOW MUCH *PAIN* THIS WOULD CAUSE YOU!

U-USUALLY IT D-DOESN'T. NOT WITH... S-SMALL SHAPE-SHIFTS...

...L-LIKE HAIR OR S-SKIN COLOR... EVEN GENDER: OWW:

B-BUT... HELL... GRAMMITE... WAS SO... WEIRD!

THE EYES... M-MANDIBLES... A-AND THAT TAIL!

:PHEW:

THERE, THERE, LOVE. IT'S OVER NOW.

I'LL NEVER FORGIVE MYSELF FOR PUTTING YOU THROUGH SUCH PAIN!

OH, LEX, FORGET ABOUT THE PAIN! IT DOESN'T MATTER!

I SHOULD SAY IT *DOES*! WHAT YOU WENT THROUGH--! WELL, YOU WERE BLOODY *MAGNIFICENT* BACK THERE! WE SHOULD NOMINATE YOU FOR AN ACADEMY AWARD!

THAT'S VERY SWEET. BUT THAT MAN TRIED TO HAVE YOU *KILLED*, FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE. I'D HAVE DONE *ANYTHING* TO HELP TRAP HIM... ANYTHING FOR YOU!

AH, LOVE, YOU ARE MY MOST PRECIOUS GEM.

AM I REALLY?

YOU ARE INDEED.

I WISH I HAD A HUNDRED OF YOU...

...A *HUNDRED*... JUST LIKE YOU!

ONLY THE BEGINNING...

OH, LEX, THANK YOU!

ME, LOVE? WHATEVER FOR?

I WAS JUST THINKING ABOUT THAT *SHELTER* YOU HAD BUILT... THE ONE NEAR THE RIVER.

HOMELESS PEOPLE WOULD BE OUT IN THAT *STORM*...

...THEY MIGHT EVEN *FREEZE* TO DEATH, IF IT WASN'T FOR YOU.

IT'S *NOTHING*, LOVE.

A MAN IN MY POSITION HAS *RESPONSIBILITIES*, THAT'S ALL...

....AND NOW THAT *SUPERMAN* IS DEAD, I FEEL MORE RESPONSIBLE THAN EVER...

...FOR THE WELL-BEING OF EVEN THE *LEAST* OF METROPOLIS'S CITIZENS.

MODEST AS WELL AS GENEROUS. YOU MUST BE THE MOST PERFECT MAN *ALIVE*!

IS IT ANY WONDER THAT I *LOVE* YOU?

SHELTER

LOUISE SIMONSON - STORY
DENIS RODIER - ART
ALBERT DE GUZMAN - LETTERER
GLENN WHITMORE - COLORIST
JENNIFER FRANK - ASSISTANT EDITOR
MIKE CARLIN - EDITOR

BRRRRR! FREEZING!

SORRY, MITTS.

BUT WITH MORE SURVIVORS CLIMBING ONTO THE PLATFORM EVERY HOUR...

...HOTHOUSE HAS HIS FLAPS FULL!

HEY, CHARLIE, LOOK!

FLYER FROM THE SURFACE WORLD... SAYS THE HIGH-AN'-MIGHTY LEX LUTHOR'S OPENIN' A SHELTER FOR THE HOMELESS.

THAT'S US, MAN! MAYBE WE OUGHTA START SENDIN' FOLKS THERE.

IF THOSE BLASTED BUREAUCRATS WOULD JUST PUMP OUT OUR TUNNELS--!

THEY GOT SOME O' THEIR TUNNELS CLEARED A'READY...

HOMELESS SHELTER

SPONSORED BY LEXCORP

...BUT I AIN'T BETTIN' THEY'LL PUMP OUT OURS ANY TIME SOON.

OVERWORLD'S ALREADY BLAMIN' US FOR THE FLOOD, AN' ALL THEY REALLY KNOW ABOUT US IS RUMORS.

THEY AIN'T GOT A CLUE WHO'S REALLY DOWN HERE...

...OR HOW BIG UNDERWORLD REALLY IS.

GUESS IT WON'T HURT TA TAKE A COUPLE OF GUYS AND CHECK IT OUT.

UNDERWORLDERS SHOULD HAVE RIGHTS, SAME AS EVERYONE ELSE!

NOT HOLDIN' M' BREATH!

LIGHTEN UP, MITTS! THEY'LL TAKE US IN! OVERWORLD FLOODED OUR TUNNELS...

"...AND I FIGGER' NOW THEY OWE US SHELTER!"

WE'LL BE FINE HERE.

...BIG...

I KNOW THE COAT'S TOO BIG FOR YOU, FIRE CRACKER! BUT IT DON'T MATTER, YOU DIG?

IT AIN'T A GQ CROWD IN THERE, NOT BY A LONG SHOT!

JUST KEEP YOUR HAT AND GLASSES ON, AND YOUR YAP SHUT, AN' YOU'LL DO FINE.

MIKEY SEZ EAT FLOOPS!

AN' TRY NOT TO SPARK!

AND REMEMBER, MITTS, KEEP THOSE HANDS IN YOUR POCKET!

KNOK KNOK

KRACKLE

COME IN COME IN!

THE WEATHER IS AWFUL OUT THERE TONIGHT, ISN'T IT?

SO FAR, SO GOOD. NOW WE STAKE OUT OUR CLAIM!

EMPTY COT, ALL RIGHT.

GRAB IT, CRACKER. ME AN' GRUB'LL--

CRACKER, WATCH Y' COAT!

TRRRIP!

OOF!

WATCH IT!

WHAT ARE YOU, ANYWAY?

YOU AIN'T *HUMAN*.! YOU'RE A FREAKIN' *FREAK*!

KRAKKLE

POP

...HELP...

WHAK!

HEY--IT'S *SPARKIN'*! GET IT AWAY FROM ME!

KRAKKLE

KRAKK

POPPT

SNAPPT

LITTLE FREAK TRIED TO *BURN* ME.!

NO.! NO--

--GUNS!

BLAM

KRASH!

FIREFIGHT!

RUN!

MONSTERS!

STOP THEM!

YEI! HE BURNED ME! THE LITTLE CREEP!

SNAPT POPT

:SNAPPT:

KRAKKLE

I'VE GOT THE LITTLE GUY!

GET HIM OUT OF HERE!

PLANT!

SNAPPT! KRAKKLE! POPPT!

YEIIII!

THE BED! IT'S ON FIRE! LITTLE MONSTER SET THE BED ON FIRE!

SPREADIN' FAST, CAN'T GET IT OUT!

LADY, GRAB THE PHONE! YOU GOT WORSE'N A BRAWL ON YOUR HANDS NOW!

911? I WANT TO REPORT A FIRE--!

MR. LUTHOR, A FIRE HAS BROKEN OUT AT THE NEW SHELTER.

OH, LEX, YOUR BEAUTIFUL SHELTER!

LET ME HELP!

PLEASE?

"I'D JUST HATE IT IF ALL YOUR GOOD WORK WENT UP IN FLAMES."

THERE'S THE LITTLE CREEP WHUT STARTED IT ALL!

NO!

...EEP...

BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM

ALL RIGHT, THAT'S ENOUGH!

YOU TAKE THIS BEAUTIFUL BUILDING AND WHAT DO YOU DO?

SHOOT HOLES IN IT... AND SET IT ON FIRE!

YOU'VE SHOWN AN IMMENSE LACK OF GRATITUDE...

... FOR ALL THAT MR. LUTHOR HAS DONE FOR YOU!

NOT TO MENTION AN APPALLING ERROR IN JUDGMENT!

CRASH!!

THERE'S A BLIZZARD OUT THERE!

WHERE WOULD YOU GO IF YOU BURNED THIS LOVELY SHELTER TO THE GROUND?

WE DIDN'T DO IT! IT WAS THOSE... THOSE MONSTERS!

THEY HAVE POWERS!

THEY STARTED THE FIRE!

WE TRIED TO STOP THEM!

WOULDN'T BE SURPRISED IF THEY'RE WHAT CAUSED THAT FLOOD!

THAT'S NOT TRUE. I KNOW WHAT CAUSED THE FLOOD. BUT, THE FIRE...

YEAH, CRACKER CAUSED THE FIRE. HE SPARKS WHEN HE'S NERVOUS.

YOU'D BE NERVOUS TOO IF THEY WAS TRYIN' TA BEAT YOU TO A BLOODY PULP...

...JUST 'CAUSE YOU LOOK DIFFERENT THAN THEM.

C'MON, GUYS. I HATE TA ADMIT IT, MITTS, BUT YOU WAS *RIGHT*.

AIN'T NO PLACE FOR US HERE, AFTER *ALL*.

COLD AS IT IS THERE, IT'S WARMER BACK HOME WITH *OUR* OWN KIND IN *UNDERWORLD*.

HOW'D IT GO, LOVE?

I SAVED YOUR *SHELTER*, LEX, EXCEPT FOR A LITTLE *HOLE* IN THE WALL...

...AND I WAS ABLE TO PLUG IT WITH A SHEET OF *METAL* TILL IT CAN BE REPAIRED.

BUT IT WAS *ODD*. THERE WERE THESE... *MONSTERS*.

PEOPLE BLAMED THEM FOR THE FIRE... SAID THEY HAD DANGEROUS *POWERS*.

BUT THEY LOOKED SO HELPLESS... AND SO *SAD*.

THEY SAID THEY WERE GOING BACK TO... TO *UNDERWORLD*.

HOW FAR DO YOU THINK *UNDERWORLD* REACHES, LEX?

HOW MANY *MONSTERS* WITH *POWERS* ARE DOWN THERE?

I DON'T *KNOW*, LOVE. BUT, I PROMISE YOU...

...AS SURE AS MY NAME'S *LEX LUTHOR*, I'M GOING TO FIND OUT.

end

NEWSTIME

MAY 1993

The Life and Death of the Man of Steel

World Without A Superman

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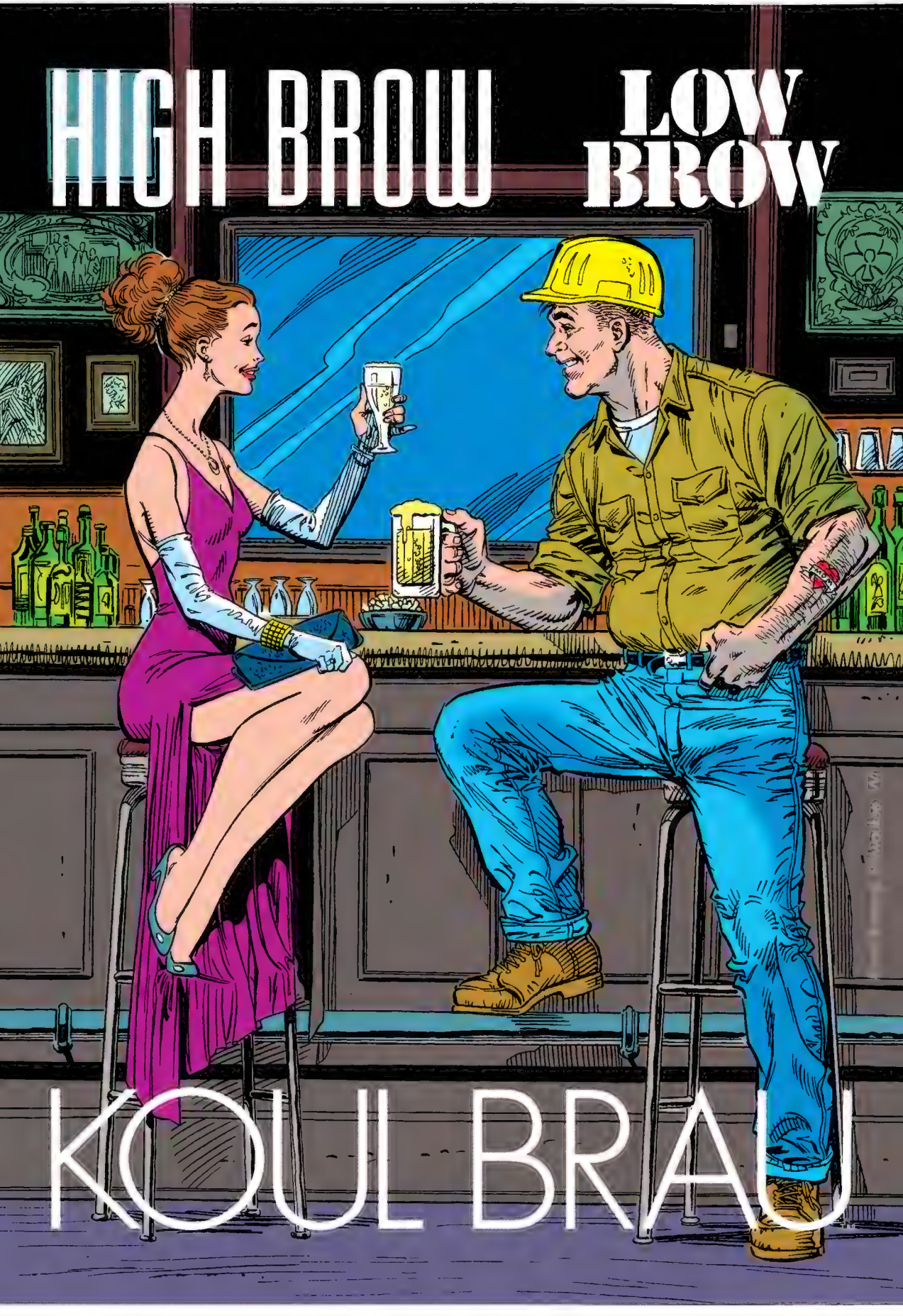
HIGH BROW
LOW BROW
KOUL BRAU

NEWSTIME

SPECIAL ISSUE

WORLD WITHOUT A SUPERMAN

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The Man of Steel pays the ultimate price for defending his beloved adopted city, Metropolis.

18 WHO WAS DOOMSDAY?
The Monster who killed Superman and thousands of others was himself destroyed, but the mystery continues. Who was he? Where did he come from?

22 THE JUSTICE LEAGUE CARRIES ON
Defeated by Doomsday, they now must face the future with the loss of their greatest ally. What lies ahead?

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Fellow super-heroes, along with world leaders and cultural figures, reflect upon the loss of Earth's greatest hero.

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COVER: Denis Rodier after James B. Olsen

JOHN BYRNE/AMALGAMATED PRESS

The Man of Steel flying high.

FROM THE PUBLISHER

A news magazine is only as good as the people who work for it. That statement may seem simplistic, but there's a mountain of truth behind it. The success of NEWSTIME has been due largely to its talented staff of editors, reporters, photographers, and researchers — all top journalists in their own right. Without their hard work the production of this magazine would be impossible. But no staff is ever big enough to cover all of the news. That is why NEWSTIME employs the services of various freelance news stringers and photographers, the better to bring its readership the whole of the world's events, as accurately and expeditiously as possible. It has been both our pleasure and our honor to draw upon the best of these outside sources over the years, and — in point of fact — many freelancers have expressed great pride in seeing their work become part of the sum that is NEWSTIME.

When the world was shaken by the sudden, tragic death of Superman, it again became necessary to reach outside the immediate NEWSTIME family to properly report his passing. In this case, we were most fortunate to enjoy the cooperation of that great Metropolitan newspaper, the much-lauded *Daily Planet,* in assembling this issue. The *Planet*'s veteran photo editor Tyler Washington generously provided us with access to his newspaper's extensive photographic library and worked with Planet staff photographer James Olsen in assembling many of the images presented in this issue.

Of special note is this issue's cover, taken from a photo shot by Olsen as Superman lay dying. Of all that select fraternity who were fortunate enough to have photographed Superman over the years, no one has assembled a body of work to rival Olsen's. "Whenever I think of him, I always picture him flying," said Olsen, "his cape rippling in the wind." The red cape has always been a dominant image in photos of the Man of Steel, and so our cover recalls not only the hero, but also his sacrifice. May he rest in peace.

Collin Thornton

WAYNETECH

BUILDING TOOLS FOR TOMORROW.℠

LETTERS

When the Wind Blows

IT'S ALMOST UNBELIEVABLE HOW LITTLE actual aid has been rendered to the unfortunate Quracis who survived the blasts that levelled their city. ("ILL WINDS," Mar. 9) Even in our shaky economic climate, is it really possible that an entire nation, especially one as poor as Qurac, could be left to struggle alone in the wake of such a disaster? Although aid has been promised to the Quraci people, the United Nations has failed to come to terms with the large-scale relief efforts needed at this time. Between the famine in Somalia and the Quraci disaster, the effectiveness of the U.N. can only come into question. What happens when it's our turn?

Michael Felden
Lancaster, PA

IT IS DISASTERS LIKE THIS THAT MAKE the abolition of weaponry, especially hi-tech nuclear weapons, imperative. It gets easier and easier for any two-bit terrorist to acquire weapons that create comprehensive destruction. Although the United States and the United Nations are offering support and relief for the devastated Quraci nation, no amount of money and services can possibly repair or replace the homes and lives that have been lost. The long-term effects of this horrifying occurrence cannot even be calculated at this stage. We can only hope that the demolition of all such weapons is accomplished posthaste, before the next psychotic sociopath steals our own weapons to destroy our land.

David Addota
New York

Stranger than Fiction

LIVING IN A WORLD WHICH HAS IN recent months successfully repelled two alien invasions forces us to admit just how little we know about our universe, and to maintain open, inquisitive minds. On the other hand, skepticism is not only a healthy, but a necessary reaction to the disruption suffered by NEWSTIME ("THE STRANGE CASE OF THE MISSING BUILDING," Mar. 2). If we believe that some men and women can indeed fly, then the temporary disappearance of a Metropolis skyscraper is not too far-fetched. While the sudden, tragic deaths of over a dozen people stand as mute evidence that something terrible happened, eyewitness descriptions of attacking "demons" and fantastic "nether-realms" could easily be ascribed to mass hysteria. To suggest, as your report does, that the spatial displacement of NEWSTIME's offices was caused by supernatural forces constitutes yellow journalism of the most criminally irresponsible form.

Dr. Terrence Thirteen
Cliffton-by-the-Sea, ME

NEWSTIME *stands by its story.*

New Guy in Town

YOUR ARTICLE ON THE FORMER GREEN Lantern Guy Gardner ("HERO OR VILLAIN?," Mar. 9) was chilling. No one, not even a supposed member of the Justice League, has the right to take the law into his own hands. Gardner's stated goal in leveling a city block as part of his so-called "War on Scum" shows not only his callous disregard for due process, property rights, and the public safety, but also his hypocrisy. It is a matter of record that Gardner has himself been a frequent, one might even say eager, patron of just the sort of theaters and bookstores which he so self-righteously destroyed. One must ask why he singled out the businesses on that particular block for demolition. Was it just the whim of the moment? Or had they foolishly shortchanged him?

Paula Dean
Brooklyn, NY

SO, THE LIBERAL MEDIA ARE ALL upset that Guy Gardner wants to de-worm the rotten Big Apple. Why am I not surprised? If I were Gardner, I'd plow the whole mess under and head west! Come on out to God's Country, Guy. At least we know a real hero when we see one.

Buford Randall
Kerfoot, TX

THE JUSTICE LEAGUE HAS SURVIVED thus far with Gardner in their ranks, and will no doubt continue to function, either with or without him. I am fully confident that, should the former Green Lantern become too uncontrollable, the League will deal with him.

Lillian Foxworthy
Atlanta, GA

HOW DID GARDNER COME BY HIS NEW golden power ring? Once again, NEWSTIME has told only part of the story.

John Osgood
Tokyo, Japan

Golden Girl

IN YOUR PROFILE OF THE ACTRESS Jennifer D'Oro ("ALL THAT GLITTERS," Feb. 23), you fail to take into account that the steely determination that made her what she is today is the double-edged sword that keeps her from ever achieving any true excellence in her performances. Admittedly she worked hard to get where she is, but the same innate toughness that got her noticed in the first place prevents her from being able to understand, much less recreate, all the gentle and affectionate characters she keeps trying to play. She'd be much better off playing the hard-as-nails 1940's types she seems to emulate in real life.

James Medoza
Arlington, VT

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JENNIFER D'ORO IS A TRULY GIFTED artiste. Thank you so much for an illuminating article on this multi-talented performer.

Katherine Johnston
Calabasas, CA

JENNIFER D'ORO ONCE SHOT A MOVIE in my hometown of Winnipeg. Although we had all heard tons of negative rumors about her before she arrived, nobody I know had any bad experiences with her. She was in town for almost two months, and while she was here she was friendly and pleasant to everybody. Regardless of how she may (or may not) act in her personal life, all of us in Winnipeg base our liking and respect for her on our personal experience, not on any tabloid gossip. She's welcome here anytime.

Martha Rogers
Manitoba, Canada

Old Heads on Young Shoulders

LEX LUTHOR JR. SEEMS LIKE PRETTY hot stuff ("FOLLOWING HIS FATHER'S FOOTSTEPS," Mar. 2), but where would he be without his father? There was no one quite like Lex Sr. in his time for business acumen and philanthropy, and for my money no one will ever come close, especially not a young upstart who wasn't even raised in this country.

Henry Baden
Athens, GA

IT IS TRULY AMAZING THAT SO YOUNG A man could pull together the fragmented divisions of such a tremendous financial empire. Lex Luthor Jr. deserves the highest praise for saving countless thousands of his father's employees from layoffs and firings, not to mention the aid he has rendered Metropolis in its times of crisis. If Lex Sr. could see his son in action, no doubt he would be very proud.

Bernadette Dunn
Brooklyn, NY

Coasting Along

HAVING SPENT MOST OF MY LIFE IN travel before finally settling in Coast City, I can say with some authority that Danielle Burd's article ("THE UNKNOWN COAST," Mar. 9) delightfully brings to the fore some of Coast City's more attractive features. Many people think of my adopted city as a mere sprawl of suburbs and businesses, and are not aware of the multitude of things to do and see here. The unusual ethnic mixture of its people, coupled with the state's liberal tax incentives to small businesses has created a richly textured environment. There are so many good and authentic restaurants, shops, theaters, clubs and other varieties of entertainment (albeit not found on the main boulevards) that it's no wonder that several prominent personalities have chosen to make their homes here. I have been all over the world, and can safely say that I have never found a city with more to offer. Thank you, Ms. Burd, for giving the world your "Burd's-eye view" on the City by the Sea.

Jake Ramirez
Coast City, CA

COAST CITY IS NOTHING SPECIAL. IF IT weren't for the movie stars and Green Lantern (and he's not around all that much anymore), it would just be a bunch of suburbs linked by Big Belly burger joints.

Andrea Curtin
Riverside, CA

COAST CITY SOUNDS LIKE A VERITABLE fantasy land of movie stars, quaint and/or trendy out-of-the-way cafés and glittering night life. Although it has a reputation for shallow affectation and ditzy blondes, it sounds like a truly fun place to visit (if you know how to drive)!

Crass or magical, big or quaint, any place that draws this much attention to itself deserves a trip. Whether the motive is curiosity or condemnation, so many visitors can't be wrong.

Kevin Whitfield
Madison, WI

Money Matters

IT SEEMS THAT ROB WILLIAMSON HAS it all: looks, money, women and fame. Could he be the next Donald Trump or Lex Luthor Sr.? They say that success stories like this happen only a couple of times a generation. Sorry, lads, looks like Lex Jr. and Rob have walked away with the honors this year.

Matthew Simpson
Utica, NY

Corrections

IN "TECHNOLOGY'S CUTTING EDGE" (Mar. 2), you make mention of a marine biology laboratory on Metropolis Harbor being operated by S.T.A.R. Labs. The supposed laboratory pictured in the article, however, is The Ark, a floating public aquarium jointly maintained by the Metropolis Harbor Authority and the University of Metropolis under a grant from the LexCorp Foundation.

Hermione Wells
Chancellor
University of Metropolis

I'M AFRAID YOUR INFORMATION about the broadcast media ("SUPERSTATIONS ON THE RISE," Mar. 9) is somewhat out of date. Although I still have several friends working there, I myself haven't been affiliated with the Gotham Broadcasting Company for quite a few years.

Alan Scott
General Manager, TV-18
Los Angeles, CA

NEWSTIME *regrets the errors.*

Your comments are eagerly solicited. Letters to the Editor should include the writer's full name, address, and telephone number, and should be sent to:

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Investing in our future

In the Book of Luke, it is written, "Where a man has been given much, much will be expected of him; and the more a man has had entrusted to him, the more he will be required to repay." Words of wisdom that apply to us all. And today more than ever they apply to corporations as well.

As the nation's largest growing petrochemical company, LexOil has truly been given much. You've put your trust in us to provide quality gasoline, heating oil, a wide array of plastics and other petroleum products, and as a result we have grown and prospered. At LexOil, we believe that a portion of what we've received should be returned to the community, the nation, and the world.

Here's what LexOil is doing right now:

● Through our Invest in America Program, we're providing equipment upgrade discounts and matching funds to help repair and renovate heating systems in public buildings.

● Likewise, we're offering special discounts on heating oil to schools and hospitals and to citizens on fixed incomes. This year, we begin a pilot program to provide heating oil free of charge to homeless shelters in ten major urban areas.

● LexOil is a major funder of and participant in LexCorp International's Employee Wellness Program. The EWP stresses preventive medicine through regular examinations and improved lifestyle management. Through our comprehensive health program, we've made it possible for employees — everyone from the top executives on down — to donate unused sick days to fellow workers who are faced with a major medical crisis. We also encourage our employees to donate blood, to participate in bone marrow donor programs, and to enroll in first aid and water safety courses. And what's more, by using a combination of employee payroll incentives and company funded therapy, we plan to be the first totally smoke-free petrochemical company by the year 2000.

● We know that an unfortunate amount of food that goes to waste in most institutional kitchens. That's why LexOil's cafeterias have set up a system whereby they can quickly transport surplus food to nearby charitable organizations and community soup kitchens. Our company cooks have gotten into the spirit, regularly helping to staff community kitchens on their days off.

And that's only the beginning! Working through LexCorp and its subsidiaries, we're doing all we can to encourage a spirit of volunteerism and cooperation.

There are never enough good teachers, especially in math and the sciences. So we're going to make it easier for our scientists and engineers to take time off under a special program to provide "working teachers" for public classrooms.

We want to encourage people to learn. So we're going to be funding more apprenticeship programs and scholarships — for continuing adult education, as well as for the college-bound.

We'll be working with the federal government to find a way out of the current health care crisis.

And we're going to establish a national monthly award to the "Superman" and "Superwoman" who best exemplify the spirit of care and concern of the late, great Man of Steel. Amazing powers and a cape aren't prerequisites for helping others.We think it's time that simple human heroism be acknowledged.

Why are we doing all this? Will we somehow turn a big profit from these programs? Not in a financial sense. But we hope that a lot of you will profit from them. Because the better off you are, the better off we all are.

That's not just common sense. In the long run, it's good business.

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IN THE MORNING
TURTLE BOY
Daily 7:30 A.M.
COURAGEOUS MAN
Daily 8:00 A.M.
...SO WHY NOT JUST GET UP WITH THEM?
WGBS – We're Not Just for Kids Anymore!

HOT FACTS

ON THE WAY OUT?

Metropolis Police Commissioner **JACK CASEY** is taking the heat for the sudden rise in theft and violent street crime which has plagued the city in the wake of Superman's death, and City Hall sources say that Mayor Frank Berkowitz may be forced to ask for the veteran policeman's badge. "Fightin' Jack," beloved by the men and women on his force, worked his way up through the ranks from beat cop to Chief of Police, and was named Commissioner by Berkowitz when the Mayor first took office twelve years ago. Instrumental in the

TAKING THE HEAT: Police Commissioner Jack Casey

formation of Metropolis's Special Crimes Unit, Casey has gotten high marks from both state and federal law enforcement agencies, and was once considered a shoo-in to replace Berkowitz should the Mayor ever make his long-expected bid for Governor. But as out-of-town racketeers have moved in on the city, Casey has come under fire from citizens groups for what is perceived as the department's inability to deal with the growing crisis.

"It's tearing Frank up inside! He really loves the ol' guy, and would do anything to keep him on," says a source close to the Mayor. But Berkowitz, widely blamed for a still-depressed local economy and still smarting from a narrowly won re-election to a fourth term, is determined to put Metropolis back on a solid footing. To do that, he will have to restore his constituents' faith in their police, and insiders say that can't be done without a new occupant in the Commissioner's office.

MURDER-FOR-HIRE: George Markham, with Lex Luthor II (Inset).

CORPORATE CRIME

The business world was shocked last week by the arrest of LexCorp Board Member **GEORGE MARKHAM.** The charge: conspiracy to commit murder. The intended victim, none other than LexCorp's own youthful C.E.O. Lex Luthor II.

"No one was more shocked than I," said Luthor, as city police arrested Markham and led him away. "I had thought that George was one of my father's closest friends. When investigators on my security staff suggested that he might be behind a recent attempt on my life...why, I couldn't believe it. I can hardly believe it still!" Markham, who had previously sought LexCorp's chief executive post, allegedly hired the super-criminal Hellgrammite to kill Luthor, paying the would-be assassin a five million dollar advance. (Hellgrammite had made an attempt on Luthor's life in recent months, said attempt foiled by Superman.) According to a statement given the police, Luthor — though hobbled by a broken leg — confronted Markham at the executive's home, where the board member broke down, confessing to his role in the murder-for-hire scheme in front of witnesses.

GRAVE BUSINESS

Rumors that **SUPERMAN'S BODY** was missing, perhaps stolen, from its Centennial Park tomb shocked Metropolitans this week, especially when those rumors turned up in the *Daily Planet.* All was denied by a spokesperson for the Mayor's office, who later suggested that the body might have been "temporarily relocated" while structural engineers rechecked the integrity of the tomb. Officials reportedly feared that recent underground flooding might have undermined the monument's foundations. Once some special

TEMPORARILY RELOCATED: Who is buried in Superman's Tomb?

reinforcement was added, reporters from national and local media, NEWSTIME staffers among them, were allowed to inspect the tomb and confirm that Superman's body still rests within. *The Daily Planet* has apologized for releasing what was termed "an unsubstantiated story."

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WORLD WITHOUT A SUPERMAN

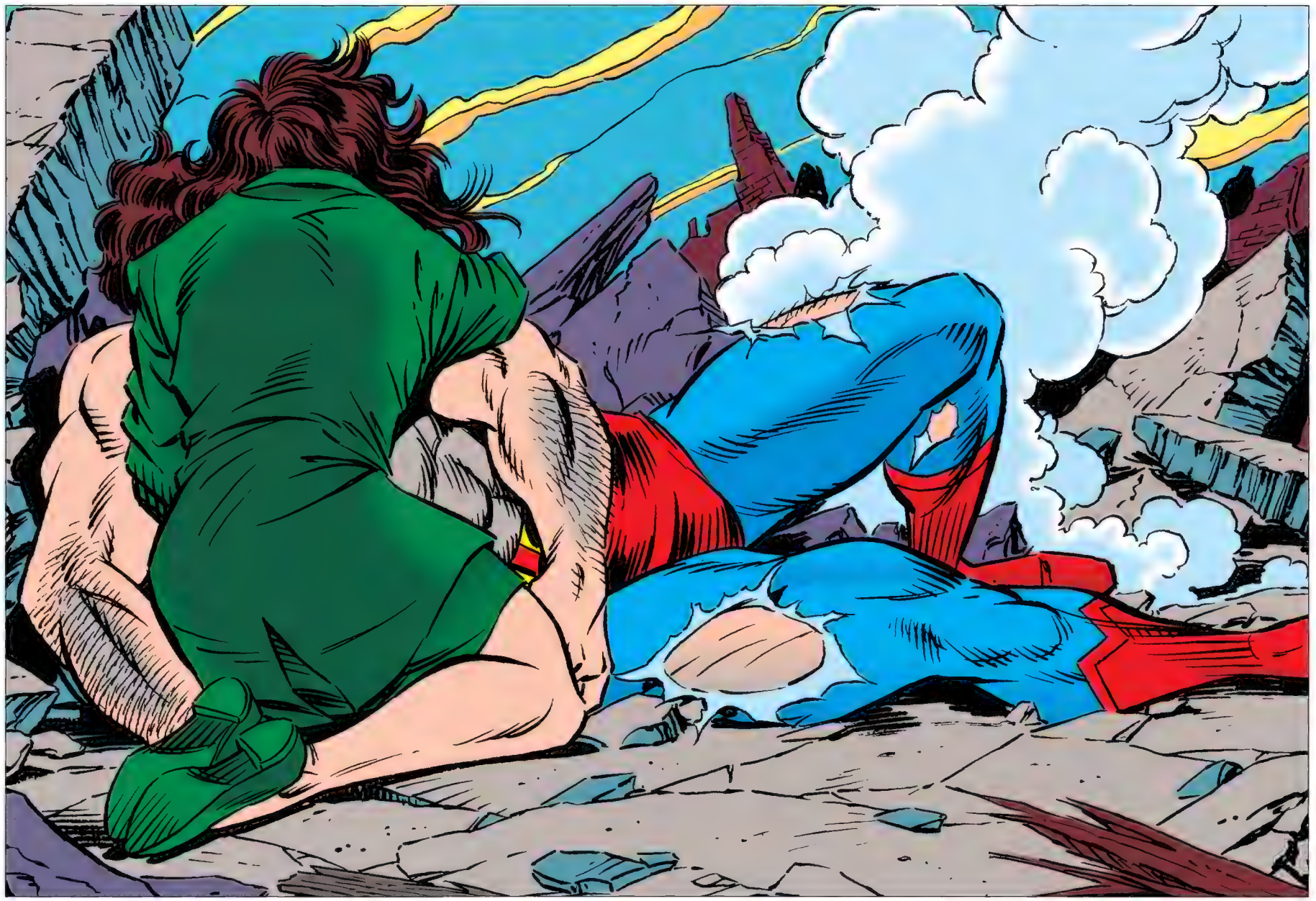
THE DEATH OF SUPERMAN

The Man of Steel Pays the Ultimate Price for Defending His Beloved Adopted City...Metropolis.

By ROGER STERN/*METROPOLIS*

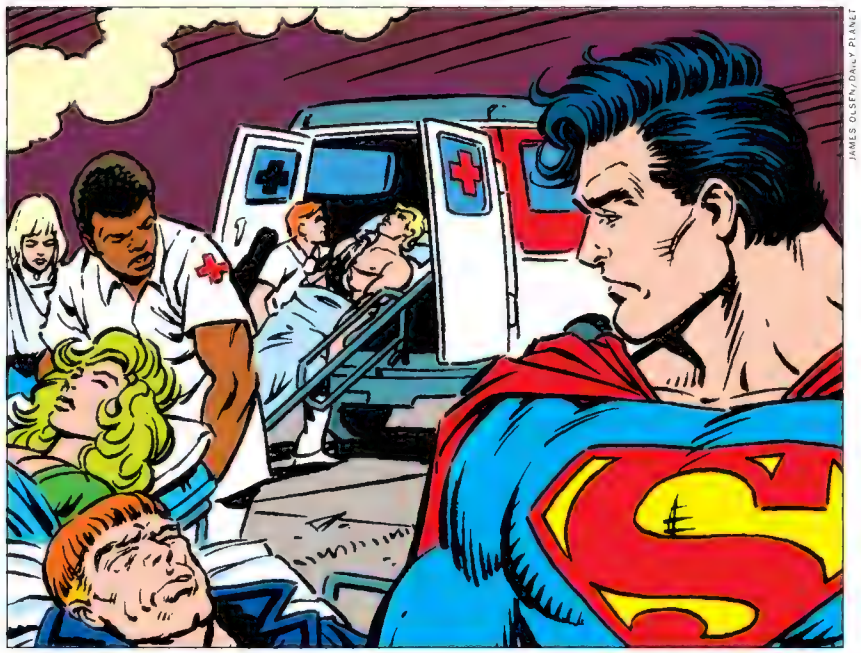
He first came to us in an hour of need, when society had grown dark and cynical and it seemed that greed had become the American Way. He was a stranger whose heritage was that of another world, yet even the most jaded came to acknowledge that Superman was a friend to us all. In time, he came to be recognized around the world as our greatest hero. Loved by many, even worshiped by a few, Superman soared through the skies like some guardian angel, using his amazing powers and abilities to bring hope to those in despair. Rarely a day went by that we did not read or hear of some new and amazing exploit of this mysterious Man of Steel who could change the course of mighty rivers and bend steel in his bare hands. He seemed truly invincible, as never-ending as his battle for the causes of truth and justice. And so, the world was shocked when Superman proved to be as mortal as any man, dying shortly after stopping a berserker assault on Metropolis by a monstrous creature called "Doomsday."

Reaction to word of Superman's death was immediate. In a Metropolis still reeling from the aftermath of the attack which had claimed his life, vast sections of the city were placed under a dusk-to-dawn curfew by Mayor Frank Berkowitz, and stunned Metropolitans — many unable to make their way home — flooded into churches, synagogues, and mosques. In New York City, people began to gather at United Nations Plaza near the new Justice League compound. A little after 6:30 pm EST, League spokesman Maxwell Lord, appearing shellshocked, spoke to the crowd, confirming that Superman had died. "I'd never seen such a reaction from any crowd in my life," recalls Lord. "They went dead silent for what seemed like five minutes. I'd swear I could hear waves lapping in the East River! And then, the crying started. There were hundreds, maybe thousands of people weeping openly. One man sank to his knees, tears streaming down his cheeks, and a little girl



JAMES OLSEN/DAILY PLANET

Opposite: Superman is cradled in his dying moments by Metropolis Daily Planet reporter Lois Lane.



Superman tells decimated members of Justice League America that he will take care of Doomsday.

hugged him, telling him that it would be all right. I'll never forget that if I live to be a hundred." As night fell on the east coast, total strangers came to the aid of their fellow mourners and, seemingly from nowhere, candles began to appear in their hands. That great public mourning would be repeated in thousands of towns and cities around the world — at London's Westminster Abbey, on the Champs-Elysees in Paris, at St. Peter's in Rome, at Jerusalem's Wailing Wall, within and all around the Sacred Mosque of Mecca, and in Moscow's Red Square. In Japan, the Tokyo Stock Exchange was closed and morning rush hour traffic ground to a halt as mourners packed the Ginza to silently watch international television coverage on giant video display screens. Not since the killing of John Lennon in 1980, the murder of Dr. Martin Luther King in 1968, or the assassination of President Kennedy in 1963, had one man's death touched so many.

While the world reacted to the shock and suddenness of Superman's death, it came as no surprise to most that he would meet his end in the act of defending the city of Metropolis. Long lauded by its civic leaders as "the greatest American city of the twentieth century," Metropolis had begun to live up to that boast, as the public began more and more to associate it with the Man of Steel. Although his work took him across the country and around the world — and even off of the world at times — Superman's presence was noticed most often in Metropolis. Criminal activity there had dropped noticeably in recent years, and local citizens had come to look upon the caped man as their own personal hero. So great was the perceived security of Metropolis that its population actually grew by nearly a million people during the time that it became known as "Superman's home town."

From the little we know of Superman's background, however, it is safe to say that Metropolis was not the city of his birth. His genetic ancestors were inhabitants of a planet they called Krypton, a world that astrophysicists believe orbited a red dwarf star some fifty light years from the Earth. It was there that an alien scientist and historian named Jor-El, discovering that his world was dying, rocketed an artificial womb bearing his still-gestating son away from the doomed planet. On Earth, the womb-device yielded the newborn child who would grow up to become this world's most renowned hero. Little is known of his intervening years, and in fact, it was only in the past few that Superman revealed the secret of his alien heritage. From all accounts, this most American of heroes was himself apparently unaware of his true origins for most of his life.

From his unexpected public debut with the rescue of the NASA space-plane Constitution, almost a decade ago, to his final heroic defense of Metropolis, he was both model and inspiration for a new wave of super-powered mystery men and women. As the first costumed champion to truly operate in public since the legendary Justice Society of America disbanded under government pressure during the McCarthy Era, Superman's presence seemed to trigger a virtual explosion of independent crimefighters. From Gotham City's mysterious vigilante The Batman to Central City's Flash and the globe-trotting Green Lantern, there was suddenly a whole new generation of "super-heroes" in the land. Ultimately, five of these young new heroes — the aforementioned Flash and Green Lantern, along with Aquaman, the Black Canary, and the so-called "Martian Manhunter" J'onn J'onzz — joined together as the Justice League of America. "The original Justice Society was, of course, the inspiration for our founding," the Black Canary once admitted in an interview for *The Washington Post*, "but I doubt that many of us would ever have gotten into this business if it hadn't been for the example set by Superman."

Barely a month after the founding of the JLA, the Man of Steel was invited to join the new League. "He gave us quite a helping hand on our third case as a team," recalls Aquaman, "and the Flash [the JLA's first chairman] personally nominated Superman for membership, a nomination I was proud to second." Superman, however, tendered his regrets. "He felt — understandably, I think — that his existing responsibilities would keep him from devoting the time necessary to be an active member. Even so, he stayed in touch and was always there for the League, whenever we really needed him."

In fact, in recent weeks, Superman had formally joined the American division of the newly reorganized Justice League International, and many longtime observers of the League had been encouraged by his presence on the team. "Over the past couple of years, the League had become involved in a series of embarrassing incidents," confided one high-ranking State Department official. "Frankly, it had become a bit of a joke. We had hoped that things would straighten up with Superman in the

Superman crawls from the wreckage to face Doomsday for the last time.

WORLD WITHOUT A SUPERMAN

Doomsday had come for Superman.

organization. Now...everything is in disarray." *(See related article on page 22.)* In New York, an unnamed United Nations source confirmed that, with Superman gone, "the future of the Justice League on this side of the Atlantic remains in question."

It was Justice League America, however, that made the first attempt to stop the Doomsday monster. Responding to citizen's band broadcasts and interstate police calls, the JLA caught up to the rampaging beast near a LexOil refinery near Canton, Ohio. Former auxiliary Green Lantern Guy Gardner was the first to engage the monster, but not even the incredible energies of his golden power ring were enough to stop the seven-foot-tall behemoth. Nor were his six teammates — Fire, Ice, Bloodwynd, Maxima, Booster Gold, and the Blue Beetle — able to do much better. Despite their considerable power, the monster smashed and pummeled them from one end of the refinery to the other.

While the battle raged in Ohio, Superman was participating in a question and answer session with students of Metropolis's Roosevelt High School, as part of a special live broadcast of WGBS's *Cat Grant Show.* Upon being informed of the Justice League's dilemma, he immediately flew to the aid of his new teammates. Booster Gold was the first Leaguer assisted by the Man of Steel. "Doomsday hit me so hard, he knocked me halfway to Pittsburgh," recounted an unusually somber Gold. "Superman saved me from a nasty crack-up. I remember warning him about the monster...that it was like a walking doomsday machine." As the two heroes descended to confront the creature outside a suburban housing division, Superman addressed it as Doomsday, unintentionally giving a name to his future killer.

Fighting desperately to stop Doomsday from leveling the entire neighborhood, Bloodwynd, Fire, Gardner, and Gold gathered by Superman to join their powers in a single concentrated counterattack. "Superman cut loose with his heat vision and Bloodwynd with those strange eyebeams of his. Fire concentrated her flame on Doomsday, Gardner used his ring, and I drained my power cells into my gauntlet blasters," said Gold, "but all we managed to do was knock loose some of his restraints! And then...well, I don't remember too much...all I can recall is seeing Doomsday charge at us like a big angry bull."

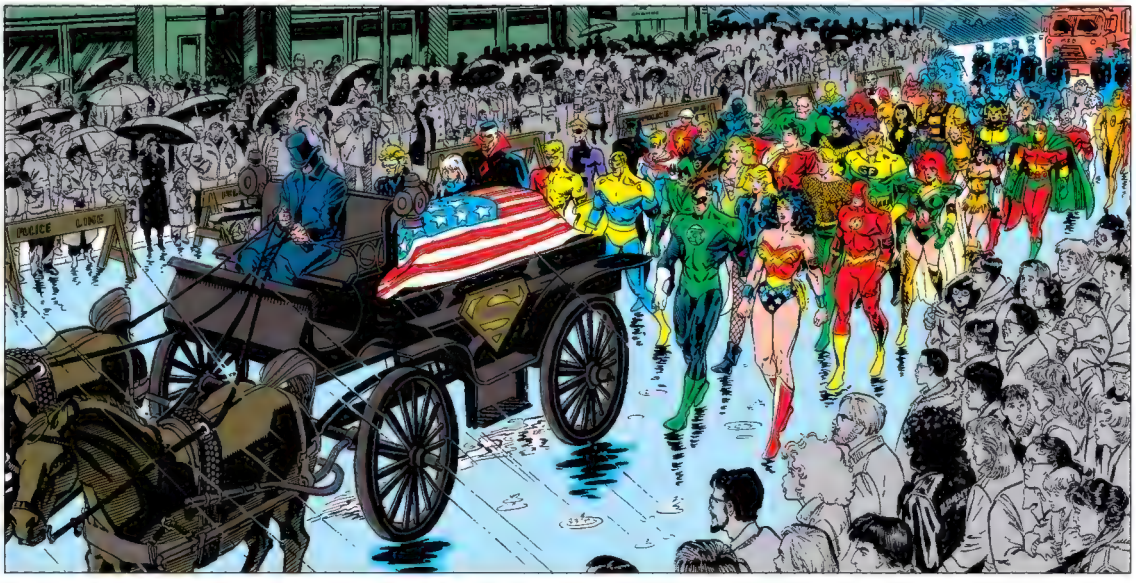
JAMES OLSEN/DAILY PLANET

It's one minute to Doomsday as the death blows are readied.

Indeed, Superman was flung fully half a mile away by the force of Doomsday's sudden attack. Still, of all the Justice Leaguers at the scene, only he remained relatively uninjured. With the rest of the JLA incapacitated, Superman was the only one left with enough raw power to stop Doomsday. There ensued a virtually non-stop battle which tore a swath across three eastern states for nearly four hours. Though joined briefly by an Army air support unit, various police agencies, and LexCorp's young Supergirl, the battle continued in the main to be a contest of strength and will between Superman and Doomsday.

As Doomsday smashed and bludgeoned his way through the Park Ridge borough of Metropolis, a battered, winded Superman redoubled his efforts to stop the raging monster. Skyscrapers toppled and streets buckled under the force of their battle. Bruised and bloodied, his uniform in tatters,

WORLD WITHOUT A SUPERMAN



The world turned out to pay their respects to Metropolis's fallen hero.

Superman appeared to rally for his final face-off against Doomsday on the street in front of the city's landmark Daily Planet Building. There the creature and the Man of Steel hurled themselves at each other like unstoppable juggernauts. So powerful were their blows that they shook the city like thunderclaps, shattering windows in the immediate vicinity. Echoes were heard as far as fifty miles away. In the end, both combatants swayed on their feet like punch-drunk boxers, but neither would give up. Superman and Doomsday appeared to collide, each in one last, desperate attempt to stop the other. And then, both the hero and the monster sank to the pavement, still and unmoving.

Daily Planet reporter Lois Lane was the first to reach the side of the fallen Superman, who clung to life just long enough to hear her reassurance that Doomsday was dead. As officers of the Metropolis Special Crimes Unit cleared foolhardy onlookers from the area, the super-hero known as The Guardian stepped in to begin emergency resuscitation procedures on the Man of Steel. Joined soon by city paramedics, heroic efforts were made to revive Superman, but in vain. He was finally rushed to Metro General Hospital, where he was pronounced dead by Dr. Jorge Sanchez at 6:23 pm EST.

The great city of Metropolis momentarily ground to a halt in the aftermath, her usually efficient city hall all but struck dumb by the events of the day. It remained for the city's renowned young benefactor, Lex Luthor II, to take charge and fund a fitting memorial service for the martyred hero. In the days that followed, LexCorp subsidiaries rushed to clear debris from the city's main thoroughfares, as world leaders began to arrive to pay their last respects. The funeral procession through the heart of Metropolis rivaled that given any head of state. Those in attendance included virtually all of the world's greatest super-heroes and untold millions of local citizens. So great were the masses of people gathered at Superman's Centennial Park gravesite, that attending super-heroes suddenly found themselves providing crowd control. After a few uncertain minutes, order was restored to the milling throng, and President Clinton stepped forward, the First Lady by his side, to deliver the eulogy.

"Superman himself would...remind us to care for the many victims of Doomsday's attack," said the President. "And so we do. But how could we not especially honor the man who died to save so many more? His powers and abilities were amazing, but how much more amazing was the way he chose to use those powers! If there is a lesson in this, it is that the greatest power of all is our own ability to care about and help each other."

That being the case, there can be little doubt that Superman was the most powerful man of our time. We may never see his like again.

With reporting by Daniel Jurgens/Minneapolis, Louise Simonson/New York and Jeremiah Ordway/Connecticut Bureau.

WHO WAS DOOMSDAY?

Theories Abound But Answers are Few

The moment the news was broadcast, telephones in newsrooms around the world lit up like Christmas trees. *Is it true? Has Superman really been killed?* The questions came in a torrent, threatening to overload the phone lines in many urban areas. *How could this happen? Why would anyone do such a thing?* At first there was shock and disbelief in the voices of the callers, a tone and timber that quickly gave way to sorrow, before turning finally to outrage. *Who did it? Who killed him?* Those who answered could offer little more than the name Superman had given his killer — "Doomsday." *Where did he come from? Are there any more like him out there?* As this magazine went to press, the most nagging of those questions remained unanswered.

Doomsday: alien, demon, or something else?

Our knowledge of Superman's killer is rudimentary at best. We know from police pathology reports that Doomsday stood seven feet tall and weighed over a quarter of a ton. A succession of photographs and videotape images reveal a massive, gray-skinned monster of muscle and bone. "His skeletal structure actually protruded through his skin at critical junctures, particularly at the major joints," explained Doctor Charles Llewellyn of the Metropolis Coroner's Office. "Most prominent were the bony spurs of his arms and knuckles, and of his knees and shins. Those spurs weren't the result of any accident. I believe they actually grew through his skin, perhaps naturally...if anything about this creature could be called natural!"

Xenobiologists at Metropolis's new Scientific and Technological Research Laboratories acknowledged the coroner's assessment, but were able to add little more. "While some of the bone spurs functioned as offensive weapons, Doomsday's semi-exoskeleton was mainly intended to shield and protect otherwise vulnerable joints," reported S.T.A.R.'s Doctor Milton Ehrenwald. "Fossil remains of certain dinosaurs have revealed similar adaptations, but I couldn't tell you how Doomsday came by his." Though S.T.A.R. has assigned a five-person team to study Doomsday, they've been able to make little progress. "We've ruined three sets of surgical cutters and a perfectly good chain saw, trying to make an incision," said Ehrenwald. "His body may be tougher than Superman's. We're reduced to analyzing saliva swabs and bits of hair. Frankly, I've never seen anything quite like this. I can't begin to guess where he came from."

Ehrenwald's frustration has been echoed in a score of hypotheses vis-a-vis the origins of Doomsday, many of them bordering on the fantastic. One sobbing woman the day of the funeral proclaimed that Doomsday had surely been the Devil incarnate. That idea has been echoed by the growing number of cultists who have recently been observed gathering in front of Superman's tomb. Originally based in California, this particular cult worships the fallen hero as the avatar of a living god and has definite ideas about his final adversary. "Doomsday was the Great Beast, the ultimate evil," said Robert Tierra, a cult spokesman. "Superman was forced to sacrifice his life to save this world from its sins...it was the only way the Beast could be defeated. But our great protector has not forsaken us. Superman shall return

from beyond the grave to save us all!"

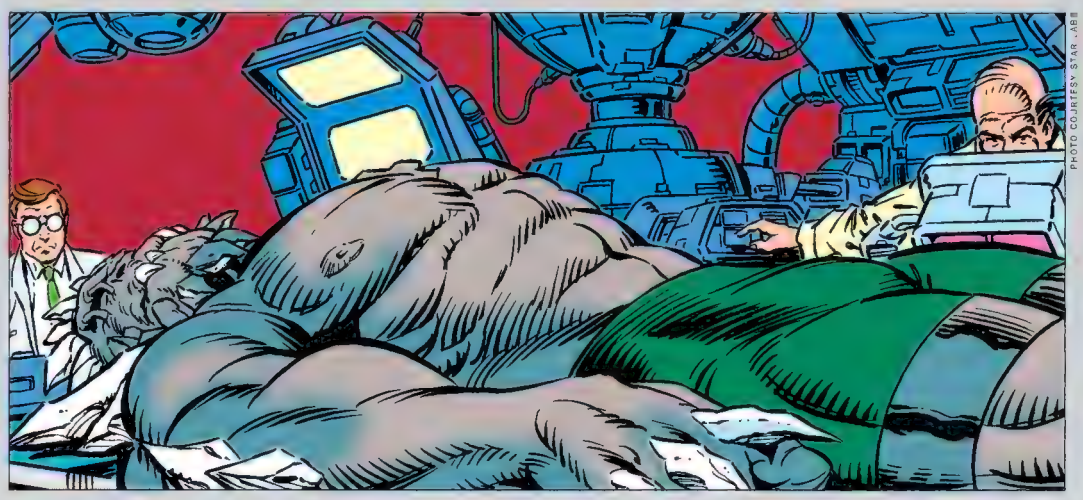
Slightly more down to earth is the scenario put forth by Utah's Hutchings Institute, a renowned scientific research center and think tank. Doctor Warren Clement, Hutchings's Director of Development, has suggested that Doomsday was a legacy of the Cold War. "We know that the Soviets had a number of projects — some dating back to the Second World War — aimed at genetically producing the perfect super-soldier. My guess is that Doomsday was the result of one such experiment that got out of hand. Obviously, the Reds tied him up and forgot about him." The Russian government, while acknowledging that a score of secret genetics experiments had been carried out by the former Soviet Union, has denied any knowledge of Doomsday's origins. "Well, of course, they would," scoffed Clement, "their so-called republic is still crawling with unrepentant Communists!"

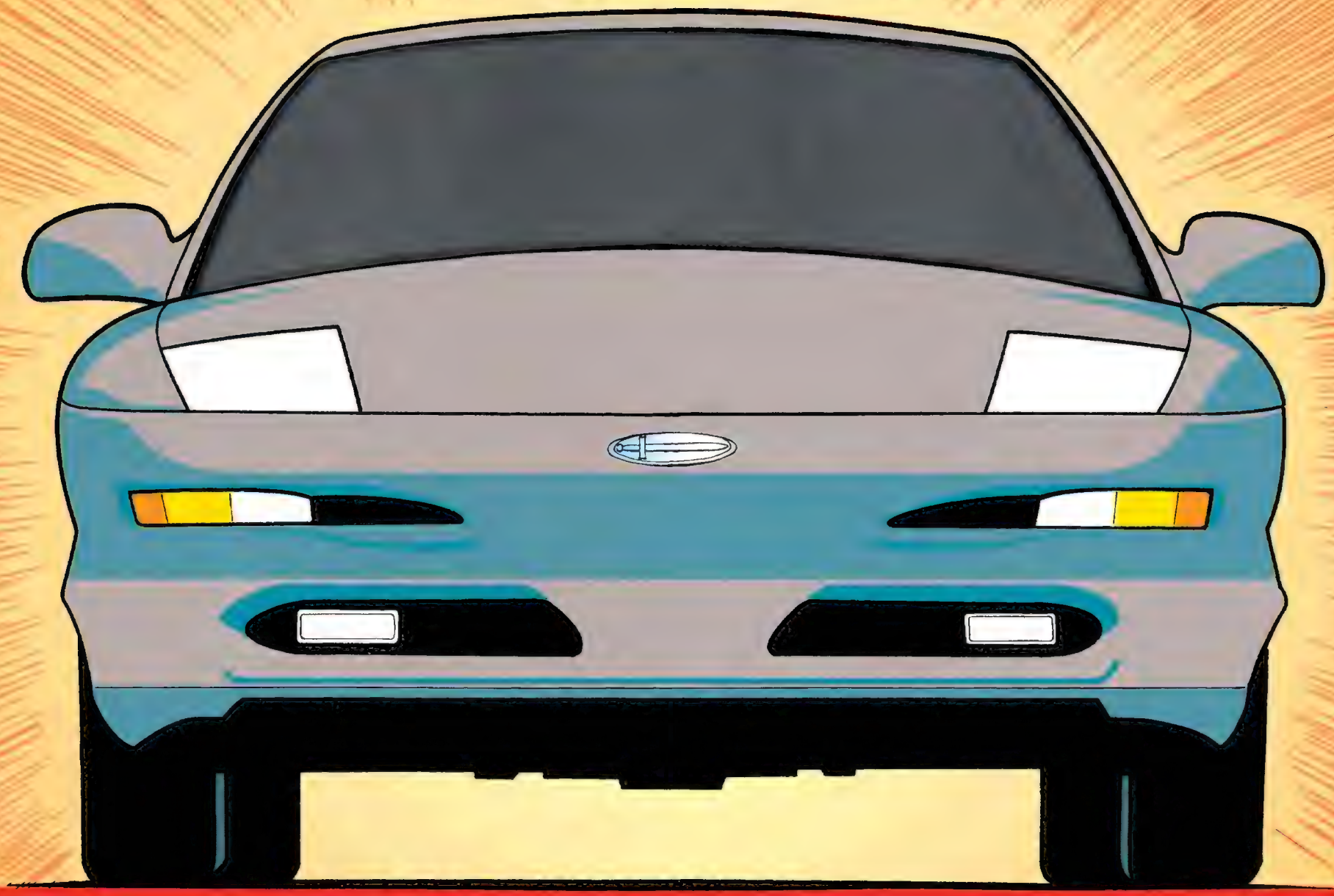
More widely accepted is the hypothesis of Professor Emil Hamilton, a Metropolis-based scientific consultant. Hamilton, who had a chance to observe Doomsday firsthand, believes that Doomsday was not of this Earth. "Despite our world's remote location on the outer edge of the galaxy, we have known many visitors from other planets — Superman himself was an extraterrestrial, after all. I'm sure the partially successful invasion of the alien Alliance is still fresh in many minds," said Hamilton, citing the interplanetary force that established beachheads in Australia and Cuba barely a year ago, before being repelled by Earth's super-heroes. "And who can forget Brainiac's recent attack? Doomsday might have been some alien exile or fugitive, but I personally suspect that he was some manner of living weapon, a failsafe left behind by Brainiac to eliminate life on Earth in the event that his main plan failed."

There is circumstantial evidence supporting elements of both Clement's and Hamilton's hypotheses. When Doomsday's rampage was first reported by Midwestern motorists, he was described as being enshrouded from head to toe in a heavy suit and bound up with metal cables that restricted his movements, suggesting that he had been restrained somewhere and recently broken loose. The cumbersome suit and metal bonds were largely destroyed in Doomsday's battle with Superman and the Justice League, but remnants gathered by the authorities suggest at least the possibility of extraterrestrial origins.

The Federal Department of Scientific Investigation has launched a special probe into the matter, and a field team headed by the DSI's Dr. Darwin Jones is currently occupied in the tedious task of backtracking along Doomsday's path of destruction in an attempt to discover just where he came from. While the world waits for answers, all no doubt pray for confirmation of Professor Hamilton's final word on the monster — "I most fervently hope that he was one of a kind!"

The monster's body defies analysis. Is S.T.A.R. Labs stymied?





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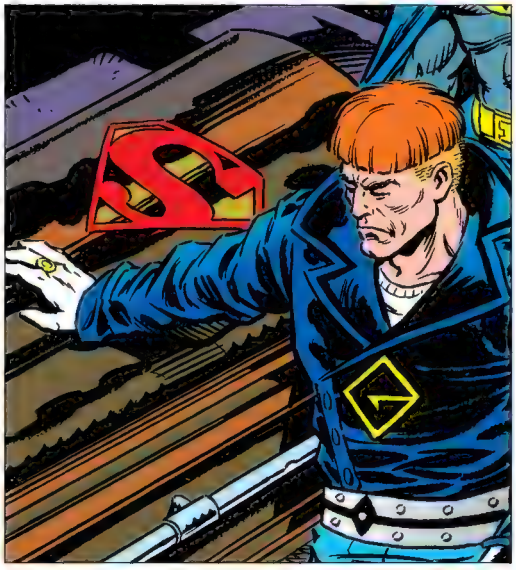
IS THERE NO JUSTICE?

With Their Mightiest Member Dead and Their Ranks in Disarray, Is There a Future for Justice League America?

By any measure, it was an epic confrontation. On one side were the forces of light and reason. On the other was a monstrous killing machine, a true creature of darkness. They met in combat in America's heartland, and before the beast could be slain, a jagged wound was ripped across a third of the nation. When the battle finally ended, untold acres of land lay in ruin, the rubble of over three hundred buildings and the wreckage of nearly eleven hundred vehicles strewn about the countryside.* Tens of thousands of people were reported injured or missing, thousands more were dead.

** Early estimates place the cost of damages in the hundreds of billions of dollars.*

JAMES OLSEN/DAILY PLANET



GUY GARDNER: "I didn't much get along with [Superman], but...he did what he had to do. You gotta respect a man like that."

Among the casualties were the aforementioned forces of light, the battered heroes of Justice League America.

Ironically, the American division of Justice League International, successor group to the more famous Justice League of America, had just recently undergone a major reorganization. With the addition of Superman, the JLA was thought to have the most powerful membership roster in its history. The United Nations, under whose auspices the League was chartered, was especially encouraged by the leadership role which was being assumed by the Man of Steel. "We've had a few problems related to morale and discipline in the past," admitted JLA spokesman Maxwell Lord, "and the team had gone through a lot of changes. The U.N. naturally saw Superman as a stabilizing factor. Under his influence, the League did seem to become more focused. Now...well, we'll just never know, will we?"

Superman was not the only member of the JLA to suffer from Doomsday's brutal onslaught. The Blue Beetle sustained serious injuries to his head and abdomen and has remained comatose. Booster Gold's amazing battle-suit was shredded in the fight with Doomsday. "I expended every last erg of energy in its power cells, trying to stop that monster," said Gold. "Without the suit, I'm just another ex-quarterback." Another Leaguer who was weakened by her encounter with Doomsday was the former Green Flame, who had more recently assumed the *nom de guerre* "Fire." Fire was apparently so drained by the battle that she has been unable to generate her trademark verdant flame. Both Fire and her teammate Ice, who had broken an arm and several ribs while trying in vain to stop Doomsday, have reportedly left the JLA.

Although former Green Lantern Guy Gardner was observed to have sustained severe facial contusions from his encounters with Doomsday, they had all but healed within twenty-four hours. "Yeah, I'm tough," claimed Gardner, "and I heal real good. 'Course, I didn't take as many hits as the Super-Guy. I didn't much get along with him, but...he did what he had to do. He bought the farm, sure, but he still took Doomsday down. You gotta respect a man like that."

Also surviving with less telling injuries were neo-Leaguers Maxima and Bloodwynd. Maxima, reputed to be the deposed monarch of an interstellar empire, refused to speak to the news media. Nor was the mysterious Bloodwynd, a purported sorcerer, very forthcoming. When initially questioned as to how the JLA could go on with only three members — two of them tyros — he replied, "The League has a long, proud heritage. Its roster has changed many times. In one form or another, it shall survive." As if in support of Bloodwynd's claim, Maxwell Lord's office soon afterward announced the

recruitment of four new members to Justice League America: Agent Liberty, Black Condor, the Ray, and Wonder Woman.

Of the four, the most renowned is Wonder Woman. As Princess Diana of Themyscira, she made her first appearance in the Boston area just weeks prior to the founding of what became Justice League International. As an emissary from an isolated island of Amazon warriors, Diana gained international fame from a world tour during which she preached a secular "gospel" of peace and fellowship. Though a firm believer in nonviolence, Diana has often resorted to force in self-defense and in the protection of innocent lives. Though she has carried no weapons other than a glowing lasso, she is rumored to be proficient with a wide array of weaponry and has proven herself a master of unarmed combat. Her strength is believed to approach that of the late Superman, with whom she was once linked romantically. Given the title "Wonder Woman" by a press agent, Diana has worked with more established super-heroes during times of world crisis, and was briefly associated with the European branch of the Justice League.

PHOTO: GEORGE PEREZ

WONDER WOMAN:
Amazon Warrior

Black Condor and the Ray are two relatively new heroes who have previously operated mainly in the Philadelphia area. The Ray reportedly has a broad spectrum of energy powers and can fly at speeds approaching that of light which, if true,would make him a rival for the current Flash. In recent months, he defeated Doctor Polaris, the criminal alter ego of the physicist Dr. Neal Emerson. Less is known about Black Condor. His ability to fly unassisted is obvious, but he also is rumored to possess some degree of psychokinesis. The Condor fought the notorious Shark to a standstill and ran afoul of the Ray through what has been dismissed as "an unfortunate misunderstanding." He has been very closemouthed about his past, facetiously telling one reporter that he had been raised as a child by giant condors. There has as yet been no public acknowledgment of what, if any, connection the Ray or Black Condor might have with the World War II era heroes of the same names.

PHOTO: QUESADA NICHOLS

THE RAY:
Light Fantastic

PHOTO: RAGS MORALES

BLACK CONDOR:
Winged Mystery Man

But the riddles posed by the Philly heroes are nothing compared to those connected with Agent Liberty. Though the Agent is known to have aided Superman in breaking up the Intergang crime cartel, and joined forces with several other heroes in the recent defeat of Brainiac, high-ranking officials of the Clinton Administration have expressed serious reservations about his membership in the League. He is reportedly wanted for questioning in the deaths of Air Force Major Charles Holcroft and Judge Ronald Kramer, two men implicated in the Sons of Liberty conspiracy. Pentagon sources hint that Agent Liberty may at one time have had a connection to the Central Intelligence Agency. The Justice League has refused any comment on rumors that federal charges may be hanging over the head of this new member. With the weaponry built into his protective battle-suit, Agent Liberty is seen by many as a logical replacement for Booster Gold.

PHOTO: JURGENS GLICE

AGENT LIBERTY:
Hero or CIA Spook?

The announcement of Wonder Woman's involvement with Justice League America prompted a cautious thumbs-up from U.N. officials. The recruitment of three relative unknowns was greeted with skepticism. Representatives of many Third World nations are rumored to be highly agitated at the thought that Agent Liberty might be a CIA mole. "The other two may be perfectly capable," worried one ambassador, "but we know nothing about them! Who are these people?"

A valid question. Yet similar questions were first raised almost a decade ago, when a young Flash and Green Lantern joined with Aquaman, a second-generation Black Canary, and a green-skinned Manhunter to found the original League. Can this newest League carry on the proud tradition of Earth's greatest heroes? Only time will tell.

THE WORLD REACTS

Fellow Super-Heroes, along with Civic Leaders and Cultural Figures, reflect upon the loss of Earth's Greatest Hero.

COMPILED BY THE EDITORS OF NEWSTIME

PHOTO: GJICE RODILR

"I credit Superman, as much as my father, for making me the man I am today."

LEX LUTHOR II

FRANK BERKOWITZ
Mayor of Metropolis

WE HAVE LOST THE BEST FRIEND Metropolis ever had. I know that many considered Superman a citizen of the world, but in our hearts he will always be a Metropolitan. Our city has been blessed with greatness, and he was a big part of that blessing. We will never forget Superman. Never!

DAN RATHER
Anchor and Managing Editor, CBS News

WE CAN NO LONGER SAY, "LET Superman do it." The quest for truth and justice must become our quest — not singly as vigilantes, but together as the great people Superman hoped we would be.

SAMUEL DELANY
Renowned science-fiction writer and Professor of Comparative Literature, University of Massachusetts

MYTHS HAVE A WAY OF HANGING around; and Superman is a myth. It's a Super-shame he's gone. But...

LEX LUTHOR II
Chief Executive Officer of LexCorp International

IN DEATH, AS IN LIFE, HE HAS HAD AN effect on us all. I credit Superman, as much as my father, for making me the man I am today. I'm reminded of what Secretary Stanton said upon the death of Lincoln...'Now he belongs to the ages.' Superman has passed on to the realm of legend. He is lost to us, and we must all learn to live without him.

WILLIAM SHATNER
Actor, Author, Director

WHEN I WAS SIX, I THOUGHT I COULD fly. I mean, why not, Superman could. So I took my towel and tucked it in the back of my T-shirt — that was my cape — stood atop the dresser in my parents' bedroom and leapt for the skies. When I returned from the hospital, reality had crash-landed. I'm sorry to hear that reality crash-landed on Superman as well.

BRUCE WAYNE
Chairman of the Board of Wayne Enterprises

I ONCE HAD OCCASION TO OBSERVE Superman in action, and I can tell you that there never was a more capable man. There was something about him...something very good and noble...you knew that you could trust Superman. Some have called him naive and overly optimistic, but I saw in him an idealist, determined to do all he could to improve our world. What higher goals could there be?

BRAD ROBERTS
Lead singer of The Crash Test Dummies, author of *Superman's Song*

WHEN SUPERMAN'S SONG FIRST started to get a lot of airplay, people asked: Who is this Solomon Grundy character from whom Superman saved the world? I began to receive

letters containing the wildest speculation on this matter: one particularly adventurous theorist suggested that Grundy was a symbol of miserable existential solitude and Superman one of progressive western humanism. The shamefully banal truth of the matter, however, was that I simply couldn't find anything else that rhymed with the word "money" which appears in the line just preceding Grundy's entrance. But I kept my mouth shut, and bided my time as I waited for my first royalty cheque.

PENN JILETTE

Magician, comic, co-author *Penn & Teller's How to Play with Your Food*

HE'LL HAVE TO DIE IN A FEW MORE media before we're impressed. Penn and Teller have died in feature films, *Miami Vice,* TV specials and on stage (in more ways than one).

CATHERINE GRANT

Daily Planet columnist and host of Galaxy Broadcasting's *The Cat Grant Show*

SUPERMAN SO SELDOM SPOKE ON THE record, it was a real coup getting him on my show. I just never thought that it would be his last interview. He meant so much to so many people...we'll probably never know how many lives he touched. If not for him, I probably wouldn't have my son with me today.

JOHN GOODMAN

Actor

UPON HEARING THE TRAGIC NEWS I roamed the city streets aimlessly, heedless of noise, traffic, people. Nothing mattered. After what must have been hours, I found myself in the darkened theatre district. Half a block away was the oddest of sights: it was none other than Mr. Mxyzptlk operating a frank wagon next to a peep show. He sat on the cart's bun warmer alternating deep sobs with hellish giggles and digging in his pockets for something I'm sure was not there. The nefarious pixie had been unemployed for weeks so I thought I'd throw some business his way. Plus all my aimless roaming had made me hungry.

I ordered two pups with the works and as he plied his trade I pulled out a cheroot and dug for a light. "Hey — got a match?" He looked at me with crazed red eyes and said, "Not since Superman died!" He doubled over in hysterical paroxysms of laughter and a wet hacking cough. "I've been waiting to say that for years."

I would have cuffed the tiny cur, but pity stayed my hand. Instead I gave him just the teensiest shove into the open weenie well and shut the hatch. When I opened it the acidy brine had done the trick. Nothing was left but franks, a yellowy film and a tiny derby. I had rid the Man of Steel of an old enemy, unfortunately a little too late.

But darn it, I felt better.

ERIC LUSTBADER

Author

DEAR SUPERMAN, NOW YOU BELONG to the simpler days of our childhood. Dream on, old friend!

DOCTOR WILL MAGNUS

renowned roboticist, creator of the Metal Men

I HAVE KNOWN OTHER INDIVIDUALS who had amazing powers and abilities, but none of them possessed as keen an intellect as did Superman. His capacity for learning and reason always impressed me far more than his raw power. Had he devoted his life to the sciences, I have no doubt that he

PHOTO: METZLER HANNA

"You knew that you could trust Superman."

BRUCE WAYNE

"If not for him, I probably wouldn't have my son with me today."

CATHERINE GRANT

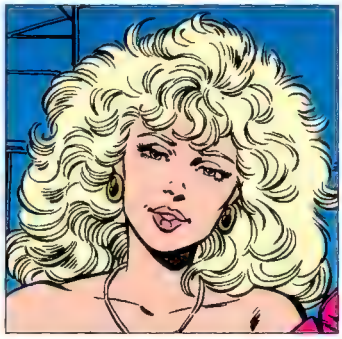


PHOTO: BYRNE BEATTY

WORLD WITHOUT A SUPERMAN

PHOTO: JURGEN S BREEDING

"His capacity for learning and reason always impressed me far more than his raw power."

DOCTOR WILL MAGNUS

"Superman could have ruled the world, but that kind of power held no interest for him."

WONDER WOMAN

PHOTO: MODER PARKS

could have been another Einstein. That he made helping humanity his life's work, and that he did it so very well, is further testimony to the greatness of his mind.

SHAQUILLE O'NEAL
Center, Orlando Magic

THE LEGEND OF SUPERMAN WILL always live on. Superman proudly wore the "S" on his chest, and, in trying to follow in his footsteps, I proudly wear the "S" (Shaquille) on my back.

BUCK HENRY
Writer, actor, humorist

ONCE UPON A TIME, DURING A National Media Convention, I found myself seated next to Clark Kent at the bar of the Kit Kat Klub in downtown Metropolis. After ingesting a number of alcoholic beverages, including one or two of the Kit Kat's celebrated Krypton Kocktails, Kent and I fell into a discussion of contemporary men and women whom we had met, admired and tried to emulate in our own lives. I remember mentioning, among others, Gandhi, Babe Ruth, Red Skelton and Superman. (I have to confess that I lied about having met Red Skelton.) Kent snorted derisively at Superman's name and, in a manner distinctly unmild, turned to me and said: "I know Superman — Superman is a friend of mine — and believe me — you're no Superman." Irked, I decked him. Knowing what I know now, I regret the entire incident.

DR. KAREN LOU FAULKNER
Director of S.T.A.R. Labs/Metropolis

HE WAS A VERY COMPASSIONATE man who went out of his way to shield and protect people. Superman was a friend to everyone he met. His only enemies were those who made him an enemy. He set a standard we would all do well to emulate.

BILL PLYMPTON
Animator

AS WE RISE EACH MORNING, THE AIR smells a bit staler, the sun shines less brilliantly. The fine line between Good and Evil has grown shaky. We have lost Superman. Though our hero is gone, we have his example to live by. His courage. His ability to see through the murky smoke of human charades to extinguish wrongdoing in all its forms, all the while never overlooking the fragility of human existence. Now we must forge onward, laying aside our tears to continue the mission of Superman: the unrelenting pursuit of justice. Superman would have wanted it that way.

WONDER WOMAN

SUPERMAN COULD HAVE RULED THE world, but that kind of power held no interest for him. He was a man of great principle...the most respectable, and most respected, man I had ever met. In my travels around the world, I found that he was loved literally by millions. And even those who did not love him respected him. We are all the poorer for his passing.

LARRY NIVEN
Noted science-fiction writer

I WORRIED THAT HE COULDN'T reproduce his kind. It seemed there must be a solution, but I didn't see the urgency. Now I'm having serious trouble believing that he died in a mugging. He didn't seem the type.

CELEBRITY

MUSICIAN, HEAL THYSELF

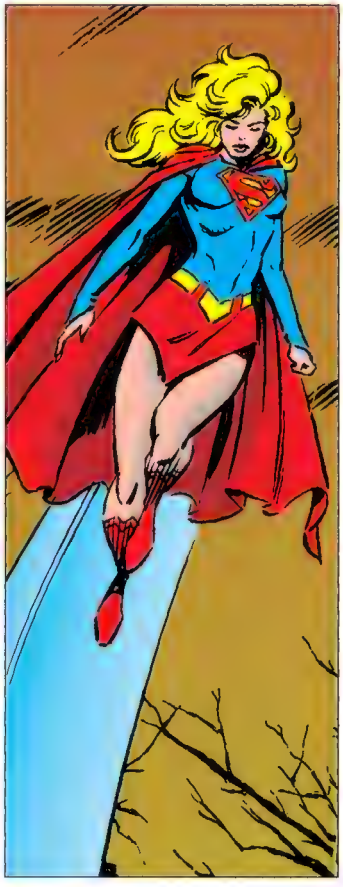
There was a self-effacing grin and a gentle wave from rocker **SPENCER BOYD** last week as he left the Betty Ford Clinic, where he's been receiving out-patient therapy for what he called "all my many addictions." Boyd, who just two years ago had beaten a serious cocaine habit, returned to the clinic after a stuntman on his last video "made me realize the problem I had still with the booze and the ciggies." Now treading the straight and narrow, Boyd has both gone on the wagon and quit smoking. "Of the two, it was by far easier to quit drinking," says Boyd. "That nicotine monkey is a nasty rascal. I'd never have gotten through my last [recording] session, if not for those blessed dermal patches!"

THE WOMAN BEHIND THE TUBE

The National Association of Broadcasters has announced plans to honor Scott Broadcasting's **MOLLY MAYNE-SCOTT** for her work in promoting better news coverage of community and minority issues. Mayne-Scott, Station Manager of Los Angeles's TV-18, modestly dismissed the NAB's description of her as a "television pioneer." "I can't deny that I was around for TV's diaper days," laughed Mayne-Scott, "but I was just a studio intern at the Gotham Broadcast Center back then!"

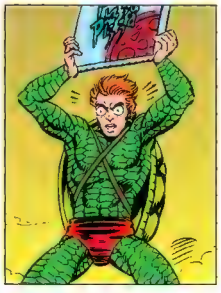
ALL ABOUT THE GIRL WHO CAME TO STAY...

Despite the funereal depression that has gripped Metropolis, that city is abuzz over the activities of **SUPERGIRL.** LexCorp's highly promoted "Girl of Steel" is certainly living up to her press releases, maintaining a constant presence in the city's skies and lending her considerable physical might to Metropolis's ongoing efforts to rescue those trapped in the rubble of buildings destroyed by Doomsday. Like the late hero for whom she was named, Supergirl has personally maintained a low profile with the media, even while the LexCorp public relations machine continues to tout her as the cornerstone of an expanded Team Luthor.



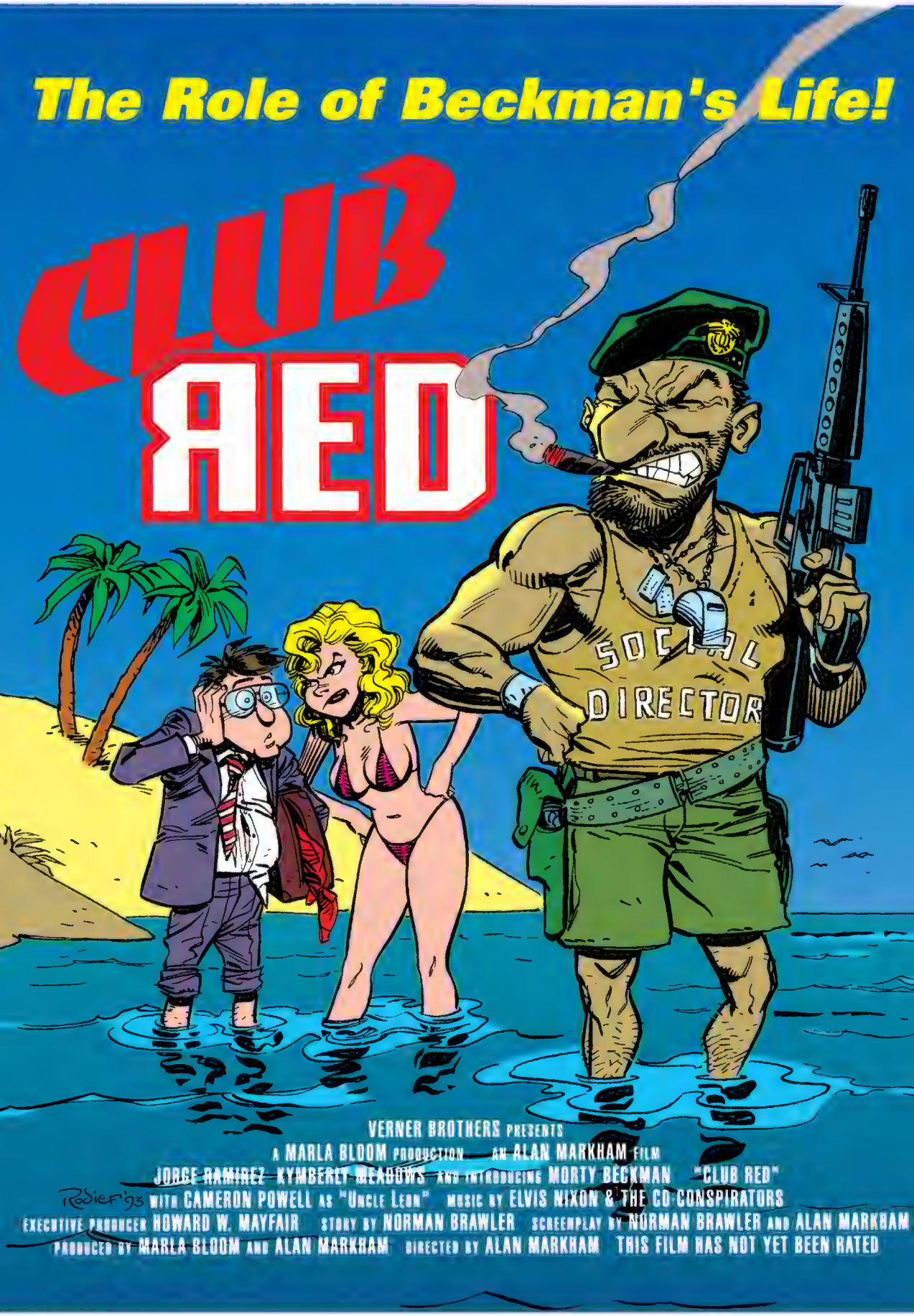
NOT SO HAPPY TOGETHER?

Production delays on Galaxy Broadcasting's new **TURTLE BOY** kid-vid has already put that series into a state of perpetual reruns. WGBS spokeswoman Laura Conway vehemently denies that the series' anonymous star has been a scheduling problem, but rumors persist of trouble on the set — both technical and talent related. Several unnamed sources hint that Titano's Pizza, the company with whom the Turtle Boy character originated, is not at all happy and might shop their creation to an independent production company if things don't turn around soon.

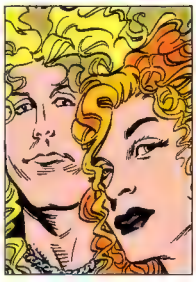


HAIR TODAY, GONE TOMORROW!

WHOOPS! Diminutive ex-jockey and former sportscaster **STEVE LOMBARD** (Stefano Lombardi) evidently got himself in quite a lather during a recent contract negotiating session with Galaxy Communications C.E.O. Vincent Edge! Poor Steve was perspiring so heavily when he rushed into Studio 7-A to host a WGBS disaster relief telethon that an errant sneeze sent his hairpiece flying off his noggin and into the cleavage of celebrity co-host Daphne Dean. Losing his rug in front of a national audience is hardly Lombard's biggest worry, however. Tumbling ratings led to his being replaced as host of *America's Public Enemies,* and he is currently without a regular assignment. (Hey, Stevie, we hear that there's an opening on the Turtle Boy show!)


The Role of Beckman's Life!
CLUB RED
SOCIAL DIRECTOR
VERNER BROTHERS PRESENTS
A MARLA BLOOM PRODUCTION AN ALAN MARKHAM FILM
JORGE RAMIREZ KYMBERLY MEADOWS AND INTRODUCING MORTY BECKMAN "CLUB RED"
RODIEF '93 WITH CAMERON POWELL AS "UNCLE LEON" MUSIC BY ELVIS NIXON & THE CO-CONSPIRATORS
EXECUTIVE PRODUCER HOWARD W. MAYFAIR STORY BY NORMAN BRAWLER SCREENPLAY BY NORMAN BRAWLER AND ALAN MARKHAM
PRODUCED BY MARLA BLOOM AND ALAN MARKHAM DIRECTED BY ALAN MARKHAM THIS FILM HAS NOT YET BEEN RATED

SIC TRANSIT

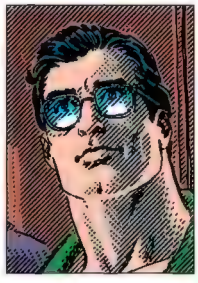


MARRIAGE REVEALED. Melissa Guilden, 21, up-and-coming diva with the Gotham Opera Company; and Val Cohen, 23, drummer for fusion rock group Brigham's Rangers; last December 14; in Ivytown, New York, a Finger Lakes college and resort community where they had been vacationing. The unlikely couple had met in Ivytown a year before when both had been booked into Ivy University's Turner Auditorium for appearances on consecutive nights. When not touring, they plan to divide their time between her estate on Gotham City's Bristol Bay and his Montana ranch.

RESCUED. Hank "The Hammer" Halloran, 68, former Metropolis Monarchs first baseman and Baseball Hall-of-Famer; from the ruins of Kovaleski's Gym after having been trapped for four days in the collapse of the building; in Metropolis. A renowned slugger, Halloran had a lifetime batting average of .331 and spent many years as a Monarchs batting coach before coming into conflict with Monarchs owner Grant Thornley. For the past year, Halloran has worked as an official greeter at Sultan's Palace Hotel and was recently appointed to the President's Council on Aging and Fitness. The wily Hammer gave a thumbs-up and drew cheers from his rescuers as he was carried from the ruins of the gymnasium, where he had been working out at the time of the collapse. Doctors at Metropolis General Hospital report that the Hammer is in good condition and should make a full recovery.

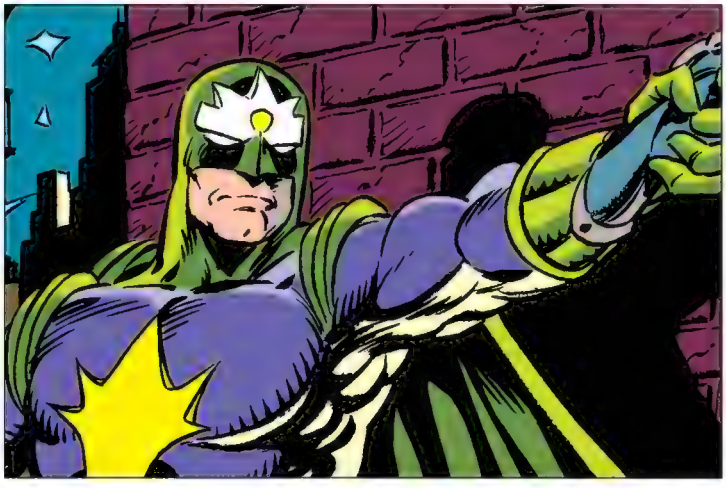
BODY RECOVERED. Morty Beckman, 29, gonzo comedian, from the wreckage of the Chatsworth Arms Hotel; in Metropolis. According to the coroner's report, he had been killed in the building's collapse, caused by Doomsday's rampage. Long a fixture at Metropolis comedy club Cheap Laffs, Beckman had just returned from the Bahamas where he had spent three months working on his first film, *Club Red,* a farcical comedy about a resort staffed by former Communist guerrillas.

STILL MISSING. Clark Kent, 34, Pulitzer Prize-winning reporter for the *Daily Planet,* syndicated columnist, novelist, former editor-in-chief of Newstime; in the aftermath of Doomsday's rampage through downtown Metropolis. Kent first gained fame nearly a decade ago when he garnered an interview with Superman, the first ever published. His expose of the Intergang crime cartel was widely credited by police as helping to break that organization. Nearly as well known for his pot-boiler novels as for his syndicated column, Kent claimed to base his fictional stories of international adventure and intrigue on information gathered firsthand as a journalist covering the world scene. His third novel, *The Janus Contract,* was a best-seller, and his fourth, *Under a Yellow Sun,* won a National Book Sellers award.



RECOVERING. Lex Luthor II, 21, Chief Executive Officer and majority stockholder of LexCorp International; from a broken leg, suffered while leading his Team Luthor security force on a mission that succeeded in freeing S.T.A.R. Labs/Metropolis Administrator Dr. Karen Lou Faulkner from the hands of the terrorist cell DMT. Though outfitted in protective LX-20 body armor, Luthor sustained a fracture of the right tibia when a three-foot-thick section of the hyper-reinforced concrete ceiling of S.T.A.R.'s cybernetics wing gave way following an explosive exchange between Team Luthor and the terrorists. Claiming that he'd learned his lesson, Luthor promised to leave any further superheroics to Supergirl and his security team. "Once I get this cast off, I'm going to confine my urges for physical activity to horseback riding and handball, and maybe an occasional game of soccer," vowed the young C.E.O.

ON SCREEN



Unlikely hero, Buster Caine, is Courageous Man *again*.

Style Over Substance

TITLE: COURAGEOUS MAN STRIKES BACK
DIRECTOR/WRITER: RICHARD CURRY

By LEON MALTESE

When *Courageous Man* hit the screens three years ago, it caused a sensation at the box offices and a gold rush of merchandising. Neo-director Richard Curry was credited with turning a mildly campy TV super-hero into a near-mythic icon. (Never mind that he was running back over ground already trod by cartoonist/creator Bill Handy and a small army of successors.) The monumental success of the first guaranteed that a sequel would be made. Indeed, receipts for the first weekend had barely been counted when Verner Bros. began talking of *Courageous Man* as a franchise, as capable as James Bond or Tarzan of sustaining a whole series of motion pictures. When contracts were finally signed, exhibitors and retailers across the nation began rubbing their hands together in anticipation of another, perhaps even greater bonanza. But the greed this time bears meager loot.

Courageous Man Strikes Back has little of its predecessor's charm and even less of its story structure. Admittedly, Daphne Dean turns in a bravura performance as the slinky Serpentyne, but a potentially electrifying cast is otherwise squandered, turned into little more than animated props for a shadow play of over-the-top special effects. The result is a motion picture that is long on style but tragically short on substance. Ironically, this comes at a time when Galaxy Broadcasting's animated *Courageous Man* series — again, prompted by the success of the first film — has debuted to both popular and critical acclaim. The animated *Courageous Man* backstops some of the most stylish animation ever created for American television with solid stories and deft characterization.

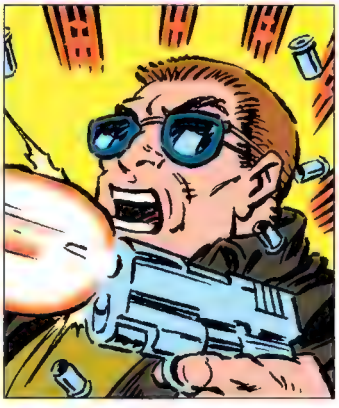
If there are to be any further *Courageous Man* motion pictures, one hopes that those in charge pay close attention to what's happening on the small screen. If we're lucky, they just might draw inspiration for a story that is truly worthy of the big one.

Too Sweet For Words

TITLE: SUGAR DADDY
DIRECTOR/ADAPTER: PEDRO FUJITAKI

By PETER P. PAULSEN

Just imagine what an action-adventure film would be like if written and directed by the late French auteur Louis Banal! If your imagination is even second-rate, you'd still probably come up with something better than *Sugar Daddy*. Comparing this execrable remake of Banal's classic *The Unbearable Sweetness of Existence* to the original is like comparing a first-grade primer to *The Brothers Karamazov*. True, there is the slightest similarity of premise between the two — and I could have



Super-star Gavone's all day sucker

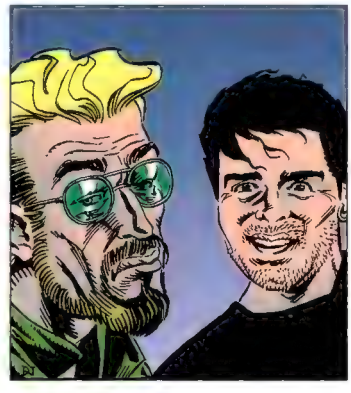
sworn I caught one or two lines of dialogue that had escaped unchanged from the original — but *Sugar Daddy* is so preoccupied by its quest for ticket sales that any opportunity for depth, character, or even honest emotion is crushed to death beneath the wheels of its high-speed car chases! Director Pedro Fujitaki should go back to his music videos. They, at least, usually told a story!

Let's Get Metaphysical

ARTIST: JAMES ROOK
ALBUM: THE MAGIC'S IN THE MUSIC

By ALICE TOWNES

If rock has a true chameleon, his name is James Rook. From his early days as lead guitarist for The Electrics, through his experimentation with country and blues and his improvisational fusion-jazz work with the Brothers Marsalis, Rook seems hellbent on reinventing himself every two to three years. "My interest is in music, pure and simple," he once told Rolling Stone, "music of every style, form, and imagining! It's a little frightening to consider this, but...had disco lasted another month longer than it did, I might have been tempted to produce a dance album myself!" Oddly enough, *The Magic's in the Music* is the most danceable disc to come from Rook since the release of his first solo effort, *Unplug Me, Gridley!,* some twenty (has it really been that long?) years ago. Combining the eerie sound of Tibetan temple bells with drummer Gary Indiana's hot back beat and just a hint of theremin, Rook has gone to the mountain and returned with a disc that suggests a surreal garage band as created by computer wonks. From the driving introductory track "Embrace the Night" to the hallucinatory "Some Forbidden Fate," there's an underlying edge to Rook's lead guitar licks, an intensity suggesting a man on a quest. Even in the melodic "Sing a Song of Sorcery," sung as a duet by Rook with Janet Jones, there's a sense of urgency lurking behind the sweet lyrics. Only on "Kickin' Back with Tark" does Rook allow himself to relax the intensity, but here it is for a bit of psychedelic rhythm and blues of the type you might expect if Chuck Berry had ever jammed with the Stones on "2000 Light-Years from Home." It's clear that, in whatever form he chooses to present himself, James Rook is the master of his music...and his magic! Once again, he's delivered both.



Super Session

ARTISTS: JOHNNY WALDEN & SPENCER BOYD
ALBUM: TWO GUYS SITTIN' 'ROUND, PLAYIN'

By FRANKLIN W. MAYNERD

Somewhere between Arlo Guthrie and Bruce Springsteen, Johnny Walden took his turn being lauded as "the new Dylan." Likewise, Spencer Boyd was forced to endure countless comparisons to Eric Clapton. With crosses that big to bear, it's a wonder that either Walden or Boyd ever again ventured out in public, much less stayed with their music. That they have endured the highs and lows — the very lows in Boyd's case (see CELEBRITY, page 27) — and continued to grow past those "hot new flavor of the month" days is a tribute to the talent of both men. *Two Guys Sittin''Round, Playin'* will no doubt be compared to the Mike Bloomfield/Al Kooper super-session recordings, and perhaps even to the Traveling Wilburys, but any such comparisons are only superficial. Walden and Boyd have collaborated on eleven new tracks and a new acoustic rendition of Boyd's classic "Years Gone By (I Truly Care)" which are so wondrous that they bring tears to the eyes. Music this good has to be heard to be believed.

Back From the Dead

ARTISTS: THE DEAD SULLIVANS
ALBUM: A REALLY BIG SHOE

By J.G. MICHELS

What, you've never heard of the Dead Sullivans? Not too surprising. They were a college band that played small clubs and the opening act circuit throughout the Southwest before they broke up five years ago. But before the band fell apart, the Sullivans produced one album (actually pressed on vinyl, no less!) which ultimately wound up in the cut-out bins. But now, the good folks at Rhino Records have re-released *A Really Big Shoe* on CD with three extra bonus tracks, and the whole package isn't half bad. Oh, sure, the sound quality is often atrocious, the miking so bad that it renders the back-up (and sometimes, the lead) vocals virtually unintelligible, but there's a raw goodtime sound to these tracks and some not-too-shabby licks from bassist Phil Easton, who has gone on to become a much sought after studio sideman. Just think, if the Dead Sullivans had stayed together, they might have prefigured Nirvana!

WILTON G. FREDERICKS

The Mourning After

The only cure for lingering despair is in our souls.

Seldom has a single incident had so immediate an effect on the world as the death of Superman. In part, that can be traced to this century's electronics revolution, which by coaxial cable and satellite dish brings the world to us instantly, wherever we are. An endless string of territorial imperatives and blood feuds has become as much a fixture on the image orthicon tube as the infomercials and "reality-based" programs that seek to erase distinctions between what is and what appears to be. There has been a growing fear that Americans have become an audience culture, unable to distinguish fact from fiction, unable to react with true emotion to real events. That fear has been, if not put to rest, at least cowed by the reaction to Superman's demise.

Although their own camera crews were unable to get close enough, cable giants such as CNN and WLEX carried Galaxy Broadcasting's on-site coverage of the Man of Steel's Herculean battle with the well-named Doomsday. Thus were Superman's last moments played out live before an international audience. As many as 350 million souls may have witnessed his final triumph. Perhaps an additional two billion watched his funeral procession and interment in Centennial Park. On that day, nearly half the world's population joined in mourning a fallen hero, in witnessing the rampant hysteria of those closest his tomb. The passions of that moment were soon calmed, thankfully, and we were spared the sight of a worshipful crowd clutching at the coffin. Superman deserved better, as do we all.

But if the hysteria has passed, it seems to have been replaced by pandemic sorrow and anguish. A visible, almost tangible malaise has settled in all around us. Humanity has lost one of its greatest champions — a man who often stood between us and an uncaring universe — and it despairs.

It is right and just to mourn the passing of a great hero, all the more so for one who made the ultimate sacrifice in the pursuit of saving others. Superman in many ways remains an enigma to us. We knew little of his past and still know nothing of his personal life. In fact, very little is known about the private Superman. People knew him mainly by his deeds. Superman was the one who saved us when no one else could help, who time and again pitted his strength against the wiles of nature and the depravities of man. Millions of people are alive today, thanks to Superman. And he did it all without thought of recompense, always turning down reward and eschewing celebrity. "I do what I can," he once said simply, "because I can do it." Righteous without being self-righteous, he stood up for the dreams and ideals of the human spirit.

It is a tragedy to lose so good and noble a man, but we do him no honor by allowing ourselves to sink into the depths of misery and self-pity. Better that we strive to follow his example, doing what we can for our fellow citizens, both of this nation and the world. The pain of our loss will, never fear, be blunted by time. And that pain will be more endurable if we refuse to give in to despair and instead embrace hope.

Saving Grace: Hope has, to be sure, become a much evoked concept in recent times. The Reverend Jesse Jackson has brought crowds to their feet with the entreaty to "keep hope alive." And President Clinton was hardly the first candidate to rally voters with a metaphoric "place called Hope." But behind all the politics and the sound bites there lies a simple truth. "The miserable have no other medicine," wrote Shakespeare in Measure for Measure, "but only hope." The healing will come all the sooner for those who make their own medicine. Even in the midst of grief, we can find examples of hope.

Just this past week, Hank "The Hammer" Halloran was rescued from a collapsed Metropolis gymnasium. For those of you too young to remember, Hammerin' Hank was the steely-eyed Monarchs first-baseman who was tagging out runners back when present-day M.V.P.s weren't old enough for Little League. When the Hammer was located beneath the fallen masonry, word quickly spread amongst the rescue team. "I was afraid we'd found a body," confessed paramedic Joseph Orsak, "but then his eyes opened and he grinned that grin of his." Halloran is presently holding court at Metropolis General Hospital; attending physicians have cautiously predicted "a full recovery." How did he do it? "I was alive," said the Hall-of-Famer. "It didn't make any sense to give up, long as I was still breathing." A sixty-eight-year-old man, trapped for four days under tons of rubble, and he never lost hope. It's enough to make you want to cheer.

Here, there, and everywhere, a red-caped figure has been seen in the heavens. But that's no ghost haunting Metropolis's skies; it's Supergirl! That young lady has not merely worn the colors of the late champion, she has pledged herself to carrying on the never-ending battle for truth and justice in his honor. She has made a very good start, lending her considerable strength and endurance to city rescue efforts. And Supergirl is not alone. There are still dozens of superhuman crusaders, from Captain Marvel to Wonder Woman, actively working to make this world a better, safer place. But we must not, and we need not, rely solely on the men and women in the colorful costumes. There are heroes — ordinary, yet uncommon people — who live and work among us, and they number in the hundreds of thousands. They are the firefighters, the police, the paramedics who selflessly put their own lives on the line for us. They are the doctors and surgeons who work to the point of exhaustion to save lives and improve their quality. And they are the teachers who reach out to instruct and inspire our children. They have been there all along, these everyday heroes, giving of themselves, seldom gaining fame or celebrity. Like Superman, they do what they do because they can.

But we must not allow ourselves to become overly reliant on any of society's uncommon individuals. We all have responsibilities to face, hard choices to make. We can wallow in our sorrow, or we can take inspiration from these heroes. We can let our spirits fall or we can look up and ahead. The future is, as ever it was, an uncertain place, but we are all headed there, together. If we reach into our hearts and minds and do what we can, if we follow Superman's example, then our futures cannot help but be brighter. And in doing so, we will truly honor the memory of a great man.

We can only hope.

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Superman Post-Crisis Chronology
Volume 063 Funeral For a Friend

"Grieving", first appeared in Justice League America issue #70, released November, 1992
(writer), Dan Jurgens (penciller), Willie Schubert (penciller), (inker)

"Death of a Legend", first appeared in The Adventures of Superman issue #498, released November, 1992
Jerry Ordway (writer), Tom Grummett (penciller), Doug Hazlewood (inker)

"Re: Actions", first appeared in Action Comics issue #685, released November, 1992
Roger Stern (writer), Jackson Butch Guice (penciller), Denis Rodier (inker), Jackson Butch Guice (inker)

"Funeral Day", first appeared in Superman: The Man of Steel issue #20, released December, 1992
Louise Jones Simonson (writer), Jon Bogdanove (penciller), Dennis Janke (inker)

Excerpt from "Reignfall!", first appeared in Deadman: Dead Again issue #4, released August, 2001
Steve Vance (writer), Andrew Helfer (penciller), Mark Bright (penciller), Andrew Helfer (inker)

"Funeral for a Friend", first appeared in Superman issue #76, released December, 1992
Dan Jurgens (writer), Brett Breeding (penciller), Dan Jurgens (penciller), Dan Jurgens (penciller), Brett Breeding (inker), Brett Breeding (inker), Dan Jurgens (inker)

"Grave Obsession", first appeared in The Adventures of Superman issue #499, released December, 1992
Jerry Ordway (writer), Tom Grummett (penciller), Doug Hazlewood (inker)

"Who's Buried in Superman's Tomb?", first appeared in Action Comics issue #686, released January, 1993
Roger Stern (writer), Jackson Butch Guice (penciller), Denis Rodier (inker), Jackson Butch Guice (inker)

"Ghosts", first appeared in Superman: The Man of Steel issue #21, released January 12, 1993
Louise Jones Simonson (writer), Jon Bogdanove (penciller), Dennis Janke (inker)

"The Guardians of Metropolis!", first appeared in Superman: The Legacy of Superman issue #1, released February 2, 1993
Bill Messner-Loebs (writer), Jerry Ordway (writer), Karl Kesel (writer), Roger Stern (writer), Curt Swan (penciller), Dan Jurgens (penciller), Denis Rodier (penciller), Dennis Janke (penciller), Ande Parks (inker), Joe Rubinstein (inker), Mike Machlan (inker), Trevor Scott (inker), Walter Simonson (inker)

"The End", first appeared in Superman issue #77, released January 19, 1993
Dan Jurgens (writer), Dan Jurgens (penciller), Brett Breeding (inker)

"The Guardians of Metropolis!", first appeared in Superman: The Legacy of Superman issue #1, released February 2, 1993
Bill Messner-Loebs (writer), Jerry Ordway (writer), Karl Kesel (writer), Roger Stern (writer), Curt Swan (penciller), Dan Jurgens (penciller), Denis Rodier (penciller), Dennis Janke (penciller), Ande Parks (inker), Joe Rubinstein (inker), Mike Machlan (inker), Trevor Scott (inker), Walter Simonson (inker)

"The Future is NOW!", first appeared in Supergirl/Lex Luthor Special issue #1, released February, 1993
Louise Jones Simonson (writer), Roger Stern (writer), Denis Rodier (penciller), June Brigman (penciller), Dennis Janke (inker), Jackson Butch Guice (inker)

"The Life and Death of The Man of Steel", first appeared in Newstime issue #1, released March, 1993
(writer), (penciller), (inker)

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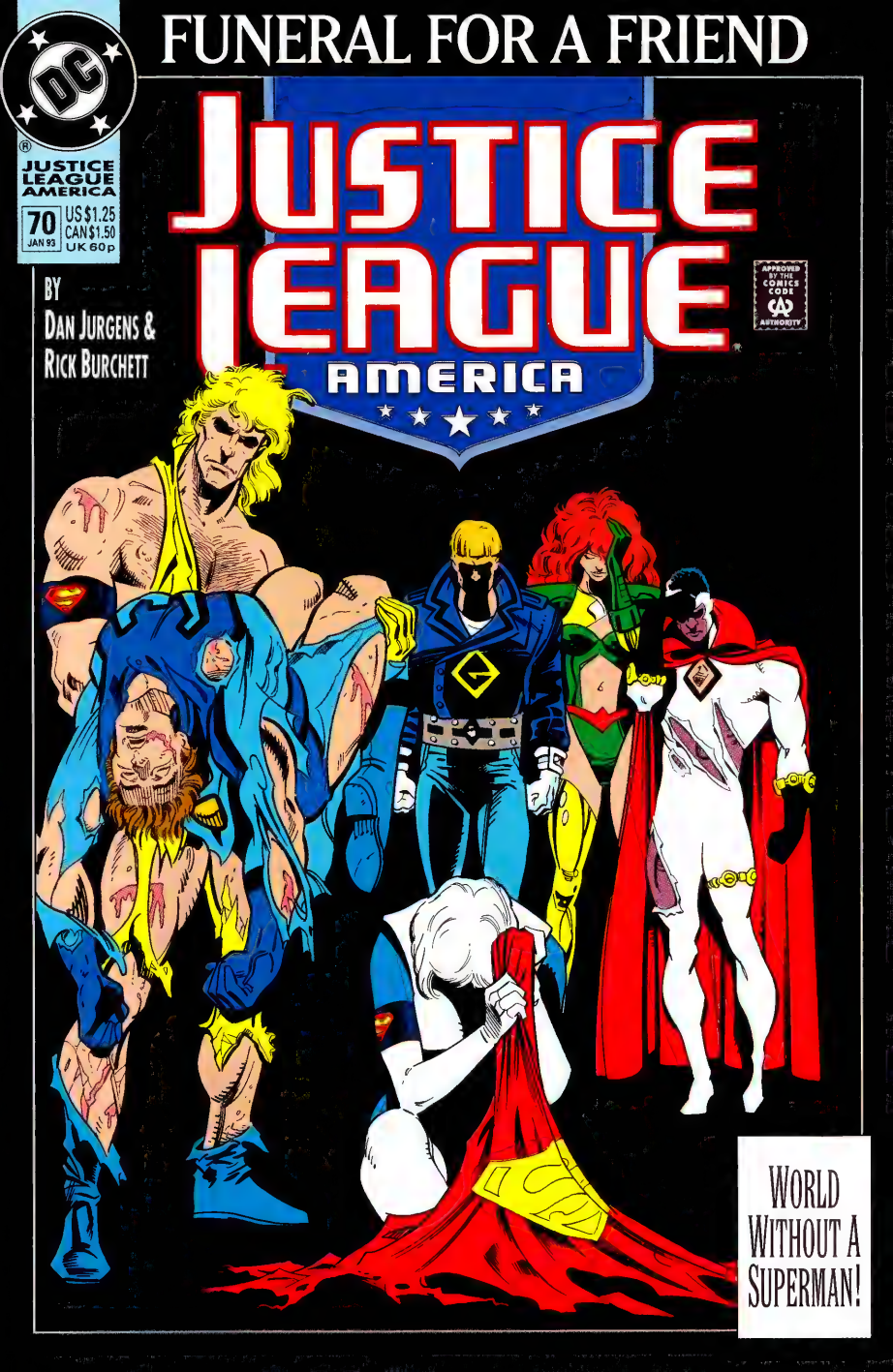
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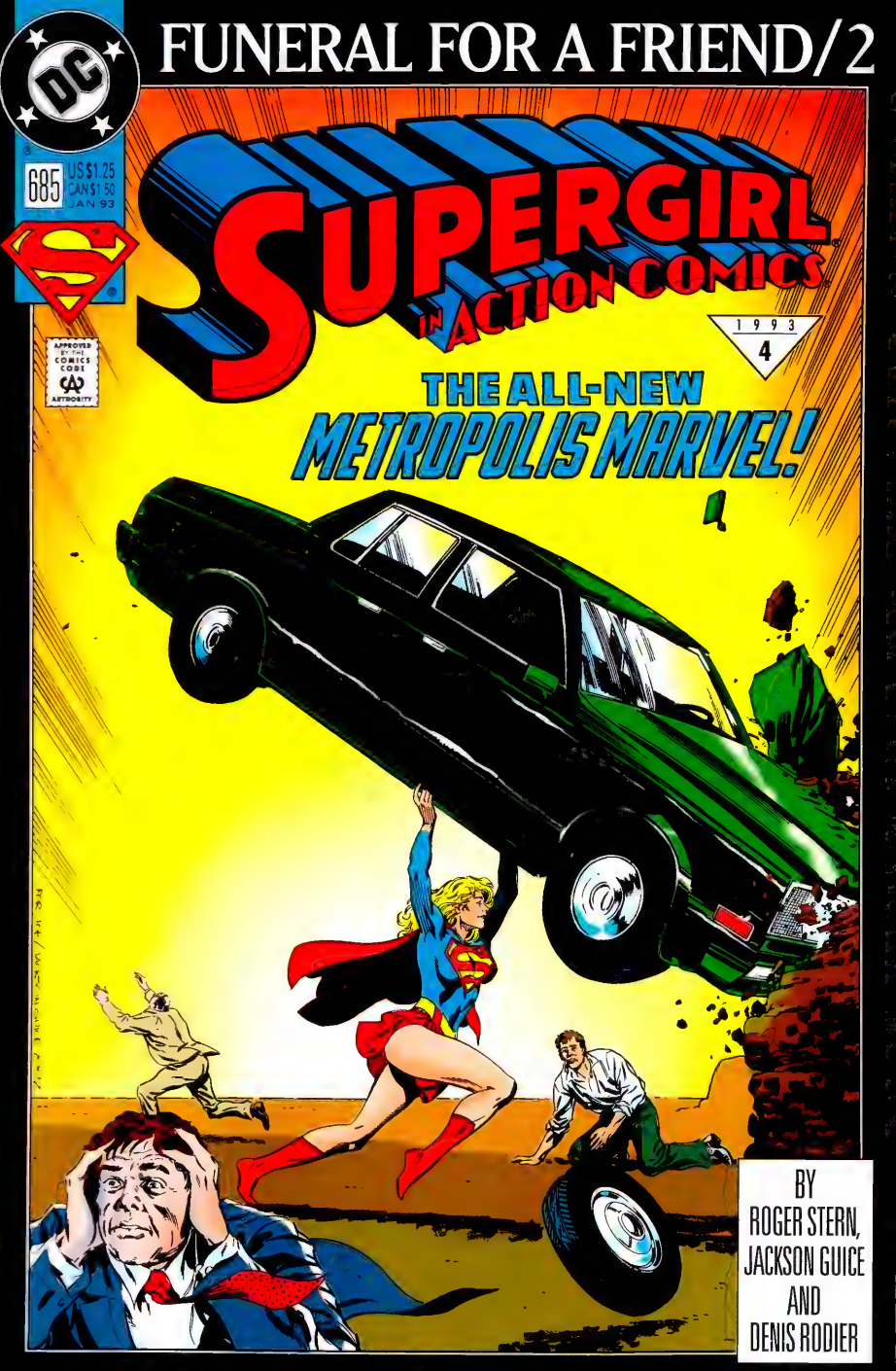

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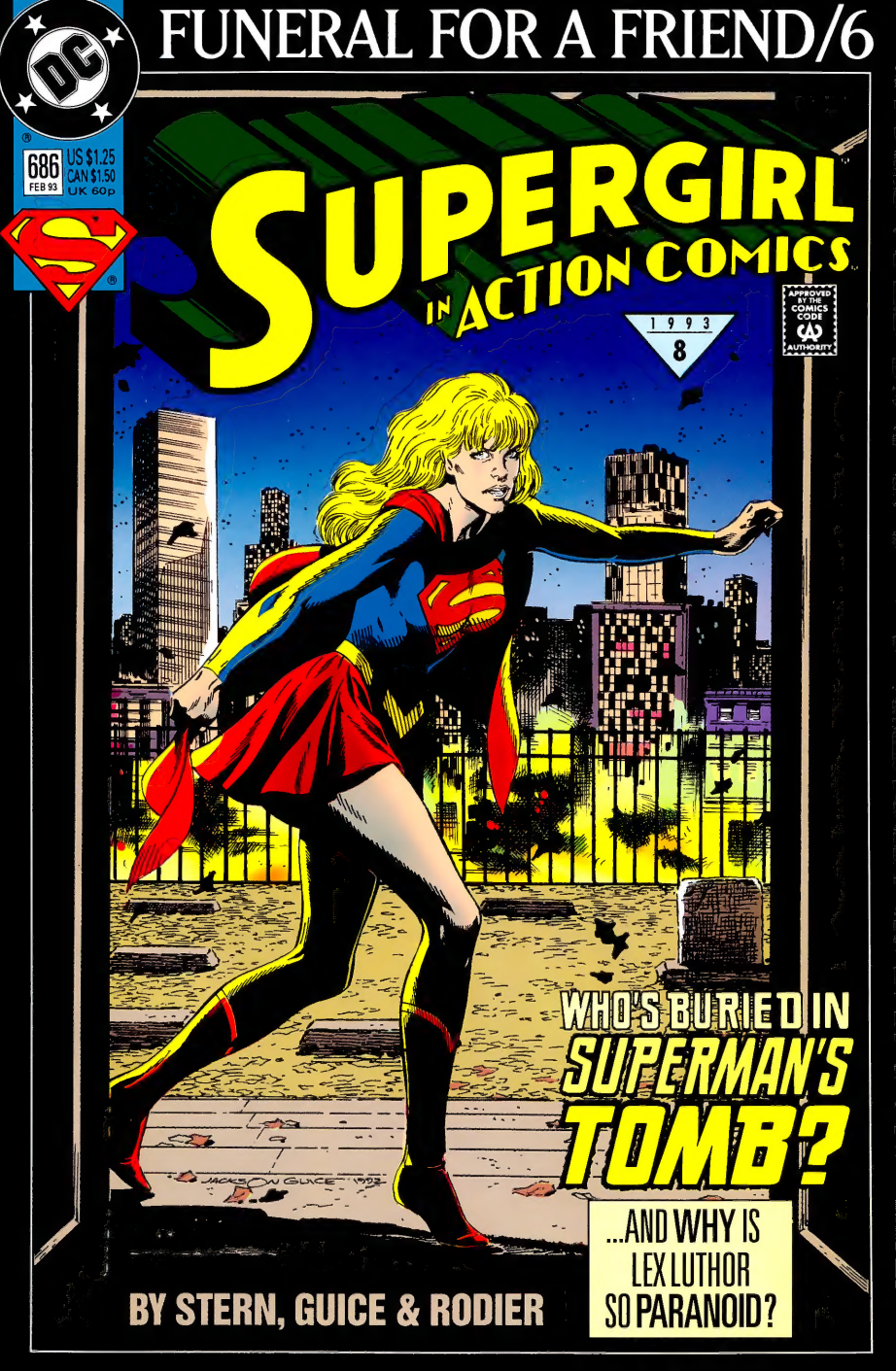

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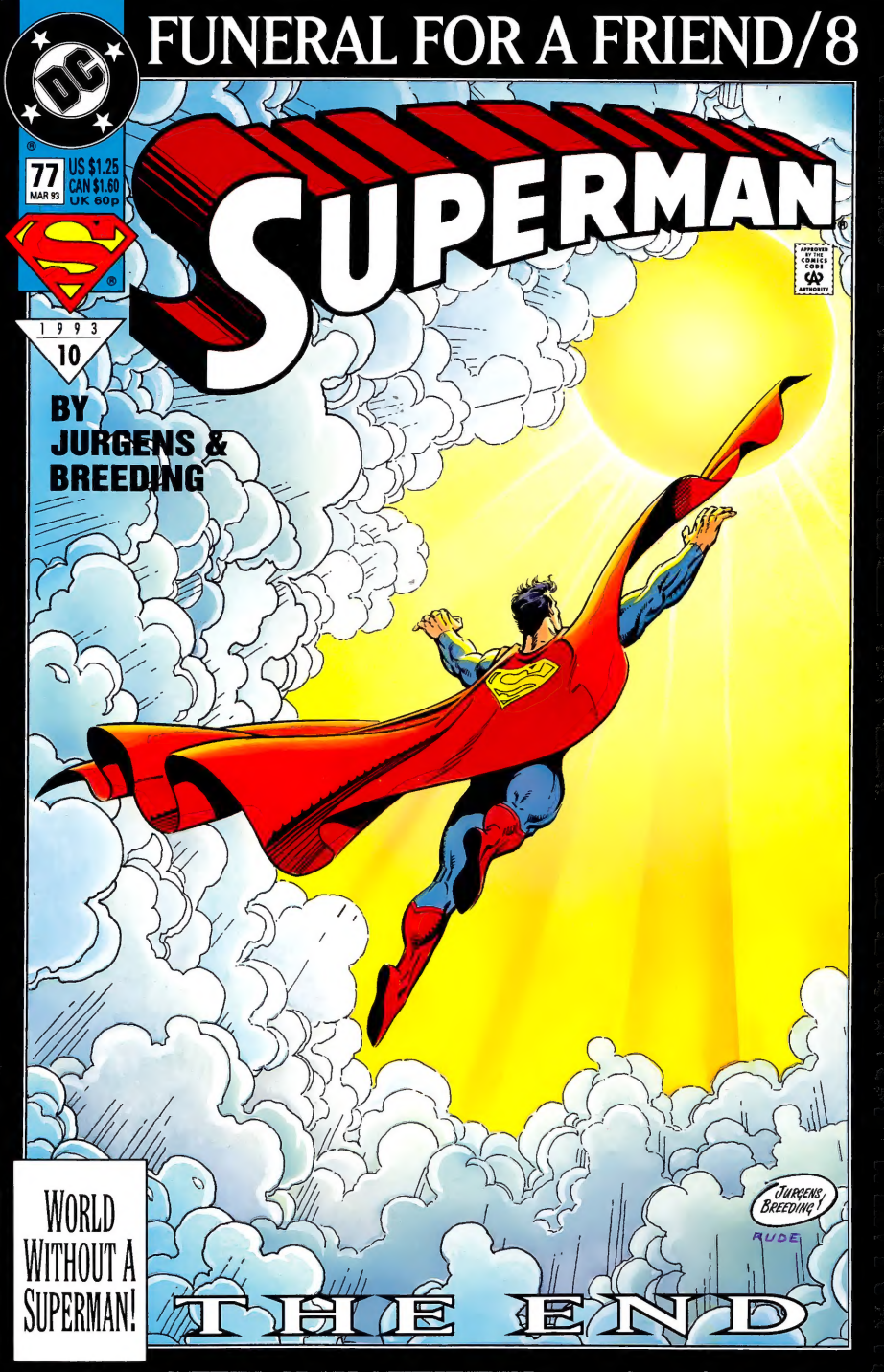
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